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Ch. P. Rodenbaugh

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MISCELLANY

POEMS,

ON

Several Occaſions.

Written by the Right Hon^ble *ANNE*,
Counteſs of WINCHILSEA.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. B.* and Sold by *Benj. Tooke* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, *William Taylor* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, *James Round* in *Exchange-Alley*, *Cornhil*, and *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*. 1713.

MISCELLANY

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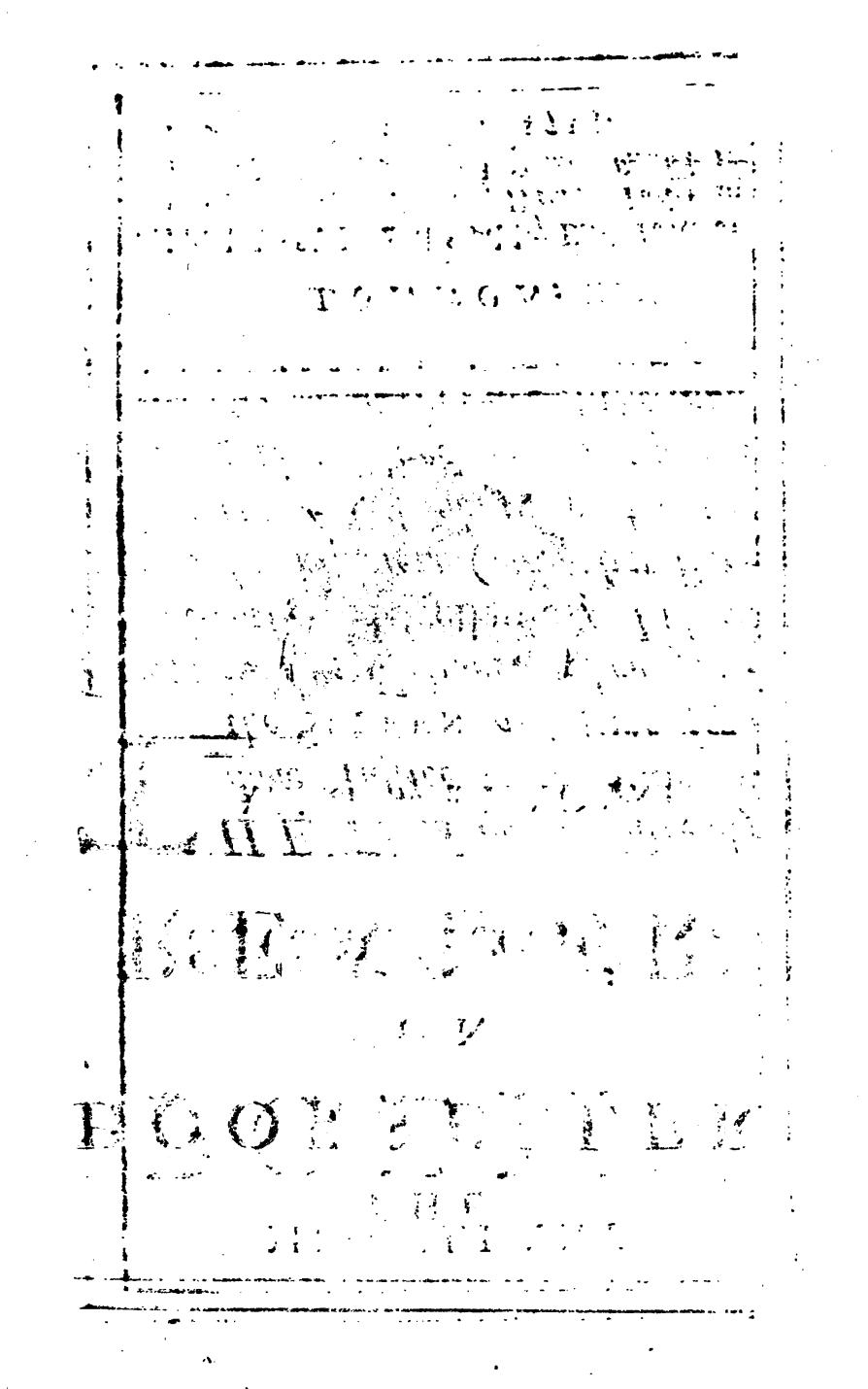

THE BOOKSELLER To the READER.

THE Town having already done Juſtice to the Ode *on the* SPLEEN, *and ſome few Pieces in this Volume, when ſcattered in other* Miſcellanies: *I think it will be ſufficient (now that Permiſſion is at laſt obtained for the Printing this Collection) to acquaint the Reader, that they are of the ſame Hand; which I doubt not will render this* Miſcellany *an acceptable Preſent to the Publick.*

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ERRATA.

PAge 101. line 5. read *loſt Clytus.* P. 106. l. 1. for *veil'd* r. *wav'd.* P. 112. l. 8. r. *Conqueſts.* P. 177. l. 9. r. *gentleſt.* P. 195. l. 9. r. *There.* P. 219. l. 7. r. *theſe.* P. 235. l. 10. for *Where* r. *while.* P. 243. l. 1. r. *th'awaken'd.* P. 296. *In the Dramatis Perſonæ* for *Thesta* r. *Theta* (*and ſo through the Play.*) P. 301. l. 10. r. *Lamia.* P. 312. l. 15. r. *Bonds.* l. 26. r. *Man.* P. 331. l. 1. r. *Others.* l. 5. r. *Grecian Race.* P. 337. l. 9. for *Camp* r. *Gate.* P. 346. l. 1. for *bleeds* r. *breeds.*

Miſcellany
POEMS.

MERCURY *and the* ELEPHANT.
A Prefatory FABLE.

AS Merc'ry *travell'd thro' a Wood,*
(Whoſe Errands are more Fleet than Good)
An Elephant *before him lay,*
That much encumber'd had the Way:
The Meſſenger, who's ſtill in haſte,
Wou'd fain have bow'd, and ſo have paſt;
When up aroſe th' unweildy Brute,
And wou'd repeat a late Diſpute,

In which (he ſaid) he'd gain'd the Prize
From a wild Boar of monſtrous Size:
But Fame (quoth he) with all her Tongues,
Who Lawyers, Ladies, Soldiers wrongs,
Has, to my Diſadvantage, told
An Action throughly Bright and Bold;
Has ſaid, that I foul Play had us'd,
And with my Weight th' Oppoſer bruis'd;
Had laid my Trunk about his Brawn,
Before his Tuſhes cou'd be drawn;
Had ſtunn'd him with a hideous Roar,
And twenty-thouſand Scandals more:
But I defy the Talk of Men,
Or Voice of Brutes in ev'ry Den;
Th' impartial Skies are all my Care,
And how it ſtands Recorded there.
Amongſt you Gods, pray, What is thought?
Quoth Mercury——*Then have you Fought!*

Solicitous thus ſhou'd I be
For what's ſaid of my Verſe and Me;

Or,

Or ſhou'd my Friends Excuſes frame,
And beg the Criticks not to blame
(Since from a Female Hand it came)
Defects in Judgment, or in Wit;
They'd but reply——Then has ſhe Writ!

Our Vanity we more betray,
In asking what the World will ſay,
Than if, in trivial Things like theſe,
We wait on the Event with eaſe;
Nor make long Prefaces, *to ſhow*
What Men are not concern'd to know:
For ſtill untouch'd how we ſucceed,
'Tis for themſelves, not us, they Read;
Whilſt that proceeding to requite,
We own (who in the Muſe delight)
'Tis for our Selves, not them, we Write.
Betray'd by Solitude to try
Amuſement, which the Proſp'rous fly;

And only to the Preſs repair,
To fix our ſcatter'd Papers there;
Tho' whilſt our Labours are preſerv'd,
The Printers may, indeed, be ſtarv'd.

All is Vanity.

I.

HOW vain is *Life!* which rightly we compare
To flying *Poſts*, that haſte away;
To *Plants*, that fade with the declining Day;
To *Clouds*, that ſail amidſt the yielding Air;
Till by Extention into that they flow,
Or, ſcatt'ring on the World below,
Are loſt and gone, ere we can ſay they were;
To *Autumn-Leaves*, which every Wind can chace;
To riſing *Bubbles*, on the Waters Face;
To fleeting *Dreams*, that will not ſtay,

Nor

Nor in th' abuſed Fancy dance,
When the returning Rays of Light,
Reſuming their alternate Right,
Break on th' ill-order'd Scene on the fantaſtick Trance:
As weak is *Man*, whilſt Tenant to the Earth;
As frail and as uncertain all his Ways,
From the firſt moment of his weeping Birth,
Down to the laſt and beſt of his few reſtleſs Days;
When to the Land of Darkneſs he retires
From diſappointed Hopes, and fruſtrated Deſires;
Reaping no other Fruit of all his Pain
Beſtow'd whilſt in the vale of Tears below,
But this unhappy Truth, at laſt to know,
That Vanity's our Lot, and all Mankind is Vain.

II.

If paſt the hazard of his tendreſt Years,
Neither in thoughtleſs Sleep oppreſt,
Nor poiſon'd with a tainted Breaſt,
Loos'd from the infant Bands and female Cares,

A *ſtudious Boy*, advanc'd beyond his Age,
Waſtes the dim Lamp, and turns the reſtleſs Page;
For ſome lov'd Book prevents the riſing Day,
And on it, ſtoln aſide, beſtows the Hours of Play;
Him the obſerving Maſter do's deſign
For ſearch of darkned Truths, and Myſteries Divine;
Bids him with unremitted Labour trace
The Riſe of Empires, and their various Fates,
The ſeveral Tyrants o'er the ſeveral States,
To *Babel*'s lofty Towers, and warlike *Nimrod*'s Race;
Bids him in Paradice the Bank ſurvey,
Where Man, new-moulded from the temper'd Clay,
(Till fir'd with Breath Divine) a helpleſs Figure lay:
Could he be led thus far—What were the Boaſt,
What the Reward of all the Toil it coſt,
What from that Land of ever-blooming Spring,
For our Inſtruction could he bring,
Unleſs, that having Humane Nature found
Unſeparated from its Parent Ground,

How,

(Howe'er we vaunt our Elevated Birth)
The Epicure in ſoft Array,
The lothſome Beggar, that before
His rude unhoſpitable Door,
Unpity'd but by Brutes, a broken Carcaſs lay,
Were both alike deriv'd from the ſame common Earth?

But ere the Child can to theſe Heights attain,
Ere he can in the Learned Sphere ariſe;
A guiding Star, attracting to the Skies,
A Fever, ſeizing the o'er-labour'd Brain,
Sends him, perhaps, to Death's concealing Shade;
Where, in the Marble Tomb now ſilent laid,
He better do's that uſeful Doctrine ſhow,
(Which all the ſad Aſſiſtants ought to know,
Who round the Grave his ſhort continuance mourn)
That firſt from Duſt we came, and muſt to Duſt return.

III.

A *bolder Youth*, grown capable of Arms,
Bellona courts with her prevailing Charms;

Bids th' inchanting Trumpet ſound,
Loud as Triumph, ſoft as Love,
Striking now the Poles above,
Then deſcending from the Skies,
Soften every falling Note;
As the harmonious *Lark* that ſings and flies,
When near the Earth, contracts her narrow Throat,
And warbles on the Ground:
Shews the proud Steed, impatient of the Check,
'Gainſt the loudeſt Terrors Proof,
Pawing the Valley with his ſteeled Hoof,
With Lightning arm'd his Eyes, with Thunder cloth'd his Neck;
Who on th' advanced Foe, (the Signal giv'n)
Flies, like a ruſhing Storm by mighty Whirlwinds driv'n;
Lays open the Records of Fame,
No glorious Deed omits, no Man of mighty Name;
Their Stratagems, their Tempers ſhe'll repeat,
From *Alexander*'s, (truly ſtil'd the GREAT)

From *Cæſar*'s on the World's Imperial Seat,
To *Turenne*'s Conduct, and to *Conde*'s Heat.
'Tis done! and now th' ambitious Youth diſdains
The ſafe, but harder Labours of the Gown,
The ſofter Pleaſures of the Courtly Town,
The once lov'd rural Sports, and Chaces on the Plains;
Does with the Soldier's Life the Garb aſſume,
The gold Embroid'ries, and the graceful Plume;
Walks haughty in a Coat of Scarlet Die,
A Colour well contriv'd to cheat the Eye,
Where richer Blood, alas! may undiſtinguiſht lye.
And oh! too near that wretched Fate attends;
Hear it ye Parents, all ye weeping Friends!
Thou fonder Maid! won by thoſe gaudy Charms,
(The deſtin'd Prize of his Victorious Arms)
Now fainting Dye upon the mournful Sound,
That ſpeaks his haſty Death, and paints the fatal Wound!
Trail all your Pikes, diſpirit every Drum,

March

March in a ſlow Proceſſion from afar,
Ye ſilent, ye dejected Men of War!
Be ſtill the Hautboys, and the Flute be dumb!
Diſplay no more, in vain, the lofty Banner;
For ſee! where on the Bier before ye lies
The pale, the fall'n, th' untimely Sacrifice
To your miſtaken Shrine, to your falſe Idol Honour!

IV.

As Vain is *Beauty*, and as ſhort her Power;
Tho' in its proud, and tranſitory Sway,
The coldeſt Hearts and wiſeſt Heads obey
That gay fantaſtick Tyrant of an Hour.
On *Beauty's* Charms, (altho' a Father's Right,
Tho' grave *Seleucus!* to thy Royal Side
By holy Vows fair *Stratonice* be ty'd)
With anxious Joy, with dangerous Delight,
Too often gazes thy unwary Son,
Till paſt all Hopes, expiring and undone,

A ſpeaking Pulſe the ſecret Cauſe impart;
The only time, when the Phyſician's Art
Could eaſe that lab'ring Grief, or heal a Lover's Smart.

See Great *Antonius* now impatient ſtand,
Expecting, with miſtaken Pride,
On *Cydnus* crowded Shore, on *Cydnus* fatal Strand,

A † *Queen*, at his Tribunal to be try'd,
A *Queen* that arm'd in Beauty, ſhall deride
His feeble Rage, and his whole Fate command:
O'er the ſtill Waves her burniſht Galley moves,
Row'd by the Graces, whilſt officious Loves
To ſilken Cords their buſie Hands apply,
Or gathering all the gentle Gales that fly,
To their fair Miſtreſs with thoſe Spoils repair,
And from their purple Wings diſperſe the balmy Air.

Hov'ring Perfumes aſcend in od'rous Clouds,
Curl o'er the Barque, and play among the Shrouds;

† *Cleopatra*'s coming down the *Cydnus*, exactly agreeing with the Deſcription of it in *Plutarch*.

Whilſt

Whilſt gently daſhing every Silver Oar,
Guided by the Rules of Art,
With tuneful Inſtruments deſign'd
To ſoften, and ſubdue the ſtubborn Mind,
A ſtrangely pleaſing and harmonious Part
In equal Meaſures bore.
Like a new *Venus* on her native Sea,
In midſt of the tranſporting Scene,
(Which Pen or Pencil imitates in vain)
On a reſplendent and conſpicuous Bed,
With all the Pride of *Perſia* looſely ſpread,
The lovely *Syrene* lay.
Which but diſcern'd from the yet diſtant Shore,
Th' amazed Emperor could hate no more;
No more a baffled Vengeance could purſue;
But yielding ſtill, ſtill as ſhe nearer drew,
When *Cleopatra* anchor'd in the Bay,
Where every Charm cou'd all its Force diſplay,
Like his own *Statue* ſtood, and gaz'd the *World* away.

Where

Where ends alas! this Pageantry and State;
Where end the Triumphs of this conqu'ring Face,
Envy'd of *Roman* Wives, and all the Female Race?
Oh ſwift Viciſſitude of Beauty's Fate!
Now in her Tomb withdrawn from publick Sight,
From near Captivity and Shame,
The vanquiſh'd, the abandon'd Dame
Proffers the Arm, that held another's Right,
To the deſtructive Snake's more juſt Embrace,
And courts deforming *Death*, to mend his Leaden Pace.

V.

But *Wit* ſhall laſt (the vaunting *Poet* cries)
Th' immortal Streams that from *Parnaſſus* flow,
Shall make his never-fading Lawrels grow,
Above this mouldring Earth to flouriſh in the Skies:

" And

" And || when his Body falls in Funeral Fire,
When late revolving Ages ſhall conſume
The very Pillars, that ſupport his Tomb,
" His Name ſhall live, and his beſt Part aſpire.
Deluded Wretch! graſping at future Praiſe,
Now planting, with miſtaken Care,
Round thy enchanted Palace in the Air,
A Grove, which in thy Fancy time ſhall raiſe,
A Grove of ſoaring Palms, and everlaſting Bays;
Could'ſt Thou alas! to ſuch Renown arrive,
As thy Imaginations would contrive;
Should numerous Cities, in a vain conteſt,
Struggle for thy famous Birth;
Should the ſole Monarch of the conquer'd Earth,
His wreathed Head upon thy Volume reſt;
Like *Maro*, could'ſt thou juſtly claim,
Amongſt th' inſpired tuneful Race,
The higheſt Room, the undiſputed Place;
And after near Two Thouſand Years of Fame,

|| The two Lines with theſe Marks " before them, are thus Tranſlated by *Ben. Johnſon* from *Ovid.*

Have

Have thy proud Work to a new People ſhown;
Th' unequal'd Poems made their own,
In ſuch a Dreſs, in ſuch a perfect Stile
As on his Labours *Dryden* now beſtows,
As now from *Dryden*'s juſt Improvement flows,
In every poliſh'd Verſe throughout the *Britiſh* Iſle;
What Benefit alas! would to thee grow?
What Senſe of Pleaſure wou'dſt thou know?
What ſwelling Joy? what Pride? what Glory have,
When in the Darkneſs of the abject Grave,
Inſenſible, and *Stupid* laid below,
No Atom of thy Heap, no Duſt wou'd move,
For all the airy Breath that form'd thy Praiſe above?

VI.

True, ſays the Man to *Luxury* inclin'd;
Without the Study of uncertain Art,
Without much Labour of the Mind,
Meer uninſtructed Nature will impart,
That Life too ſwiftly flies, and leaves all good behind.

Sieze

Sieze then, my Friends, (he cries) the preſent Hour;

The Pleaſure which to that belongs,

The Feaſts, th' o'erflowing Bowls, the Mirth, the Songs,

The Orange-Bloom, that with ſuch Sweetneſs blows,

Anacreon's celebrated Roſe,

The Hyacinth, with every beauteous Flower,

Which juſt this happy Moment ſhall diſcloſe,

Are out of Fortune's reach, and all within our Power.

Such coſtly * Garments let our Slaves prepare,

As for the gay *Demetrius* were deſign'd;

Where a new Sun of radiant Diamonds ſhin'd,

Where the enamel'd Earth, and ſcarce-diſcerned Air,

With a tranſparent Sea were ſeen,

A Sea compoſed of the Em'rald's Green,

* In the Life of *Demetrius* in *Plutarch*, there is a Deſcription of a Garment order'd to be made for him; wherein was expreſs'd, in precious Stones, and other coſtly Materials, the Elements as here deſcrib'd.

And

And with a golden Shore encompaſs'd round;
Where every Orient Shell, of wondrous ſhape was found.
The whole Creation on his Shoulders hung,
The whole Creation with his Wiſh comply'd,
Did ſwiftly, for each Appetite provide,
And fed them all when Young.
No leſs, th' * *Aſſyrian* Prince enjoy'd,
Of Bliſs too ſoon depriv'd, but never cloy'd.
Whoſe Counſel let us ſtill purſue,
Whoſe Monument, did this Inſcription ſhew
To every Paſſenger, that trod the way,
Where, with a ſlighting || Hand, and ſcornful Smile
The proud Effigies, on th' inſtructive Pile,
A great Example lay.
I, here Entomb'd, did mighty Kingdoms ſway,
Two Cities rais'd † in one prodigious Day:

---

* *Sardanapalus.*

|| In *Sardanapalus*'s Statue upon his Monument (as deſcribed by ſeveral Authors, and upon Medals) his right Hand is held up, with his Fingers in a Poſture as giving a *Filip* to the World.

† *Anchialus* and *Tarſus.*

Thou wand'ring Traveller, no longer gaze,
No longer dwell upon this useless Place;
Go Feed, and Drink, in Sports consume thy Life;
For All that else we gain's not worth a Moment's Strife.

Thus! talks the Fool, whom no Restraint can bound,
When now the Glass has gone a frequent round;
When soaring Fancy lightly swims,
Fancy, that keeps above, and dances o'er the Brims;
Whilst weighty Reason sinks, and in the bottom's drown'd!
Adds to his Own, an artificial Fire,
Doubling ev'ry hot Desire,
Till th' auxiliary Spirits, in a Flame,
The Stomach's Magazine defy,
That standing Pool, that helpless Moisture nigh
Thro' every Vital part impetuous fly,
And quite consume the Frame;
When to the Under-world despis'd he goes,
A pamper'd Carcase on the Worms bestows,

Who

Who rioting on the unuſual Chear,
As good a Life enjoy, as he could boaſt of here.

VII.

But hold my Muſe! thy farther Flight reſtrain,
Exhauſt not thy declining Force,
Nor in a long, purſu'd, and breathleſs Courſe,
Attempt, with ſlacken'd ſpeed, to run
Through ev'ry Vanity beneath the Sun,
Leſt thy o'erweary'd Reader, ſhould complain,
That of all Vanities beſide,
Which thine, or his Experience e'er have try'd,
Thou art, too tedious Muſe, moſt frivolous and vain:
Yet, tell the Man, of an aſpiring Thought,
Of an ambitious, reſtleſs Mind,
That can no Eaſe, no Satisfaction find,
Till neighb'ring States are to Subjection brought,
Till Univerſal Awe, enſlav'd Mankind is taught;

That, should he lead an Army to the Field,
For whose still necessary Use,
Th' extended Earth cou'd not enough produce,
Nor Rivers to their Thirst a full Contentment yield;
Yet, must their dark Reverse of Fate
Roll round, within that Course of Years,
Within the short, the swift, and fleeting Date
Prescrib'd by *Xerxes*, * when his falling Tears
Bewail'd those Numbers, which his Sword employ'd;
And false, *Hyena*-like, lamented and destroy'd.
Tell Him, that does some stately Building raise,
A *Windsor*, or *Versailles* erect,
And thorough all Posterity expect,
With its unshaken Base, a firm unshaken Praise;
Tell Him, *Judea*'s Temple is no more,
Upon whose Splendour, Thousands heretofore

* *Xerxes* reviewing his most numerous Army, wept upon the Reflection that within 100 Years not One of them would be left Alive.

Spent

Spent the astonish'd Hours, forgetful to Adore:
Tell him, into the Earth agen is hurl'd,
That most stupendious Wonder of the World,
Justly presiding o'er the boasted Seven,
By humane Art and Industry design'd,
This! the rich Draught of the Immortal Mind,
The Architect of Heaven.
Remember then, to fix thy Aim on High,
Project, and build on t'other side the Sky,
For, after all thy vain Expence below,
Thou canst no Fame, no lasting Pleasure know;
No Good, that shall not thy Embraces fly,
Or thou from that be in a Moment caught,
Thy Spirit to new Claims, new Int'rests brought,
Whilst unconcern'd thy secret Ashes lye,
Or stray about the Globe, *O Man ordain'd to Dye!*

The Prevalence of Cuſtom.

A Female, to a Drunkard marry'd,
When all her other Arts miſcarry'd,
Had yet one Stratagem to prove him,
And from good Fellowſhip remove him;
Finding him overcome with Tipple,
And weak, as Infant at the Nipple,
She to a Vault tranſports the Lumber,
And *there expects* his breaking Slumber.
A Table ſhe with Meat provided,
And rob'd in Black, ſtood juſt beſide it;
Seen only, by one glim'ring Taper,
That blewly burnt thro' miſty Vapor.
At length he wakes, his Wine digeſted,
And of her Phantomſhip requeſted,
To learn the Name of that cloſe Dwelling,
And what offends his Sight and Smelling;

And of what Land ſhe was the Creature,
With outſpread Hair, and ghaſtly Feature?
Mortal, quoth ſhe, (to Darkneſs hurry'd)
Know, that thou art both Dead and Bury'd;
Convey'd, laſt Night, from noiſie Tavern,
To this thy ſtiff, and dreary Cavern.
What ſtrikes thy Noſe, ſprings from the Shatters
Of Bodies kill'd with Cordial Waters,
Stronger than other Scents and quicker,
As urg'd by more ſpirituous Liquor.
My ſelf attend on the Deceas'd,
When all their Earthly Train's releas'd;
And in this Place of endleſs Quiet,
My Buſineſs is, to find them Diet;
To ſhew all ſorts of Meats, and Salades,
Till I'm acquainted with their Palates;
But that once known, then leſs ſuffices.
Quoth he (and on his Crupper riſes)
Thou Guardian of theſe lower Regions,
Thou Providor for countleſs Legions,

Thou dark, but charitable Crony,
Far kinder than my *Tiſiphony*,
Who of our Victuals thus art Thinking,
If thou haſt Care too of our Drinking,
A *Bumper* fetch: Quoth ſhe, a *Halter*,
Since nothing leſs thy Tone can alter,
Or break this Habit thou'ſt been getting,
To keep thy Throat in conſtant wetting.

THE

Muſſulman's Dream

OF THE

VIZIER and *DERVIS*.

WHere is that World, to which the Fancy flies,
When Sleep excludes the Preſent from our Eyes;
Whoſe Map no Voyager cou'd e'er deſign,
Nor to Deſcription its wild Parts confine?

Yet

Yet ſuch a Land of Dreams We muſt allow,
Who nightly trace it, tho' we know not how:
Unfetter'd by the Days obtruded Rules,
We All enjoy that Paradiſe of Fools;
And find a Sorrow, in reſuming Senſe,
Which breaks ſome free Delight, and ſnatches
[us from thence.

Thus! in a Dream, a *Muſſulman* was ſhown
A *Vizir*, whom he formerly had known,
When at the *Port* he bore deputed Sway,
And made the Nations with a Nod obey.
Now all ſerene, and ſplendid was his Brow,
Whilſt ready Waiters to his Orders bow;
His Reſidence, an artful Garden ſeem'd,
Adorn'd with all, that pleaſant he eſteem'd;
Full of Reward, his glorious Lot appear'd,
As with the Sight, our Dreamer's Mind was
[chear'd;
But turning, next he ſaw a dreadful Sight,
Which fill'd his Soul with Wonder and Affright,
Purſu'd

Purſu'd by Fiends, a wretched *Dervis* fled
Through ſcorching Plains, which to wide Di-
[ſtance ſpread;
Whilſt every Torture, gloomy Poets paint,
Was there prepar'd for the reputed Saint.
Amaz'd at this, the ſleeping *Turk* enquires,
Why He that liv'd above, in ſoft Attires,
Now roll'd in Bliſs, while t'other roll'd in Fires?
We're taught the Suff'rings of this Future State,
Th' Exceſs of Courts is likelieſt to create;
Whilſt ſolitary Cells, o'ergrown with Shade,
The readieſt way to Paradiſe is made.
True, quoth the Phantom (which he dream'd
[reply'd)
The lonely Path is ſtill the ſureſt Guide,
Nor is it by theſe Inſtances deny'd.
For, know my Friend, whatever Fame report,
The *Vizier* to Retirements wou'd reſort,
Th'ambitious *Dervis* wou'd frequent the Court.

The Shepherd Piping to the Fiſhes.

A Shepherd ſeeking with his Laſs,
To ſhun the Heat of Day;
Was ſeated on the ſhadow'd Graſs,
Near which a flowing Stream did paſs,
And Fiſh within it play.

To *Phillis* he an Angle gave,
And bid her toſs the Line;
For ſure, quoth he, each Fiſh muſt have,
Who do's not ſeek to be thy Slave,
A harder Heart than mine.

Aſſemble here you watry Race,
Tranſportedly he cries;
And if, when you behold her Face,
You e'er deſire to quit the Place,
You ſee not with my Eyes.

But you, perhaps, are by the Ear,
More eaſie to be caught;

If

If ſo, I have my Bagpipe here,
The only Muſick that's not dear,
Nor in great Cities bought.

So ſprightly was the Tune he choſe,
And often did repeat;
That *Phillis*, tho' not up ſhe roſe,
Kept time with every thrilling Cloſe,
And jigg'd upon her Seat.

But not a Fiſh wou'd nearer draw,
No Harmony or Charms,
Their frozen Blood, it ſeems, cou'd thaw,
Nor all they heard, nor all they ſaw,
Cou'd woo them to ſuch Terms.

The angry Shepherd in a Pett,
Gives o'er his wheedling Arts,
And from his Shoulder throws the Net,
Reſolv'd he wou'd a Supper get
By Force, if not by Parts.

Thus ſtated Laws are always beſt
To rule the vulgar Throng,

Who

Who grow more Stubborn when Careſt,
Or with ſoft Rhetorick addreſt,
If taking Meaſures wrong.

Love, Death, and Reputation.

Reputation, Love, and *Death,*
(The Laſt all Bones, the Firſt all Breath,
The Midd'ſt compos'd of reſtleſs Fire)
From each other wou'd Retire;
Thro' the World reſolv'd to ſtray,
Every One a ſeveral Way;
Exerciſing, as they went,
Each ſuch Power, as Fate had lent;
Which, if it united were,
Wretched Mortals cou'd not bear;
But as parting Friends do ſhow,
To what Place they mean to go,
Correſpondence to engage,
Nominate their utmoſt Stage;

Death

Death declar'd, he wou'd be found
Near the fatal Trumpet's ſound;
Or where Peſtilences reign,
And Quacks the greater Plagues maintain;
Shaking ſtill his ſandy Glaſs,
And mowing Human Fleſh, like Graſs.
Love, as next his Leave he took,
Caſt on both ſo ſweet a Look,
As their Tempers near diſarm'd,
One relax'd, and t'other warm'd;
Shades for his Retreat he choſe,
Rural Plains, and ſoft Repoſe;
Where no Dowry e'er was paid,
Where no Jointure e'er was made;
No Ill Tongue the Nymph perplex'd,
Where no Forms the Shepherd vex'd;
Where Himſelf ſhou'd be the Care,
Of the Fond and of the Fair:
Where that was, they ſoon ſhou'd know,
Au Revoir! then turn'd to Go.

Repu-

Reputation made a Pauſe,
Suiting her ſeverer Laws;
Second Thoughts, and Third ſhe us'd,
Weighing Conſequences mus'd;
When, at length to both ſhe cry'd:
You *Two* ſafely may Divide,
To th' *Antipodes* may fall,
And re-aſcend th' encompaſt Ball;
Certain ſtill to meet agen
In the Breaſts of tortur'd Men;
Who by One (too far) betray'd,
Call in t'other to their Aid:
Whilſt I Tender, Coy, and Nice,
Rais'd and ruin'd in a Trice,
Either fix with thoſe I grace;
Or abandoning the Place,
No Return my Nature bears,
From green Youth, or hoary Hairs;
If thro' Guilt, or Chance, I ſever,
I once Parting, Part for ever.

There's

There's No To-Morrow,

A FABLE *imitated from Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange.

TWO long had Lov'd, and now the Nymph [deſir'd,
The Cloak of Wedlock, as the Caſe requir'd;
Urg'd that, the Day he wrought her to this Sorrow,
He Vow'd, that he wou'd marry her *To-Morrow.*
Agen he Swears, to ſhun the preſent Storm,
That he, *To-Morrow,* will that Vow perform.
The *Morrows* in their due Succeſſions came;
Impatient ſtill on Each, the pregnant Dame
Urg'd him to keep his Word, and ſtill he ſwore [the ſame.
When tir'd at length, and meaning no Redreſs,
But yet the Lye not caring to confeſs,
He for his Oath this Salvo choſe to borrow,
That he was Free, ſince there was no *To-Morrow*;
For when it comes in Place to be employ'd,
'Tis then *To-Day*; *To-Morrow*'s ne'er enjoy'd.

The

The Tale's a Jeſt, the Moral is a Truth;
To-Morrow *and* To-Morrow, *cheat our Youth;*
In riper Age, To-Morrow *ſtill we cry,*
Not thinking, that the preſent Day we Dye;
Unpractis'd all the Good we had Deſign'd;
There's No To-Morrow *to a Willing Mind.*

The Petition for an Abſolute Retreat.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon^ble

CATHARINE Counteſs of *THANET*, mention'd in the Poem under the Name of *ARMINDA.*

GIVE me O indulgent Fate!
Give me yet, before I Dye,
A ſweet, but abſolute Retreat,
'Mongſt Paths ſo loſt, and Trees ſo high,

That the World may ne'er invade,
Through ſuch Windings and ſuch Shade,
My unſhaken Liberty.

No Intruders thither come!
Who viſit, but to be from home;
None who their vain Moments paſs,
Only ſtudious of their Glaſs,
News, that charm to liſtning Ears;
That falſe Alarm to Hopes and Fears;
That common Theme for every Fop,
From the Statesman to the Shop,
In thoſe Coverts ne'er be ſpread,
Of who's Deceas'd, or who's to Wed,
Be no Tidings thither brought,
But Silent, as a Midnight Thought,
Where the World may ne'er invade,
Be thoſe Windings, and that Shade:

Courteous

Courteous Fate! afford me there
A *Table* ſpread without my Care,
With what the neighb'ring Fields impart,
Whoſe Cleanlineſs be all it's Art,
When, of old, the Calf was dreſt,
(Tho' to make an Angel's Feaſt)
In the plain, unſtudied Sauce
Nor *Treufle*, nor *Morillia* was;
Nor cou'd the mighty Patriarch's Board
One far-fetch'd *Ortolane* afford.
Courteous Fate, then give me there
Only plain, and wholeſome Fare.
Fruits indeed (wou'd Heaven beſtow)
All, that did in *Eden* grow,
All, but the *Forbidden Tree*,
Wou'd be coveted by me;
Grapes, with Juice ſo crouded up,
As breaking thro' the native Cup;

Figs (yet growing) candy'd o'er,
By the Sun's attracting Pow'r;
Cherries, with the downy Peach,
All within my eaſie Reach;
Whilſt creeping near the humble Ground,
Shou'd the Strawberry be found
Springing whereſoe'er I ſtray'd,
Thro' thoſe Windings and that Shade.

For my *Garments*; let them be
What may with the Time agree;
Warm, when *Phœbus* does retire,
And is ill-ſupply'd by Fire:
But when he renews the Year,
And verdant all the Fields appear;
Beauty every thing reſumes,
Birds have dropt their Winter-Plumes;
When the Lilly full diſplay'd,
Stands in purer White array'd,

Than

Than that Veſt, which heretofore
The Luxurious * Monarch wore,
When from *Salem*'s Gates he drove,
To the ſoft Retreat of Love,
Lebanon's all burniſh'd Houſe,
And the dear *Egyptian* Spouſe.
Cloath me, Fate, tho' not ſo Gay;
Cloath me light, and freſh as *May*:
In the Fountains let me view
All my Habit cheap and new;
Such as, when ſweet *Zephyrs* fly,
With their Motions may comply;
Gently waving, to expreſs
Unaffected Careleſneſs:

* *Joſephus* ſays, that every *Monday Solomon* went to the Houſe of *Lebanon* in an open Chariot, cloath'd in a Robe moſt dazling White, which makes that Alluſion not improper, and may give us Grounds to believe that the *Lilly* mention'd by our Saviour (compar'd to *Solomon* in his Glory) might really be the common white *Lilly*, altho' the Commentators ſeem in doubt what Flowers are truly meant by the *Lillies*, as thinking the plain *Lilly* not gay enough for the Compariſon; whereas this Garment is noted by *Joſephus* to be wonderfully Beautiful tho' only White; nor can any Flower, I believe, have a greater Luſtre than the common White *Lilly*.

No Perfumes have there a Part,
Borrow'd from the *Chymiſts* Art;
But ſuch as riſe from flow'ry Beds,
Or the falling *Jaſmin* Sheds!
'Twas the Odour of the Field,
Eſau's rural Coat did yield,
That inſpir'd his Father's Pray'r,
For Bleſſings of the Earth and Air;
Of Gums, or Pouders had it ſmelt;
The Supplanter, then unfelt,
Eaſily had been deſcry'd,
For One that did in Tents abide;
For ſome beauteous Handmaids Joy,
And his Mother's darling Boy.
Let me then no Fragrance wear,
But what the Winds from Gardens bear,
In ſuch kind, ſurprizing Gales,
As gather'd from ‖ *Fidentia*'s Vales,
All the Flowers that in them grew;
Which intermixing, as they flew,

‖ Theſe Circumſtances are related by *Plutarch* in the Life of *Sylla*.

In

In wreathen Garlands dropt agen,
On *Lucullus*, and his Men;
Who, chear'd by the victorious Sight,
Trebl'd Numbers put to Flight.
Let me, when I muſt be fine,
In ſuch natural Colours ſhine;
Wove, and painted by the Sun,
Whoſe reſplendent Rays to ſhun,
When they do too fiercely beat,
Let me find ſome cloſe Retreat,
Where they have no Paſſage made,
Thro' thoſe Windings, and that Shade.

Give me there (ſince Heaven has ſhown
It was not Good to be alone)
A Partner ſuited to my Mind,
Solitary, pleas'd and kind;
Who, partially, may ſomething ſee
Preferr'd to all the World in me;

Slighting, by my humble Side,
Fame and Splendor, Wealth and Pride.
When but Two the Earth poſſeſt,
'Twas their happieſt Days, and beſt;
They by Bus'neſs, nor by Wars,
They by no Domeſtick Cares,
From each other e'er were drawn,
But in ſome Grove, or flow'ry Lawn,
Spent the ſwiftly flying Time,
Spent their own, and Nature's Prime,
In Love; that only Paſſion given
To perfect Man, whilſt Friends with Heaven.
Rage, and Jealouſie, and Hate,
Tranſports of his fallen State,
(When by *Satan*'s Wiles betray'd)
Fly thoſe Windings, and that Shade!

Thus from Crouds, and Noiſe remov'd,
Let each Moment be improv'd;

Every

Every Object ſtill produce,
Thoughts of Pleaſure, and of Uſe:
When ſome River ſlides away,
To encreaſe the boundleſs Sea;
Think we then, how Time do's haſte,
To grow Eternity at laſt,
By the Willows, on the Banks,
Gather'd into ſocial Ranks,
Playing with the gentle Winds,
Strait the Boughs, and ſmooth the Rinds,
Moiſt each Fibre, and each Top,
Wearing a luxurious Crop,
Let the time of Youth be ſhown,
The time alas! too ſoon outgrown;
Whilſt a lonely ſtubborn Oak,
Which no Breezes can provoke,
No leſs Guſts perſuade to move,
Than thoſe, which in a Whirlwind drove,
Spoil'd the old Fraternal Feaſt,
And left alive but one poor Gueſt;

Rivell'd

Rivell'd the diſtorted Trunk,
Sapleſs Limbs all bent, and ſhrunk,
Sadly does the Time preſage,
Of our too near approaching Age.
When a helpleſs Vine is found,
Unſupported on the Ground,
Careleſs all the Branches ſpread,
Subject to each haughty Tread,
Bearing neither Leaves, nor Fruit,
Living only in the Root;
Back reflecting let me ſay,
So the ſad *Ardelia* lay;
Blaſted by a Storm of Fate,
Felt, thro' all the *Britiſh* State;
Fall'n, neglected, loſt, forgot,
Dark Oblivion all her Lot;
Faded till *Arminda*'s Love,
(Guided by the Pow'rs above)
Warm'd anew her drooping Heart,
And Life diffus'd thro' every Part;

Mixing

Mixing Words, in wiſe Diſcourſe,
Of ſuch Weight and wond'rous Force,
As could all her Sorrows charm,
And tranſitory Ills diſarm;
Chearing the delightful Day,
When diſpos'd to be more Gay,
With Wit, from an unmenſured Store,
To Woman ne'er allow'd before.
What Nature, or refining Art,
All that Fortune could impart,
Heaven did to *Armida* ſend;
Then gave her for *Adelia*'s Friend:
To her Cares the Cordial drop,
Which elſe had overflow'd the Cup.
So, when once the Son of *Jeſs*,
Every Anguiſh did oppreſs,
Hunted by all kinds of Ills,
Like a *Partridge* on the Hills;
Trains were laid to catch his Life,
Baited with a Royal Wife,

From

From his Houſe, and Country torn,
Made a Heathen Prince's Scorn;
Fate, to anſwer all theſe Harms,
Threw a *Friend* into his Arms.
Friendſhip ſtill has been deſign'd,
The Support of Human-kind;
The ſafe Delight, the uſeful Bliſs,
The next World's Happineſs, and this.
Give then, O indulgent Fate!
Give a Friend in that Retreat
(Tho' withdrawn from all the reſt)
Still a Clue, to reach my Breaſt.
Let a Friend be ſtill convey'd
Thro' thoſe Windings, and that Shade!

Where, may I remain ſecure,
Waſte, in humble Joys and pure,
A Life, that can no Envy yield;
Want of Affluence my Shield.

Thus

Thus, had * *Craſſus* been content,
When from *Marius* Rage he went,
With the Seat that Fortune gave,
The commodious ample Cave,
Form'd, in a divided Rock,
By ſome mighty Earthquake's Shock,
Into Rooms of every Size,
Fair, as Art cou'd e'er deviſe,
Leaving, in the marble Roof,
('Gainſt all Storms and Tempeſts proof)
Only Paſſage for the Light,
To refreſh the chearful Sight,
Whilſt Three Sharers in his Fate,
On th' Eſcape with Joy dilate,
Beds of Moſs their Bodies bore,
Canopy'd with Ivy o'er;
Riſing Springs, that round them play'd,
O'er the native Pavement ſtray'd;

* The Deſcription of this Cave, is exactly taken from *Plutarch* in the Life of *Craſſus*.

When

When the Hour arriv'd to Dine,
Various Meats, and ſprightly Wine,
On ſome neighb'ring Cliff they ſpy'd;
Every Day a-new ſupply'd
By a Friend's entruſted Care;
Had He ſtill continu'd there,
Made that lonely wond'rous Cave
Both his Palace, and his Grave;
Peace and Reſt he might have found,
(Peace and Reſt are under Ground)
Nor have been in that Retreat,
Fam'd for a Proverbial Fate;
In purſuit of Wealth been caught,
And puniſh'd with a golden Draught.
Nor had † He, who Crowds cou'd blind,
Whiſp'ring with a ſnowy Hind,
Made 'em think that from above,
(Like the great Impoſtor's Dove)
Tydings to his Ears ſhe brought,
Rules by which he march'd and fought,

† *Sertorius.* After

After *Spain* he had o'er-run,
Cities ſack'd, and Battles won,
Drove *Rome*'s Conſuls from the Field,
Made her darling *Pompey* yield,
At a fatal, treacherous Feaſt,
Felt a Dagger in his Breaſt;
Had he his once-pleaſing Thought
Of Solitude to Practice brought;
Had no wild Ambition ſway'd;
In thoſe Iſlands had he ſtay'd,
Juſtly call'd the Seats of Reſt,
Truly || Fortunate, and Bleſt,
By the ancient Poets giv'n
As their beſt diſcover'd Heav'n.
Let me then, indulgent Fate!
Let me ſtill, in my Retreat,
From all roving Thoughts be freed,
Or Aims, that may Contention breed;

|| The *Canary* Iſlands, call'd by the Ancients the *Fortunate* Iſlands, and taken by ſome of the Poets for *Elyſium*.

Nor

Nor be my Endeavours led
By Goods, that periſh with the Dead!
Fitly might the Life of Man
Be indeed eſteem'd a Span,
If the preſent Moment were
Of Delight his only Share;
If no other Joys he knew
Than what round about him grew:
But as thoſe, who Stars wou'd trace
From a ſubterranean Place,
Through ſome Engine lift their Eyes
To the outward, glorious Skies;
So th' immortal Spirit may,
When deſcended to our Clay,
From a rightly govern'd Frame
View the Height, from whence ſhe came;
To her Paradiſe be caught,
And Things unutterable taught.
Give me then, in that Retreat,
Give me, O indulgent Fate!

For

For all Pleaſures left behind,
Contemplations of the Mind.
Let the Fair, the Gay, the Vain
Courtſhip and Applauſe obtain;
Let th' Ambitious rule the Earth;
Let the giddy Fool have Mirth;
Give the Epicure his Diſh,
Ev'ry one their ſev'ral Wiſh;
Whilſt my Tranſports I employ
On that more extenſive Joy,
When all Heaven ſhall be ſurvey'd
From thoſe Windings and that Shade.

Jupiter *and the* Farmer.

WHen Poets gave their God in *Crete* a Birth,
Then *Jupiter* held Traffick with the Earth,
And had a Farm to Lett: the Fine was high,
For much the Treas'ry wanted a Supply,
By *Danaë*'s wealthy Show'r exhauſted quite,
[and dry.

But *Merc'ry*, who as Steward kept the Court,
So rack'd the Rent, that all who made Reſort
Unſatisfy'd returni'd, nor could agree
To uſe the Lands, or pay his ſecret Fee;
'Till one poor Clown (thought ſubt'ler than the reſt,
Thro' various Projects rolling in his Breaſt)
Conſents to take it, if at his Deſire
All Weathers tow'rds his Harveſt may conſpire;
The Froſt to kill the Worm, the brooding Snow,
The filling Rains may come, and *Phœbus* glow.
The Terms accepted, ſign'd and ſeal'd the Leaſe,
His Neighbours Grounds afford their due Encreaſe
The Care of Heav'n; the Owner's Cares may ceaſe.
Whilſt the new Tenant, anxious in his Mind,
Now asks a Show'r, now craves a ruſtling Wind
To raiſe what That had lodg'd, that he the Sheaves may bind.
The Sun, th'o'er-ſhadowing Clouds, the moiſtning Dews
He with ſuch Contrariety does chuſe;

So

So often and ſo oddly ſhifts the Scene,
Whilſt others Load, he ſcarce has what to Glean.

O *Jupiter!* with Famine pinch'd he cries,
No more will I direct th' unerring Skies;
No more my Subſtance on a Project lay,
No more a ſullen Doubt I will betray,
Let me but live to Reap, do Thou appoint
[the way.

The Deciſion of Fortune.

A FABLE.

FOrtune well-Pictur'd on a rolling Globe,
With waving Locks, and thin tranſparent
[Robe,
A Man beholding, to his Neighbour cry'd,
Whoe'er would catch this Dame, muſt ſwiftly ride.
Mark, how ſhe ſeems to Fly, and with her bears,
All that is worth a buſie Mortal's Cares:

The gilded Air about her Statue ſhines,
As if the Earth had lent it all her Mines;
At random Here a Diadem ſhe flings,
And There a ſcarlet Hat with dangling Strings,
And to ten Thouſand Fools ten Thouſand glorious Things.

Shall I then ſtay at Home, Dull and Content
With Quarter-Days, and hard extorted Rent?
No, I'll to Horſe, to Sea, to utmoſt Iſles,
But I'll encounter her propitious Smiles:
Whilſt you in ſlothful Eaſe may chuſe to Sleep,
And ſcarce the few Paternal Acres keep.
Farewel, reply'd his Friend, may you advance,
And grow the Darling of this Lady *Chance*:
Whilſt I indeed, not courting of her Grace,
Shall dwell content, in this my Native Place,
Hoping I ſtill ſhall for your Friend be known:
But if too big for ſuch Acquaintance grown,

I ſhan't be ſuch a fond miſtaken Sot,
To think Remembrance ſhou'd become my Lot;
When you Exalted, have your ſelf Forgot.
Nor me Ambitious ever ſhall you find,
Or hunting Fortune, who, they ſay, is Blind:
But if her Want of Sight ſhou'd make her Stray,
She ſhou'd be Welcome, if ſhe came this Way.
'Tis very like (the Undertaker cry'd)
That ſhe her Steps to theſe loſt Paths ſhou'd guide:
But I loſe Time, whilſt I ſuch Thoughts deride.
Away he goes, with Expectation chear'd,
But when his Courſe he round the World had [ſteer'd,
And much had borne, and much had hop'd and [fear'd,
Yet cou'd not be inform'd where he might find
This fickle Miſtreſs of all Human-kind:
He quits at length the Chace of flying Game,
And back as to his Neighbor's Houſe he came,
He there encounters the uncertain Dame;

Who lighting from her gaudy Coach in haſte,
To him her eager Speeches thus addreſt.
Fortune behold, who has been long purſu'd,
Whilſt all the Men, that have my Splendors view'd,
Madly enamour'd, have ſuch Flatt'ries forg'd,
And with ſuch Lies their vain Pretenſions urg'd,
That Hither I am fled to ſhun their Suits,
And by free Choice conclude their vain Diſputes;
Whilſt I the Owner of this Manſion bleſs,
And he unſeeking *Fortune* ſhall poſſeſs.
Tho' rightly charg'd as ſomething Dark of Sight,
Yet Merit, when 'tis found, is my Delight;
To Knaves and Fools, when I've ſome Grace allow'd,
'Thas been like ſcatt'ring Money in a Croud,
To make me Sport, as I beheld them ſtrive,
And ſome obſerv'd (thro' Age) but Half-alive;
Scrambling amongſt the Vigorous and Young,
One proves his Sword, and One his wheedling Tongue,
All ſtriving to obtain me right or wrong:
Whilſt

Whilſt Crowns, and Croſiers in the Conteſt [hurl'd,
Shew'd me a Farce in the contending World.
Thou wert deluded, whilſt with Ship, or Steed,
Thou lately didſt attempt to reach my Speed,
And by laborious Toil, and endleſs Pains,
Didſt ſell thy Quiet for my doubtful Gains;
Whilſt He alone my real Fav'rite riſes,
Who every Thing to its juſt Value prizes,
And neither courts, nor yet my Gifts deſpiſes.

The Braſs-Pot, and *Stone-Jugg.*

A FABLE.

A Brazen *Pot*, by ſcouring vext,
With Beef and Pudding ſtill perplext,
Reſolv'd t' attempt a nobler Life,
Urging the *Jugg* to ſhare the Strife;

Brother, quoth he, (Love to endear)
Why ſhou'd We Two continue here,
To ſerve and cook ſuch homely Cheer?
Who tho' we move with awkward pace,
Your ſtony Bowels, and my Face,
Abroad can't miſs of Wealth and Place.
Then let us inſtantly be going,
And ſee what in the World is Doing.
The bloated *Jugg*, ſupine and lazy,
Who made no Wiſh, but to be eaſy,
Nor, like it's Owner, e'er did think
Of ought, but to be fill'd with Drink;
Yet ſomething mov'd by this fine Story,
And frothing higher with Vain-glory,
Reply'd, he never wanted Metal,
But had not Sides, like ſturdy *Kettle*,
That in a Croud cou'd ſhove and buſtle,
And to Preferment bear the Juſtle;
When the firſt Knock would break *His* Meaſures,
And ſtop his Riſe to Place and Treaſures.

Sure

Sure (quoth the *Pot*) thy Scull is thicker,
Than ever was thy muddieſt Liquor:
Go I not with thee, for thy Guard,
To take off Blows, and Dangers ward?
And haſt thou never heard, that Cully
Is borne thro' all by daring Bully?
Your ſelf (reply'd the Drink-conveigher)
May be my Ruin and Betrayer;
A Superiority you boaſt,
And dreſs the *Meat*, I but the *Toaſt*:
Than mine your Conſtitution's ſtronger,
And in Fatigues can hold out longer;
And ſhou'd one Bang from you be taken,
I into Nothing ſhou'd be ſhaken.
A *d'autre* cry'd the *Pot* in ſcorn,
Doſt think, there's ſuch a Villain born,
That, when he proffers Aid and Shelter,
Will rudely fall to Helter-Skelter?
No more, but follow to the Road,
Where Each now drags his pond'rous Load,

And

And up the Hill were almoſt clamber'd,
When (may it ever be remember'd!)
Down rolls the *Jugg*, and after rattles
The moſt perfidious of all Kettles;
At every Molehill gives a Jump,
Nor reſts, till by obdurate Thump,
The Pot of Stone, to ſhivers broken,
Sends each miſguided Fool a Token:
To ſhow them, by this fatal Teſt,
That Equal Company is beſt,
Where none Oppreſs, nor are Oppreſt.

Fanſcomb Barn.

In Imitation of MILTON.

[Barn.]

IN *Fanſcomb Barn* (who knows not *Fanſcomb*
Seated between the ſides of riſing Hills,
Whoſe airy Tops o'er-look the *Gallick* Seas,

Whilſt,

Whilſt, gentle *Stower*, thy Waters near them flow,
To beautify the Seats that crown thy Banks.
——————————In this *Retreat* [meet,
(1) Through Ages paſs'd conſign'd for Harbour
And Place of ſweet Repoſe to Wand'rers poor,
The weary *Strolepedon* felt that Eaſe,
Which many a dangerous Borough had deny'd
To him, and his *Budgeta* lov'd Compeer;
Nor Food was wanting to the happy Pair,
Who with meek Aſpect, and precarious Tone,
Well ſuited to their Hunger and Degree,
Had mov'd the Hearts of hoſpitable Dames,
To furniſh ſuch Repaſt as Nature crav'd.
Whilſt more to pleaſe the ſwarthy Bowl appears,
Replete with Liquor, globulous to ſight,
And threat'ning Inundation o'er the Brim;
Yet, ere it to the longing Lips was rais'd
Of him who held it at its due Deſert,
And more than all entreated Bounty priz'd,
Into the ſtrong Profundity he throws

The

The floating Healths of Females, blith and young,
Who there had rendezvouz'd in paſt Delight,
And to ſtol'n Plenty added clamorous Mirth,
With Song and Dance, and every jovial Prank
Befitting buxom Crew, untied by Forms:
Whilſt kind *Budgeta* nam'd ſuch ſturdy Youths,
As next into her tender Thoughts revolv'd,
And now were ſtraggling *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, and *South*,
Hoof-beating, and at large, as Chance directs,
Still ſhifting Paths, leſt Men (tho' ſtil'd of Peace)
Should urge their calmer Thoughts to Iron War,
Or force them to promote coercive Laws,
Beating that Hemp which oft entraps their Lives;
Or into Cordage pleated, and amaſs'd,
Deprives unruly Fleſh of tempting Skin.
Thus kind Remembrance brought the Abſent near
And haſten'd the Return of either's Pledge:
Brown were the Toaſts, but not unſav'ry found
To Fancies clear'd by Exerciſe and Air,
Which the ſpirituous Nectar ſtill improves,

And

And gliding now thro' ev'ry cheriſh'd Vein,
New Warmth diffus'd, new Cogitations bred,
With Self-conceit of Perſon, and of Parts.
When *Strolepedon* (late diſtorted Wight,
Limb-wanting to the View, and all miſ-ſhap'd)
Permits a pinion'd Arm to fill the Sleeve,
Erſt pendant, void, and waving with the Wind,
The Timber-Leg obſequiouſly withdraws,
And gives to that of Bone Precedence due.
Thus undiſguis'd that Form again he wears,
Which Damſel fond had drawn from houſhold [Toils,
And ſtrict Beheſts of Parents, old and ſcorn'd;
Whilſt farther yet his Intellects confeſs
The bouzy Spell dilated and inhans'd,
Ripe for Deſcription, and ſett Turns of Speech,
Which to Conjugal Spouſe were thus addreſt.
My Wife (acknowledg'd ſuch thro' maunding [Tribes,
As long as mutual Love, the only Law,

Of

Of Hedge or Barn, can bind our eaſy Faiths)
Be thou obſervant of thy Husband's Voice,
Sole Auditor of Flights and Figures bold;
Know, that the Valley which we hence deſcry
Richly adorn'd, is *Fanſcomb-Bottom* call'd:
But whether from theſe Walls it takes the Name,
Or they from that, let Antiquaries tell,
And Men, well-read in Stories obſolete,
Whilſt ſuch Denomination either claims,
As ſpeaks Affinity contiguous ——
Thence let thy ſcatter'd Sight, and oft-griev'd [Smell
Engulf the Sweets, and Colours free diſpos'd
To Flowers promiſcuous, and redundant Plants.
And (if the drouzy Vapour will admit,
Which from the Bowl ſoon triumphs o'er thy [Lidds,
And Thee the weaker Veſſel ſtill denotes)
With Looks erect obſerve the verdant Slope
Of graceful Hills, fertile in Buſh and Brake,
Whoſe Height attain'd, th' expatiated Downs
Shall

Shall wider Scenes display of rural Glee;
Where banner'd Lords, and fair escutcheon'd Knights,
With gentle Squires, and the Staff-griping Clown,
Pursue the trembling Prey impetuous;
Which yet escaping, when the Night returns,
And downy Beds enfold their careless Limbs,
More wakeful *Trundle* (Knapsack-bearing Cur)
Follows the Scent untrac'd by nobler Hounds,
And brings to us the Fruit of all their Toil.

Thus sung the Bard, whom potent Liquor rais'd,
Nor so contented, wish'd sublimer Aid.
Ye Wits! (he cry'd) ye Poets! (Loiterers vain,
Who like to us, in Idleness and Want
Consume fantastick Hours) hither repair,
And tell to list'ning *Mendicants* the Cause
Of Wonders, here observ'd but not discuss'd:

(2) Where,

(2) Where, the *White Sparrow* never ſoil'd her Plumes,
Nor the dull Ruſſet cloaths the *Snowy Mouſe*.

To *Helicon* you might the *Spring* compare,
(3) That flows near *Pickerſdane* renowned Stream,
Which, for Diſport and Play, the Youths frequent,
Who, train'd in Learned School of ancient *Wye*,
Firſt at this Fount ſuck in the Muſes Lore,
When mixt with Product of the *Indian* Cane,
They drink delicious Draughts, and part inſpir'd,
Fit for the Banks of *Iſis*, or of *Cham*,
(For *Cham* and *Iſis* to the *Bard* were known,
A *Servitor*, when young in *College-Hall*,
Tho' vagrant Liberty he early choſe,
Who yet, when Drunk, retain'd Poetick Phraſe.)
(4) Nor ſhou'd (quoth he) that *Well*, o'erhung with Shade,
Amidſt thoſe neighb'ring Trees of dateleſs growth,
Be left unfathom'd by your nicer Skill

Who

Who thence cou'd extricate a thouſand Charms,
Or to oblivious *Lethe* might convert
The ſtagnant Waters of the ſleepy Pool.
But moſt unhappy was that *Morphean* Sound
For lull'd *Budgeta*, who had long deſir'd
Diſmiſſion fair from Tales, not throughly ſcann'd,
Thinking her Love a Sympathy confeſt,
When the Word *Sleepy* parted from his Lips,
Sunk affable and eaſy to that Reſt,
Which Straw affords to Minds, unvex'd with [Cares.

Explanatory Notes.

(1) Fanſcomb-Barn, *near* Wye *in* Kent, *is a priviledg'd Retreat for* Beggars.

(2) Fanſcomb-Barn *is famous for Breeding* White Sparrows *and* White Mice.

(3) Pickerſdane, *is a Point of* Wye-Downs, *where there is an excellent Spring, much frequented by the Scholars of the Free-School at* Wye; *who meet there, to drink the Water with Sugar; which has been an ancient Cuſtom, and a great Diverſion to them.*

(4) *A very deep* Well, *within a little Wood near* Fanſcomb-Barn.

A Description of One of the Pieces of Tapistry at Long-Leat, *made after the famous* Cartons *of* Raphael; *in which,* Elymas *the Sorcerer is miraculously struck Blind by St.* Paul *before* Sergius Paulus, *the Proconsul of* Asia.

Inscribed to the Hon^ble *HENRY THYNNE*, under the Name of THEANOR.

THUS *Tapistry* of old, the Walls adorn'd,
Ere noblest Dames the artful *Shuttle* scorn'd:
Arachne, then, with *Pallas* did contest,
And scarce th' Immortal Work was judg'd the [Best.
Nor valorous Actions, then, in Books were sought;
But all the Fame, that from the Field was brought,
Employ'd the *Loom*, where the kind *Consort* [wrought:
Whilst sharing in the Toil, she shar'd the Fame,
And with the *Heroes* mixt her interwoven Name.
No longer, *Females* to such Praise aspire,
And seldom now We rightly do admire.

So

So much, All Arts are by the *Men* engroſs'd,
And Our few Talents unimprov'd or croſs'd;
Even I, who on this Subject wou'd compoſe,
Which the fam'd *Urbin* for his Pencil choſe,
(And here, in tinctur'd Wool we now behold
Correctly follow'd in each Shade, and Fold)
Shou'd prudently from the Attempt withdraw,
But Inclination proves the ſtronger Law:
And tho' the Cenſures of the World purſue
Theſe hardy Flights, whilſt his *Deſigns* I view;
My burden'd Thoughts, which labour for a Vent,
Urge me t'explain in Verſe, what by each Face is meant.

Of *SERGIUS* firſt, upon his lofty Seat,
With due Regard our Obſervations treat;
Who, whilſt he thence on *ELTMAS* looks down,
Contracts his penſive Brow into a Frown,
With Looks inquiſitive he ſeeks the Cauſe
Why Nature acts not ſtill by Natures Laws.

'Twas but a Moment, ſince the *Sorcerer*'s Sight
Receiv'd the Day, and blaz'd infernal Light:
Untouch'd, the Optiques in a Moment fail'd,
Their fierce Illumination quench'd, or veil'd;
Throughout th' Extention of his ample Sway,
No Fact, like this, the *Roman* cou'd ſurvey,
Who, with ſpread Hands, invites Mankind to gaze,
And ſympathize in the profound Amaze.
To ſhare his Wonder every one combines,
By diff'rent Aſpects ſhewn, and diff'rent Signs.
A comely Figure, near the Conſul plac'd,
With ſerious Mildneſs and Inſtruction grac'd,
To Others ſeems imparting what he ſaw,
And ſhews the Wretch with reverential Awe:
Whilſt a more eager Perſon next we find,
Viewing the Wizard with a Sceptick's Mind;
Who his fixt Eyes ſo near him do's apply,
We think, enliv'ning Beams might from them [fly,

To

To re-inkindle, by ſo juſt an Aim,
The radial Sparks, but lately check'd and tame,
As Tapers new put-out will catch approaching [Flame.
But dire Surprize th' Enquiry do's ſucceed,
Whilſt full Conviction in his Face we read,
And He, who queſtion'd, now deplores the Deed.

To ſacred *PAUL* a younger Figure guides,
With ſeeming Warmth, which ſtill in Youth [preſides;
And pointing forward, Elder Men directs,
In Him, to note the Cauſe of theſe Effects;
Upon whoſe Brow do's evidently ſhine
Deputed Pow'r, t' inflict the Wrath Divine;
Whilſt ſad and ſolemn, ſuited to their Years,
Each venerable Countenance appears,
Where, yet we ſee Aſtoniſhment reveal'd,
Tho' by the Aged often 'tis conceal'd;

Who the Emotions of their Souls diſguize;
Leſt by admiring they ſhou'd ſeem leſs Wiſe.

But to thy Portrait, *ELTMAS*, we come
Whoſe Blindneſs almoſt ſtrikes the Poet dumb;
And whilſt *She* vainly to Deſcribe thee ſeeks,
The Pen but traces, where the Pencil ſpeaks.
Of Darkneſs to be *felt*, our Scriptures write,
Thou Darken'd ſeem'ſt, as thou woud'ſt feel the [*Light*;
And with projected Limbs, betray'ſt a Dread,
Of unſeen Miſchiefs, levell'd at thy Head.
Thro' all thy Frame ſuch Stupefaction reigns,
As Night it ſelf were ſunk into thy Veins:
Nor by the Eyes alone thy Loſs we find,
Each Lineament helps to proclaim thee Blind.
An artful Dimneſs far diffus'd we grant,
And failing ſeem all Parts through One important [*Want*.

Oh!

Oh! mighty *RAPHAEL*, juſtly ſure renown'd!
Since in thy Works ſuch Excellence is found;
No Wonder, if with Nature Thou'rt at ſtrife,
Who thus can paint the Negatives of Life;
And Deprivation more expreſſive make,
Than the moſt perfect Draughts, which Others take.
Whilſt to this Chiefeſt Figure of the Piece,
All that ſurround it, Heightnings do encreaſe:
In ſome, Amazement by Extreams is ſhewn,
Who viewing his clos'd Lids, extend their Own.
Nor can, by that, enough their Thoughts expreſs,
Which op'ning Mouths ſeem ready to confeſs.

Thus ſtand the *LICTOR'S* gazing on a Deed,
Which do's all humane Chaſtiſements exceed;
Enfeebl'd ſeem their Inſtruments of ſmart,
When keener Words can ſwifter Ills impart.

Thou, *BARNABAS*, though Laſt, not leaſt our Care,
Seem'ſt equally employ'd in Praiſe, and Prayer,

Acknowledging th' Omnipotent Decree,
Yet ſoft Compaſſion in thy Face we ſee:
Whilſt lifted Hands implore a kind Relief,
Tho' no Impatience animates thy Grief;
But mild Suſpence and Charity benign,
Do all th' exceſſes of thy Looks confine.

Thus far, our ſlow Imagination goes:
Wou'd the more skill'd *THEANOR* his diſcloſe;
Expand the Scene, and open to our Sight
What to his nicer Judgment gives Delight;
Whoſe ſoaring Mind do's to Perfections climb,
Nor owns a Reliſh, but for Things ſublime;
Then, wou'd the Piece freſh Beauties ſtill preſent,
Nor Length of Time wou'd leave the Eye content:
As Moments, Hours; as Hours the Days wou'd ſeem,
Obſerving here, taught to obſerve by HIM.

The

The Poor Man's Lamb;

OR,

Nathan's *Parable to* David *after the Murder of* Uriah, *and his Marriage with* Bathſheba.

Turn'd into Verſe and Paraphras'd.

NOW ſpent the alter'd King, in am'rous Cares,
The Hours of ſacred Hymns and ſolemn Pray'rs;
In vain the Altar waits his ſlow returns,
Where unattended Incenſe faintly burns:
In vain the whiſp'ring Prieſts their Fears expreſs,
And of the Change a thouſand Cauſes gueſs.
Heedleſs of all their Cenſures He retires,
And in his Palace feeds his ſecret Fires;
Impatient, till from *Rabbah* Tydings tell,
That near thoſe Walls the poor *Uriah* fell,

Led

Led to the Onſet by a Choſen Few,
Who at the treacherous Signal, ſoon withdrew;
Nor to his Reſcue e'er return'd again,
Till by fierce *Ammon*'s Sword they ſaw the Victim ſlain.

'Tis paſs'd, 'tis done! the holy Marriage-Knot,
Too ſtrong to be unty'd, at laſt is cut.
And now to *Bathſheba* the King declares,
That with his Heart, the Kingdom too is hers;
That *Iſrael*'s Throne, and longing Monarch's Arms
Are to be fill'd but with her widow'd Charms.
Nor muſt the Days of formal Tears exceed,
To croſs the Living, and abuſe the Dead.
This ſhe denies; and ſigns of Grief are worn;
But mourns no more than may her Face adorn,
Give to thoſe Eyes, which Love and Empire fir'd,
A melting Softneſs more to be deſir'd;
Till the fixt Time, tho' hard to be endur'd,
Was paſs'd, and a ſad Conſort's Name procur'd;

When

When, with the Pomp that ſuits a Prince's
[Thought,
By Paſſion ſway'd, and glorious Woman taught,
A *Queen* ſhe's made, than *Michal* ſeated higher,
Whilſt light unuſual Airs prophane the hallow'd
[*Lyre.*

Where art thou *Nathan?* where's that Spirit now,
Giv'n to brave Vice, tho' on a Prince's Brow?
In what low Cave, or on what Deſert Coaſt,
Now Virtue wants it, is thy Preſence loſt?

But lo! he comes, the Rev'rend *Bard* appears,
Defil'd with Duſt his awful ſilver Hairs,
And his rough Garment, wet with falling Tears.
The King this mark'd, and conſcious wou'd have
[fled,
The healing Balm which for his Wounds was ſhed:
Till the more wary Prieſt the Serpents Art,
Join'd to the Dove-like Temper of his Heart,
And thus retards the Prince juſt ready now to part.

Hear

Hear me, the Cauſe betwixt two Neighbours hear;
Thou, who for Juſtice doſt the Sceptre bear;
Help the Oppreſt, nor let me weep alone
For him, that calls for Succour from the Throne.
Good Princes for Protection are Ador'd,
And Greater by the *Shield*, than by the *Sword*.
This clears the Doubt, and now no more he fears
The Cauſe his Own, and therefore ſtays and hears;
When thus the *Prophet*: ——

——In a flow'ry Plain
A King-like Man does in full Plenty reign;
Caſts round his Eyes, in vain, to reach the Bound,
Which *Jordan*'s Flood ſets to his fertile Ground;
Countleſs his Flocks, whilſt *Lebanon* contains
A Herd as large, kept by his numerous Swains,
That fill with morning Bellowings the cool Air,
And to the Cedar's ſhade at ſcorching Noon repair.
Near to this Wood a lowly *Cottage* ſtands,
Built by the humble Owner's painful Hands;

Fenc'd

Fenc'd by a Stubble-roof, from Rain and Heat,
Secur'd without, within all Plain and Neat.
A Field of ſmall Extent ſurrounds the Place,
In which One ſingle *Ewe* did ſport and graze:
This his whole Stock, till in full time there came,
To bleſs his utmoſt Hopes, a ſnowy *Lamb*;
Which, leſt the Seaſon yet too Cold might prove,
And Northern Blaſts annoy it from the Grove,
Or tow'ring Fowl on the weak Prey might ſeize,
(For with his Store his *Fears* muſt too increaſe)
He brings it Home, and lays it by his Side,
At once his Wealth, his Pleaſure and his Pride;
Still bars the Door, by Labour call'd away,
And, when returning at the Cloſe of Day,
With One ſmall Meſs himſelf, and that ſuſtains,
And half his Diſh it ſhares, and half his ſlender [Gains.
When to the great Man's Table now there [comes
A *Lord* as great, follow'd by hungry Grooms:

For

For theſe muſt be provided ſundry Meats,
The Beſt for Some, for Others coarſer Cates.
One Servant, diligent above the reſt
To help his Maſter to contrive the Feaſt,
Extols the Lamb was nouriſh'd with ſuch Care,
So fed, ſo lodg'd, it muſt be Princely Fare;
And having this, my Lord his own may ſpare.
In haſte he ſends, led by no Law, but Will,
Not to entreat, or purchaſe, but to Kill.
The Meſſenger's arriv'd; the harmleſs Spoil,
Unus'd to fly, runs Bleating to the Toil:
Whilſt for the Innocent the Owner fear'd,
And, ſure wou'd move, cou'd Poverty be heard.
(*h ſpare* (he cries) *the Product of my Cares,*
My Stock's Encreaſe, the Bleſſing on my Pray'rs;
My growing Hope, and Treaſure of my Life!
More was he ſpeaking, when the murd'ring Knife
Shew'd him, his Suit, tho' juſt, muſt be deny'd,
And the white Fleece in its own Scarlet dy'd;

Whilſt

Whilst the poor helpless Wretch stands weeping by,
And lifts his Hands for Justice to the Sky.

Which he shall find, th' incensed *King* replies,
When for the proud Offence th' Oppressor dies.
O *Nathan!* by the *Holy* Name I swear,
Our Land such Wrongs unpunish'd shall not bear
If, with the Fault, th' Offender thou declare.

To whom the *Prophet*, closing with the Time,
Thou art the Man replies, and thine th'" ill-natur'd Crime.
Nor think, against thy Place, or State, I err;
A Pow'r above thee does this Charge prefer;
Urg'd by whose *Spirit*, hither am I brought
T' expostulate his *Goodness*, and thy *Fault*:
To lead thee back to those forgotten Years,
In Labour spent, and lowly Rustick Cares,
When in the Wilderness thy Flocks but few,
Thou didst the Shepherd's simple Art pursue
Thro' crusting Frosts, and penetrating Dew:

Till

Till wondring *Jeſſe* ſaw ſix Brothers paſt,
And Thou Elected, Thou the Leaſt and Laſt;
A Sceptre to thy Rural Hand convey'd,
And in thy Boſom Royal Beauties laid;
A lovely Princeſs made thy Prize that Day,
When on the ſhaken Ground the *Giant* lay
Stupid in Death, beyond the Reach of Cries
That bore thy ſhouted Fame to liſt'ning Skies,
And drove the flying Foe as faſt away,
As Winds, of old, *Locuſts* to *Egypt*'s Sea.
Thy Heart with Love, thy Temples with Renown,
Th' All-giving Hand of Heav'n did largely crown,
Whilſt yet thy Cheek was ſpread with youthful Down.
What more cou'd craving Man of God implore?
Or what for favour'd Man cou'd God do more?
Yet cou'd not Theſe, nor *Iſrael*'s Throne, ſuffice
Intemp'rate Wiſhes, drawn thro' wand'ring Eyes.

One

One Beauty (not thy own) and ſeen by chance,
Melts down the Work of Grace with an alluring
[Glance;
Chaſes the Spirit, fed by ſacred Art,
And blots the Title *AFTER GOD'S OWN*
[*HEART*;
Black Murder breeds to level at *his* Head,
Who boaſts ſo fair a Part'ner of his Bed,
Nor longer muſt poſſeſs thoſe envy'd Charms,
The ſingle Treaſure of his Houſe, and Arms:
Giving, by this thy Fall, cauſe to Blaſpheme
To all the Heathen the *Almighty* Name.
For which the *Sword* ſhall ſtill thy Race purſue,
And, in revolted *Iſrael*'s ſcornful View,
Thy captiv'd Wives ſhall be in Triumph led
Unto a bold Uſurper's ſhameful Bed;
Who from thy Bowels ſprung ſhall ſeize thy
[Throne,
And ſcourge thee by a Sin beyond thy own.

Thou haſt thy Fault in ſecret Darkneſs done;
But this the World ſhall ſee before the Noon-
[day's Sun.

Enough! the King, enough! the *Saint* replies,
And pours his ſwift Repentance from his Eyes;
Falls on the Ground, and tears the Nuptial Veſt,
By which his Crime's Completion was expreſt:
Then with a Sigh blaſting to Carnal Love,
Drawn deep as Hell, and piercing Heaven, above
Let *Me* (he cries) let *Me* attend his Rod,
For *I* have ſinn'd, for *I* have loſt my God.

Hold! (ſays the *Prophet*) of that Speech beware,
God ne'er was loſt, unleſs by Man's Deſpair.
The Wound that is thus willingly reveal'd,
Th' Almighty is as willing ſhou'd be heal'd.
Thus waſh'd in Tears, thy Soul as fair does ſhow
As the firſt Fleece, which on the Lamb does grow,
Or on the Mountain's top the lately fallen [Snow.

Yet

Yet to the World that Juſtice may appear
Acting her Part impartial, and ſevere,
The *Offspring* of thy Sin ſhall ſoon reſign
That Life, for which thou muſt not once repine;
But with ſubmiſſive Grief his Fate deplore,
And bleſs the Hand, that does inflict no more.

Shall I then pay but Part, and owe the Whole?
My Body's Fruit, for my offending Soul?
Shall I no more endure (the King demands)
And 'ſcape thus lightly his offended Hands?
Oh! let him All reſume, my Crown, my Fame;
Reduce me to the Nothing, whence I came;
Call back his Favours, faſter than he gave;
And, if but Pardon'd, ſtrip me to my Grave:

Since (tho' he ſeems to *Loſe*) He ſurely *Wins*,
Who gives but earthly Comforts for his Sins.

Part of the Fifth Scene in the Second Act of Athalia, *a Tragedy, written in French by Monſieur* Racine.

Enter, as in the Temple of *Jeruſalem*,
ATHALIA, MATHAN, ABNER.

Mathan. WHY, to our Wonder, in this Place [is ſeen,
Thus diſcompos'd, and alter'd, *Juda*'s Queen?
May we demand, what Terrors ſeize your Breaſt,
Or, why your Steps are to this Houſe addreſt,
Where your unguarded Perſon ſtands expos'd
To ſecret Foes, within its Walls inclos'd?
Can it be thought that you remit that Hate?

[relate:
Athalia. No more! but Both obſerve what I
Not, that I mean (recalling Times of Blood)
To make you Judges of the Paths I trod,
When to the empty'd Throne I boldly roſe,
Treating all Intercepters as my Foes.

'Twas

'Twas Heav'ns Decree, that I ſhould thus ſucceed,
Whoſe following Favour juſtifies the Deed,
Extending my unlimited Command
From Sea to Sea o'er the obedient Land:
Whilſt your *Jeruſalem* all Peace enjoys,
Nor now th' encroaching *Philiſtine* deſtroys,
Nor wandring *Arab* his Pavilion ſpreads,
Near *Jordan*'s Banks, nor waſtes his flow'ry [Meads.
The great *Aſſyrian*, Terror of your Kings,
Who bought his Friendſhip with their holieſt [Things,
Yields that a Siſter, of his pow'rful Race,
Should ſway theſe Realms, and dignify the Place.
Nor need we add the late inſulting Foe,
The furious *Jehu* does this Sceptre know,
And ſinks beneath the Load of conſcious Fears,
When in *Samaria* he my Actions hears.
Diſtreſt by Foes, which I've againſt him rais'd,
He ſees me unmoleſted, fix'd, and pleas'd;

At least, till now thus glorious was my State;
But something's threatned from relaxing Fate,
And the last Night, which shou'd have brought me Rest,
Has all these great Ideas dispossest.
A *Dream*, a Vision, an apparent View
Of what, methinks, does still my Steps pursue,
Hangs on my pensive Heart, and bears it down
More than the weight of an objected Crown,
My Mother (be the Name with Rev'rence spoke!)
Ere chearful Day thro' horrid Shades had broke,
Approach'd my Bed, magnificent her Dress,
Her Shape, her Air did *Jezabel* confess.
Nor seem'd her Face to have refus'd that Art,
Which, in despight of Age, does Youth impart,
And which she practis'd, scorning so decay,
Or to be vanquish'd ev'n in *Nature*'s way.
Thus all array'd, in such defying Pride,
As when th' injurious Conqu'ror she descry'd,
And did in height of Pow'r for ill-got Pow'r deride.

To

To me ſhe ſpake, theſe Accents to me came:
" Thou worthy Daughter of my ſoaring Fame,
" Tho' with a more tranſcendent Spirit fill'd,
" Tho' ſtruggling Pow'rs attempt thy Life to [ſhield,
" The *Hebrew*'s God (Oh, tremble at the ſound!)
" Shall Thee and Them, and all their Rights [confound.
A pitying Groan concludes, no Word of Aid.
My Arms I thought to throw about the Shade
Of that lov'd Parent, but my troubled Sight
No more directed them to aim aright,
Nor ought preſented, but a heap of Bones,
For which fierce Dogs contended on the Stones,
With Flakes of mangled Fleſh, that quiv'ring ſtill
Proclaim'd the Freſhneſs of the ſuffer'd Ill;
Diſtain'd with Blood the Pavement, and the Wall,
Appear'd as in that memorable Fall ——

Abner. Oh! juſt avenging Heaven! —— [*aſide.*

Mathan. Sure, Dreams like theſe, are for Pre- [vention given.

The SPLEEN.

A Pindarick Poem.

WHat art thou, *SPLEEN*, which ev'ry thing doſt ape?
Thou *Proteus* to abus'd Mankind,
Who never yet thy real Cauſe cou'd find,
Or fix thee to remain in one continued Shape,
Still varying thy perplexing Form,
Now a Dead Sea thou'lt repreſent,
A Calm of ſtupid Diſcontent,
Then, daſhing on the Rocks wilt rage into a Storm.
Trembling ſometimes thou doſt appear,
Diſſolv'd into a Panick Fear;
On Sleep intruding doſt thy Shadows ſpread,
Thy gloomy Terrours round the ſilent Bed,
And croud with boading Dreams the Melancholy Head:
Or, when the Midnight Hour is told,
And drooping Lids thou ſtill doſt waking hold,
Thy

Thy fond Deluſions cheat the Eyes,
Before them antick Spectres dance,
Unuſual Fires their pointed Heads advance,
And airy Phantoms riſe.
Such was the monſtrous *Viſion* ſeen,
When *Brutus* (now beneath his Cares oppreſt,
And all *Rome*'s Fortunes rolling in his Breaſt,
Before *Philippi*'s lateſt Field,
Before his Fate did to *Octavius* lead)
Was vanquiſh'd by the *Spleen*,

Falſly, the Mortal Part we blame
Of our depreſt, and pond'rous Frame,
Which, till the Firſt degrading Sin
Let Thee, its dull Attendant, in,
Still with the Other did comply,
Nor clogg'd the Active Soul, diſpos'd to fly,
And range the Manſions of it's native Sky.

Nor,

Nor, whilſt in his own Heaven he dwelt,
Whilſt Man his Paradice poſſeſt,
His fertile Garden in the fragrant Eaſt,
And all united Odours ſmelt,
No armed Sweets, until thy Reign,
Cou'd ſhock the Senſe, or in the Face
A fluſht, unhandſom Colour place.
Now the *Jonquille* o'ercomes the feeble Brain;
We faint beneath the Aromatick Pain,
Till ſome offenſive Scent thy Pow'rs appeaſe,
And Pleaſure we reſign for ſhort, and nauſeous Eaſe.

In ev'ry One thou doſt poſſeſs,
New are thy Motions, and thy Dreſs:
Now in ſome Grove a liſt'ning Friend
Thy falſe Suggeſtions muſt attend,
Thy whiſper'd Griefs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,
Breath'd in a Sigh, and witneſs'd by a Tear;

Whilſt

Whilſt in the light, and vulgar Croud,
Thy Slaves, more clamorous and loud,
By Laughters unprovok'd, thy Influence too confeſs.
In the Imperious *Wife* thou Vapours art,
Which from o'erheated Paſſions riſe
In Clouds to the attractive Brain,
Until deſcending thence again,
Thro' the o'er-caſt, and ſhow'ring Eyes,
Upon her Husband's ſoften'd Heart,
He the diſputed Point muſt yield,
Something reſign of the conteſted Field;
Till Lordly *Man*, born to Imperial Sway,
Compounds for Peace, to make that Right away,
And *Woman*, arm'd with *Spleen*, do's ſervilely
Obey.

The *Fool*, to imitate the Wits,
Complains of thy pretended Fits,
And Dulneſs, born with him, wou'd lay
Upon thy accidental Sway;

Becauſe,

Becauſe, ſometimes, thou doſt preſume
Into the ableſt Heads to come:
That, often, Men of Thoughts refin'd,
Impatient of unequal Sence,
Such ſlow Returns, where they ſo much diſpenſe,
Retiring from the Croud, are to thy Shades inclin'd.
O'er me alas! thou doſt too much prevail:
I feel thy Force, whilſt I againſt thee rail;
I feel my Verſe decay, and my crampt Numbers fail,
Thro' thy black Jaundice I all Objects ſee,
As Dark, and Terrible as Thee,
My Lines decry'd, and my Employment thought
An uſeleſs Folly, or preſumptuous Fault:
Whilſt in the *Muſes* Paths I ſtray,
Whilſt in their Groves, and by their ſecret Springs
My Hand delights to trace unuſual Things,
And deviates from the known, and common way;
Nor will in fading Silks compoſe
Faintly th' inimitable *Roſe*,

Fill

Fill up an ill-drawn *Bird*, or paint on Glaſs
The *Sov'reign*'s blurr'd and undiſtinguiſh'd Face,
The threatning *Angel*, and the ſpeaking *Aſs*.

Patron thou art to ev'ry groſs Abuſe,
The ſullen *Husband*'s feign'd Excuſe,
When the ill Humour with his Wife he ſpends,
And bears recruited Wit, and Spirits to his [Friends.
The Son of *Bacchus* pleads thy Pow'r,
As to the Glaſs he ſtill repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy Cares,
Snatch from thy Shades one gay, and ſmiling Hour,
And drown thy Kingdom in a purple Show'r.
When the *Coquette*, whom ev'ry Fool admires,
Wou'd in Variety be Fair,
And, changing haſtily the Scene
From Light, Impertinent, and Vain,
Aſſumes a ſoft, a melancholy Air,

And

And of her Eyes rebates the wand'ring Fires,
The careleſs Poſture, and the Head reclin'd,
The thoughtful, and compoſed Face,
Proclaiming the withdrawn, the abſent Mind,
Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze,
Who gently for the tender Cauſe inquires;
The Cauſe, indeed, is a Defect in Senſe,
Yet is the *Spleen* alledg'd, and ſtill the dull Pre-
[tence.
But theſe are thy fantaſtick Harms,
The Tricks of thy pernicious Stage,
Which do the weaker Sort engage;
Worſe are the dire Effects of thy more pow'r-
[ful Charms.
By Thee *Religion*, all we know,
That ſhou'd enlighten here below,
Is veil'd in Darkneſs, and perplext
With anxious Doubts, with endleſs Scruples
[vext,
And ſome Reſtraint imply'd from each perver-
[ted Text.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Touch* not, *Taſte* not, what is freely giv'n,
Is but thy niggard Voice, diſgracing bounteous [Heav'n.
From Speech reſtrain'd, by thy Deceits abus'd,
To Deſarts baniſh'd, or in Cells reclus'd,
Miſtaken Vot'ries to the Pow'rs Divine,
Whilſt they a purer Sacrifice deſign,
Do but the *Spleen* obey, and worſhip at thy Shrine.
In vain to chaſe thee ev'ry Art we try,
In vain all Remedies apply,
In vain the *Indian* Leaf infuſe,
Or the parch'd *Eaſtern* Berry bruiſe;
Some paſs, in vain, thoſe Bounds, and nobler [Liquors uſe.
Now *Harmony*, in vain, we bring,
Inſpire the Flute, and touch the String.
From Harmony no help is had;
Muſick but ſoothes thee, if too ſweetly ſad,
And if too light, but turns thee gayly Mad.

Tho'

Tho' the Phyſicians greateſt Gains,
Altho' his growing Wealth he ſees
Daily encreas'd by Ladies Fees,
Yet doſt thou baffle all his ſtudious Pains.
Not skilful *Lower* thy Source cou'd find,
Or thro' the well-diſſected Body trace
The ſecret, the myſterious ways,
By which thou doſt ſurprize, and prey upon the [Mind.
Tho' in the Search, too deep for Humane [Thought,
With unſucceſsful Toil he wrought,
'Till thinking Thee to've catch'd, Himſelf by [thee was caught,
Retain'd thy Pris'ner, thy acknowledg'd Slave,
And ſunk beneath thy Chain to a lamented Grave.

An

An EPISTLE *from* Alexander *to* Hephæſtion *in his Sickneſs.*

WITH ſuch a Pulſe, with ſuch diſorder'd [Veins,
Such lab'ring Breath, as thy Diſeaſe [conſtrains;
With failing Eyes, that ſcarce the Light endure,
(So long unclos'd, they've watch'd thy doubtful [Cure)
To his *Hephæſtion Alexander* writes,
To ſoothe thy Days, and wing thy ſleepleſs Nights.
I ſend thee Love: Oh! that I could impart,
As well my vital Spirits to thy Heart!
That, when the fierce Diſtemper thine wou'd quell,
They might renew the Fight, and the cold Foe [repel.

As on *Arbela*'s Plains we turn'd the Day,
When *Perſians* through our Troops had mow'd [their way,
When the rough *Scythians* on the Plunder run,
[won,
And barb'rous Shouts proclaim'd the Conqueſt

'Till o'er my Head (to ſtop the ſwift Deſpair)
The *Bird* of *Jove* fans the ſupporting Air,
Above my Plume does his broad Wings diſplay,
And follows whereſoe'er I force my way:
Whilſt *Ariſtander*, in his Robe of White,
Shews to the wav'ring Hoſt th' auſpicious Sight;
New Courage it inſpires in ev'ry Breaſt,
And wins at once the Empire of the Eaſt.
Cou'd He, but now, ſome kind Preſage afford,
That Health might be again to Thee reſtor'd;
Thou to my Wiſhes, to my fond Embrace;
Thy Looks the ſame, the ſame Majeſtick Grace,
That round thee ſhone, when we together went
To chear the Royal Captives in their Tent,
Where *Syſigambis*, proſtrate on the Floor,
Did *Alexander* in thy Form adore;
Above great *Æſculapius* ſhou'd he ſtand,
Or made immortal by *Apelles* Hand.
But no reviving Hope his Art allows,
And ſuch cold Damps invade my anxious Brows,

As,

As when in *Cydnus* plung'd, I dar'd the Flood
T' o'er-match the Boilings of my youthful Blood.
But *Philip* to my Aid repair'd in haſte;
And whilſt the proffer'd Draught I boldly taſte,
As boldly He the dangerous Paper views,
Which of hid Treaſons does his Fame accuſe.
More thy Phyſician's Life on Thine depends,
And what he gives, his Own preſerves, or ends.
If thou expir'ſt beneath his fruitleſs Care,
To *Rhadamanthus* ſhall the Wretch repair,
And give ſtrict Anſwer for his Errors there.

Near thy Pavilion liſt'ning *Princes* wait,
Seeking from thine to learn their *Monarch*'s State.
Submitting *Kings*, that poſt from Day to Day,
To keep thoſe Crowns, which at my Feet they lay,
Forget th' ambitious Subject of their Speed,
And here arriv'd, only Thy Dangers heed.
The *Beauties* of the Clime, now Thou'rt away,
Droop, and retire, as if their God of Day

No more upon their early Pray'rs wou'd ſhine,
Or take their Incenſe, at his late Decline.
Thy *Pariſatis* whom I fear to name,
Leſt to thy Heat it add redoubl'd Flame;
Thy lovely Wife, thy *Pariſatis* weeps,
And in her Grief a ſolemn Silence keeps.
Stretch'd in her Tent, upon the Floor ſhe lies,
So pale her Looks, ſo motionleſs her Eyes,
As when they gave thee leave at firſt to gaze
Upon the Charms of her unguarded Face;
When the two beauteous Siſters lowly knelt,
And ſu'd to thoſe, who more than Pity felt.
To chear her now *Statira* vainly proves,
And at thy Name alone ſhe ſighs, and moves.

But why theſe ſingle Griefs ſhou'd I expoſe?
The World no Mirth, no War, no Bus'neſs [knows,
But, huſh'd with Sorrow, ſtands, to favour thy [Repoſe.

Ev'n

Ev'n I my boaſted Title now reſign,
Not *Ammon*'s Son, nor born of Race Divine,
But Mortal all, oppreſs'd with reſtleſs Fears,
Wild with my Cares, and Womaniſh in Tears.
Tho' Tears, before, I for old *Clytus* ſhed,
And wept more Drops, than the old Hero bled;
Ev'n now, methinks, I ſee him on the Ground,
Now my dire Arms the wretched Corpſe ſur-
round,
Now the fled Soul I wooe, now rave upon the
Wound.
Yet He, for whom this mighty Grief did ſpring,
Not *Alexander* valu'd, but the King.
Then think, how much that Paſſion muſt tran-
ſcend,
Which not a Subject raiſes but a Friend;
An equal Partner in the vanquiſh'd Earth,
A Brother, not impos'd upon my Birth,
Too weak a Tye unequal Thoughts to bind,
But by the gen'rous Motions of the Mind,

My Love to thee for Empire was the Teſt,
Since him, who from Mankind cou'd chuſe
[the beſt,
The Gods thought only fit for Monarch o'er
[the reſt.

Live then, my Friend; but if that muſt not be,
Nor Fate will with my boundleſs Mind agree,
Affording, at one time, the World and Thee;
To the moſt Worthy I'll that Sway reſign,
And in *Elyſium* keep *Hyphæſtion* mine.

The following Lines occaſion'd by the Marriage of Edward Herbert *Eſquire, and Mrs.* Elizabeth Herbert.

CUPID one day ask'd his Mother,
When ſhe meant that he ſhou'd Wed?
You're too Young, my Boy, ſhe ſaid;
Nor has Nature made another
Fit to match with *Cupid*'s Bed.

Cupid

Cupid then her Sight directed
To a lately Wedded Pair;
Where Himſelf the Match effected;
They as Youthful, they as Fair.

Having by Example carry'd
This firſt Point in the Diſpute;
WORSELEY next he ſaid's not Marry'd:
Her's with *Cupid*'s Charms may ſuit.

La Paſſion Vaincue.

Done into Engliſh *with Liberty.*

ON the Banks of the *Severn* a deſperate Maid
(Whom ſome Shepherd, neglecting his Vows, had betray'd,)
Stood reſolving to baniſh all Senſe of the Pain,
And purſue, thro' her Death, a Revenge on the Swain.
Since the Gods, and my Paſſion, at once he defies;
Since his Vanity lives, whilſt my Character dies;

No more (did ſhe ſay) will I trifle with Fate,
But commit to the Waves both my Love and my Hate,
And now to comply with that furious Deſire,
Juſt ready to plunge, and alone to expire,
Some Reflections on Death, and its Terrors untry'd,
Some Scorn for the Shepherd, ſome Flaſhings of Pride
At length pull'd her back, and ſhe cry'd, Why this Strife,
Since the *Swains* are ſo Many, and I've but *One* Life?

The Owl Deſcribing her Young Ones.

WHY was that baleful Creature made,
Which ſeeks our Quiet to invade,
And ſcreams ill Omens through the Shade?

'Twas, ſure, for every Mortals good,
When, by wrong painting of her Brood,
She doom'd them for the Eagle's Food;

Who

Who proffer'd Safety to her Tribe,
Wou'd ſhe but ſhew them or deſcribe,
And ſerving him, his Favour bribe.

When thus ſhe did his Highneſs tell:
In Looks my Young do all excel,
Nor Nightingales can ſing ſo well.

You'd joy to ſee the pretty Souls,
With wadling Steps and frowzy Poles,
Come creeping from their ſecret Holes.

But I ne'er let them take the Air,
The Fortune-hunters do ſo ſtare;
And Heireſſes indeed they are.

This ancient Yew three hundred Years,
Has been poſſeſs'd by Lineal Heirs:
The Males extinct, now All is Theirs.

I hope I've done their Beauties right,
Whoſe Eyes outſhine the Stars by Night;
Their Muffs and Tippets too are White.

The

The King of *Cedars* veil'd his Power,
And ſwore he'd faſt ev'n from that Hour,
Ere he'd ſuch Lady Birds devour.

Th' Agreement ſeal'd, on either part,
The Owl now promis'd, from her Heart,
All his Night-Dangers to divert;

As Centinel to ſtand and whoop,
If ſingle Fowl, or Shoal, or Troop
Should at his Palace aim or ſtoop.

But home, one Evening without Meat,
The Eagle comes, and takes his Seat,
Where they did theſe Conditions treat.

The Mother-Owl was prol'd away,
To ſeek abroad for needful Prey,
And forth the Miſſes came to play.

What's here! the hungry Monarch cry'd,
When near him living Fleſh he ſpy'd,
With which he hop'd to be ſupply'd.

But

But recollecting, 'twas the Place,
Where he'd ſo lately promis'd Grace
To an enchanting, beauteous Race;

He paus'd a while, and kept his Maw,
With ſober Temperance, in awe,
Till all their Lineaments he ſaw.

What are theſe Things, and of what Sex,
At length he cry'd, with Vultur's Becks,
And Shoulders higher than their Necks?

Theſe wear no *Palatines*, nor Muffs,
Italian Silks, or *Doyley* Stuffs,
But motley Callicoes, and Ruffs.

Nor Brightneſs in their Eyes is ſeen,
But through the Film a dusky Green,
And like old *Margery* is their Mien.

Then for my Supper they're deſign'd,
Nor can be of that lovely Kind,
To whom my Pity was inclin'd.

No

No more Delays; as ſoon as ſpoke,
The Plumes are ſtripp'd, the Griſles broke,
And near the Feeder was to choak.

When now return'd the grizly Dame,
(Whoſe Family was out of Frame)
Againſt League-Breakers does exclaim.

How! quoth the Lord of ſoaring Fowls,
(Whilſt horribly ſhe wails and howls)
Were then your Progeny but Owls?

I thought ſome *Phœnix* was their Sire,
Who did thoſe charming Looks inſpire,
That you'd prepar'd me to admire.

Upon your ſelf the Blame be laid;
My Talons you've to Blood betray'd,
And ly'd in every Word you ſaid.

Faces or Books, beyond their Worth extoll'd,
Are cenſur'd moſt, and thus to pieces pull'd.

The Philoſopher, the Young Man, and his Statue.

A Fond *Athenian* Mother brought
A *Sculptor* to indulge her Thought,
And carve her Only Son;
Who to ſuch ſtrange perfection wrought,
That every Eye the Statue caught,
Nor ought was left undone.

A youthful Smile adorn'd the Face,
The poliſh gave that Smile a Grace;
And through the Marble reigns
(Which well the Artiſt's Skill cou'd trace,
And in their due Poſitions place)
A Thread of purple Veins.

The Paraſites about it came,
(Whoſe Praiſes were too large to name)
And to each other ſaid;
The Man ſo well had reach'd his Aim,
Th' Original cou'd o'er it claim
Only a native Red.

Mean

Mean while a Sage, amidſt the Croud,
Thus, with a Precept wiſe and loud,
Check'd the Vain-glorious Boy;
By telling him, who now grew proud,
That tho' with Beauty 'twas endow'd,
The Figure was a Toy:

Of no Advantage to the State,
'Twou'd neither combate, nor debate,
But idly ſtand alone;
Bids him beware, whilſt Men create
In Stone thus his Reſemblance great,
He proves not like the Stone.

The Hog, *the* Sheep, *and* Goat, *carrying to a* FAIR.

WHO does not wiſh, ever to judge aright,
And, in the Courſe of Life's Affairs,
To have a quick, and far extended Sight,

Tho'

Tho' it too often multiplies his Cares?
And who has greater Senſe, but greater Sorrow
[ſhares?

This felt the *Swine*, now carrying to the Knife;
And whilſt the *Lamb* and ſilent *Goat*
In the ſame fatal Cart lay void of Strife,
He widely ſtretches his foreboding Throat,
Deaf'ning the eaſy Crew with his outragious
[Note.

The angry *Driver* chides th'unruly Beaſt,
And bids him all this Noiſe forbear;
Nor be more loud, nor clamorous than the reſt,
Who with him travel'd to the neighb'ring
[*Fair*,
And quickly ſhou'd arrive, and be unfetter'd there.

This, quoth the *Swine*, I do believe, is true,
And ſee we're very near the Town;
[View,
Whilſt theſe poor Fools of ſhort, and bounded

Think

Think 'twill be well, when you have ſet
[them down,
And eas'd One of her Milk, the Other of her
[Gown.

But all the dreadful Butchers in a Row,
To my far-ſearching Thoughts appear,
Who know indeed, we to the Shambles go,
Whilſt I, whom none but *Belzebub* wou'd
[ſhear,
Nor but his Dam wou'd milk, muſt for my
[Carcaſe fear.

But tell me then, will it prevent thy Fate?
The rude unpitying Farmer cries;
If not, the Wretch who taſtes his Suff'rings late,
Not He, who thro' th'unhappy Future prys,
Muſt of the Two be held moſt Fortunate and
[Wiſe.

The

The Shepherd *and the* Calm.

SOothing his Paſſions with a warb'ling Sound,
A Shepherd-Swain lay ſtretch'd upon the [Ground;
Whilſt all were mov'd, who their Attention lent,
Or with the Harmony in Chorus went,
To ſomething leſs than Joy, yet more than [dull Content.
(Between which two Extreams true Pleaſure lies,
O'er-run by *Fools*, unreach'd-at by the *Wiſe*)
But yet, a fatal Proſpect to the Sea
Wou'd often draw his greedy Sight away.
He ſaw the Barques unlading on the Shore,
And gueſs'd their Wealth, then ſcorn'd his [little Store,
Then wou'd that Little loſe, or elſe wou'd [make it more.
To Merchandize converted is the Fold,
The Bag, the Bottle, and the Hurdles ſold;
The Dog was chang'd away, the pretty *Skell*
Whom he had fed, and taught, and lov'd ſo well.

In vain the *Phillis* wept, which heretofore
Receiv'd his Preſents, and his Garlands wore.
Falſe and upbraided, he forſakes the Downs,
Nor courts her Smiles, nor fears the Ocean's Frowns.
For ſmooth it lay, as if one ſingle Wave
Made all the Sea, nor Winds that Sea cou'd heave;
Which blew no more than might his Sails ſupply:
Clear was the Air below, and *Phœbus* laugh'd on high.
With this Advent'rer ev'ry thing combines,
And Gold to Gold his happy Voyage joins;
But not ſo proſp'rous was the next Eſſay,
For rugged Blaſts encounter'd on the way,
Scarce cou'd the Men eſcape, the Deep had all their Prey.
Our broken Merchant in the Wreck was thrown
Upon thoſe Lands, which once had been his own;
Where other Flocks now paſtur'd on the Graſs,
And other *Corydons* had woo'd his Laſs.
A Servant, for ſmall Profits, there he turns,
Yet thrives again, and leſs and leſs he mourns;

Re-

Re-purchaſes in time th'abandon'd Sheep,
Which ſad Experience taught him now to keep.
When from that very Bank, one Halcyon Day,
On which he lean'd, when tempted to the Sea,
He notes a Calm; the Winds and Waves were ſtill,
And promis'd what the Winds nor Waves fulfill,
A ſettl'd Quiet, and Conveyance ſure,
To him that Wealth, by Traffick, wou'd procure.
But the rough part the Shepherd now performs,
Reviles the Cheat, and at the Flatt'ry ſtorms.
Ev'n thus (quoth he) you ſeem'd all Reſt and Eaſe,
You ſleeping Tempeſts, you untroubl'd Seas,
That ne'er to be forgot, that luckleſs Hour,
In which I put my Fortunes in your Pow'r;
Quitting my ſlender, but ſecure Eſtate,
My undiſturb'd Repoſe, my ſweet Retreat,
For Treaſures which you raviſh'd in a Day,
But ſwept my Folly, with my Goods, away.
Then ſmile no more, nor theſe falſe Shews employ,
Thou momentary Calm, thou fleeting Joy;

No more on me ſhall theſe fair Signs prevail,
Some other Novice may be won to Sail,
Give me a certain Fate in the obſcureſt Vale.

The LORD *and the* BRAMBLE.

TO view his ſtately Walks and Groves,
A Man of Pow'r and Place
Was haſt'ning on; but as he roves,
His Foe the ſlighted *Bramble* proves,
And ſtops his eager Pace.

That Shrub was qualify'd to Bite;
And now there went a Tale,
That this injurious partial Wight
Had bid his Gard'ner rid it quite,
And throw it o'er the Pail.

Often the *Bry'r* had wiſh'd to ſpeak,
That this might not be done;
But from the Abject and the Weak,
Who no important Figure make,
What Stateſman does not run? But

But clinging now about his Waſte,
Ere he had time to fly,
My Lord (quoth he) for all your haſte,
I'll know why I muſt be diſplac'd,
And 'mongſt the Rubbiſh lie.

Muſt none but buffle-headed Trees
Within your Ground be ſeen?
Or tap'ring Yews here court the Breeze,
That, like ſome *Beaux* whom Time does freeze,
At once look Old and Green?

I ſnarl, 'tis true, and ſometimes ſcratch
A tender-footed Squire;
Who does a rugged *Tartar* catch,
When me he thinks to over-match,
And jeers for my Attire.

As to Yourſelf, who 'gainſt me fret,
E'en give this Project o'er:
For know, where'er my Root is ſet,
Theſe rambling Twigs will Paſſage get,
And vex you more and more.

No Wants, no Threatnings, nor the Jail
Will curb an angry Wit:
Then think not to chaſtiſe, or rail;
Appeaſe the Man, if you'd prevail,
Who ſome ſharp Satire writ.

The CAUTIOUS LOVERS.

Silvia, let's from the Croud retire;
For, What to you and me
(Who but each other do deſire)
Is all that here we ſee?

Apart

Apart we'll live, tho' not alone;
For, who *alone* can call
Thoſe, who in Deſarts live with One,
If in that One they've All?

The World a vaſt *Meander* is,
Where Hearts confus'dly ſtray;
Where Few do hit, whilſt Thouſands miſs
The happy mutual Way;

Where Hands are by ſtern Parents ty'd,
Who oft, in *Cupid*'s Scorn,
Do for the widow'd State provide,
Before that Love is born:

Where ſome too ſoon themſelves miſplace;
Then in Another find
The only Temper, Wit, or Face,
That cou'd affect their Mind.

Others (but oh! avert that Fate!)
A well-choſe Object change:
Fly, *Silvia*, fly, ere 'tis too late;
Fall'n Nature's prone to range.

And, tho' in heat of Love we ſwear
More than perform we can;
No *Goddeſs* You, but *Woman* are,
And I no more than *Man*.

Th' impatient *Silvia* heard thus long;
Then with a Smile reply'd:
Thoſe Bands cou'd ne'er be very ſtrong,
Which Accidents divide.

Who e'er was mov'd yet to go down,
By ſuch o'er-cautious Fear;
Or for one Lover left the Town,
Who might have Numbers here?

Your Heart, 'tis true, is worth them all,
And ſtill preferr'd the firſt;
But ſince confeſs'd ſo apt to fall,
'Tis good to fear the worſt.

In ancient Hiſtory we meet
A flying Nymph betray'd;
Who, had ſhe kept in fruitful *Crete*,
New Conqueſt might have made.

And ſure, as on the *Beach* ſhe ſtood,
To view the parting Sails;
She curs'd her ſelf, more than the Flood,
Or the conſpiring Gales.

Falſe *Theſeus*, ſince thy Vows are broke,
May following Nymphs beware:
Methinks I hear how thus ſhe ſpoke,
And will not truſt too far.

In Love, in Play, in Trade, in War
They beſt themſelves acquit,
Who, tho' their Int'reſts ſhipwreckt are,
Keep unreprov'd their Wit.

To DEATH.

O King of Terrors, whoſe unbounded Sway
All that have Life, muſt certainly Obey;
The King, the Prieſt, the Prophet, all are Thine,
Nor wou'd ev'n *God* (in Fleſh) thy Stroke decline.
My Name is on thy Roll, and ſure I muſt
Encreaſe thy gloomy Kingdom in the Duſt,
My Soul at this no Apprehenſion feels,
But trembles at thy Swords, thy Racks, thy Wheels;
Thy ſcorching Fevers, which diſtract the Senſe,
And ſnatch us raving, unprepar'd from hence;
At thy contagious Darts, that wound the Heads
Of weeping Friends, who wait at dying Beds.
Spare theſe, and let thy Time be when it will;
My Bus'neſs is to Dye, and Thine to Kill.

Gently

Gently thy fatal Sceptre on me lay,
And take to thy cold Arms, inſenſibly, thy Prey.

ADAM *Pos'd.*

COu'd our Firſt Father, at his toilſome [Plough,
Thorns in his Path, and Labour on his [Brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude, unpoliſh'd Skin,
Cou'd he a vain Fantaſtick Nymph have ſeen,
In all her Airs, in all her antick Graces,
Her various Faſhions, and more various Faces;
How had it pos'd that Skill, which late aſſign'd
Juſt Appellations to Each ſeveral Kind!
A right Idea of the Sight to frame;
T'have gueſt from what New Element ſhe came;
T'have hit the wav'ring Form, or giv'n this [Thing a Name.

The

The Houſe of Socrates.

FOR *Socrates* a Houſe was built,
Of but inferiour Size;
Not highly Arch'd, nor Carv'd, nor Gilt;
The Man, 'tis ſaid, was Wiſe.

But *Mob* deſpis'd the little Cell,
That ſtruck them with no Fear;
Whilſt Others thought, there ſhould not dwell
So great a Perſon there.

How ſhou'd a due Recourſe be made
To One, ſo much Admir'd?
Where ſhou'd the ſpacious Cloth be laid,
Or where the Gueſts retir'd?

Believe me, quoth the liſt'ning Sage,
'Twas not to ſave the Charge;
That in this over-building Age,
My Houſe was not more large.

But this for faithful Friends, and kind,
Was only meant by me;
Who fear that what too ſtreight you find,
Muſt yet contracted be.

The EQUIPAGE.

Written Originally in FRENCH by *L'Abbé Reigner.*

SInce the Road of Life's ſo ill;
I, to paſs it, uſe this Skill,
My frail *Carriage* driving home
To its lateſt Stage, the *Tomb.*
Juſtice firſt, in Harneſs ſtrong,
Marches ſtedfaſtly along:
Charity, to ſmooth the Pace,
Fills the next adjoining Trace:
Independance leads the Way,
Whom no heavy Curb do's ſway;

Truth

Truth an equal Part ſuſtains,
All indulg'd the looſen'd Reins:
In the Box ſits vig'rous *Health*,
Shunning miry Paths of Wealth:
Gaiety with eaſy Smiles,
Ev'ry harſher Step beguiles;
Whilſt of Nature, or of Fate
Only This I wou'd intreat:
The *Equipage* might not decay,
Till the worn *Carriage* drops away.

The Young RAT *and his* DAM, *the* COCK *and the* CAT.

NO Cautions of a Matron, Old and Sage,
Young Rattlehead to Prudence cou'd engage;
But forth the Offspring of her Bed wou'd go,
Nor reaſon gave, but that he *wou'd* do ſo.
Much Counſel was, at parting, thrown away,
Ev'n all, that Mother-Rat to Son cou'd ſay;

Who

Who follow'd him with utmoſt reach of Sight,
Then, loſt in Tears, and in abandon'd Plight,
Turn'd to her mournful Cell, and bid the World
Good-Night.
But *Fortune*, kinder than her boding Thought,
In little time the Vagrant homewards brought,
Rais'd in his Mind, and mended in his Dreſs,
Who the *Bel-air* did every way confeſs,
Had learnt to flow'r his Wigg, nor bruſht away
The falling Meal, that on his Shoulders lay;
And from a Nutſhell, wimbl'd by a Worm,
Took Snuff, and cou'd the Government reform.
The Mother, weeping from Maternal Love,
To ſee him thus prodigiouſly improve,
Expected mighty Changes too, within,
And Wiſdom to avoid the Cat, and Gin.
Whom did you chiefly note, Sweetheart, quoth ſhe
Of all the Strangers you abroad did ſee?
Who grac'd you moſt, or did your Fancy take?
The younger Rat then curs'd a noiſy Rake,
That barr'd the beſt Acquaintance he cou'd make;
And

And ſcar'd him ſo, he trembl'd ev'ry Part;
Nor to deſcribe him, ſcarce cou'd have the Heart.
High on his Feet (quoth he) himſelf he bore,
And terribly, in his own Language, ſwore;
A feather'd Arm came out from either Side,
Which loud he clapp'd, and Combatants defy'd,
And to each Leg a Bayonette was ty'd:
And certainly his Head with Wounds was ſore;
For That, and both his Cheeks a Sanguine Colour wore.

Near Him there lay the Creature I admir'd,
And for a Friend by Sympathy deſir'd:
His Make, like Ours, as far as Tail and Feet,
With Coat of Furr in parallel do meet;
Yet ſeeming of a more exalted Race,
Tho' humble Meekneſs beautify'd his Face:
A purring Sound compos'd his gentle Mind,
Whilſt frequent Slumbers did his Eye-lids bind;
Whoſe ſoft, contracted Paw lay calmly ſtill,
As if unus'd to prejudice, or kill.

I

I paus'd a while, to meditate a Speech,
And now was ſtepping juſt within his reach;
When that rude Clown began his hect'ring Cry,
And made me for my Life, and from th' At-
[tempt to fly.
Indeed 'twas Time, the ſhiv'ring Beldame ſaid,
To ſcour the Plain, and be of Life afraid.
Thou baſe, degen'rate Seed of injur'd Rats,
Thou verieſt Fool (ſhe cry'd) of all my Brats;
Woud'ſt thou have ſhaken Hands with hoſtile
[Cats,
And doſt not yet thine Own, and Country's Foe,
At this expence of Time, and Travel know?
Alas! that ſwearing, ſtaring, bullying Thing,
That tore his Throat, and bluſter'd with his Wing,
Was but ſome paltry, Dunghill, Craven Cock,
Who ſerves the early Houſhold for a Clock.
And We his Oats, and Barley often ſteal,
Nor fear, he ſhou'd revenge the pilfer'd Meal:
Whilſt that demure, and ſeeming harmleſs Puſs
Herſelf, and mewing Chits regales with Us.

If then, of uſeful Senſe thou'ſt gain'd no more,
Than ere thou'dſt paſt the Threſhold of my [Door;
Be here, my Son, content to Dreſs and Dine,
Steeping the Liſt of Beauties in thy Wine,
And neighb'ring Vermin with falſe Gloſs outſhine.

Amongſt Mankind a Thouſand *Fops* we ſee,
Who in their Rambles learn no more than Thee;
Croſs o'er the *Alpes*, and make the *Tour* of *France*,
To learn a paltry Song, or antick Dance;
Bringing their Noddles, and Valizes pack'd
With Myſteries, from Shops and Taylors wreck'd:
But what may prejudice their Native Land;
Whoſe Troops are raiſing, or whoſe Fleet is [mann'd,
Ne'er moves their Thoughts, nor do they un- [derſtand.
Thou, my dear Rattlehead, and ſuch as Theſe
Might keep at home, and brood on Sloth and [Eaſe:

Whilſt

Whilſt Others, more adapted to the Age,
May vig'rouſly in Warlike Feats engage,
And live on foreign Spoils, or dying thin the Stage.

The Wit and the Beau.

Strephon, whoſe Perſon ev'ry Grace
Was careful to adorn;
Thought, by the Beauties of his Face,
In *Silvia*'s Love to find a place,
And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows, and Smiles he did his Part;
But Oh! 'twas all in vain:
A Youth leſs Fine, a Youth of Art
Had talk'd himſelf into her Heart,
And wou'd not out again.

Strephon with change of Habits preſs'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His Love alone the Other dreſs'd,
As Verſe, or Proſe became it beſt,
And mov'd her ſoft Deſire.

This found, his courtſhip *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his Glaſs;
There, in himſelf now ſeeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a *Wit* pretends,
A *Beau* is but an Aſs.

The EXECUTOR.

A Greedy *Heir* long waited to fulfill,
As his Executor, a *Kinſman*'s Will;
And to himſelf his Age repeated o'er,
To his Infirmities ſtill adding more;
And nicely kept th' Account of the expected
Store:
When

When *Death*, at laſt, to either gave Releaſe,
Making One's Pains, the Other's Longings ceaſe;
Who to the Grave muſt decently convey,
Ere he Poſſeſſion takes the kindred Clay,
Which in a Coach was plac'd, wherein he rides,
And ſo no Hearſe, or following Train provides;
Rejecting *Ruſſel*, who wou'd make the Charge
Of one dull tedious Day, ſo vaſtly Large.
When, at his Death, the humble Man declar'd,
He wiſh'd thus privately to be Interr'd.
And now, the Luggage moves in ſolemn State,
And what it wants in Number, gains in Weight.
The happy *Heir* can ſcarce contain his Joy,
Whilſt ſundry Muſings do his Thoughts employ,
How he ſhall act, now Every thing's his Own,
Where his Revenge, or Favour ſhall be ſhown;
Then recollecting, draws a counterfeited Groan.
The Avenues, and Gardens ſhall be chang'd,
Already he the Furniture has rang'd.

To ranſack ſecret Draw'rs his Phancy flies,
Nor can th' appearing Wealth his Mind ſuffice.
Thus he an Age runs o'er betwixt the Porch
Of his Friend's Houſe, and the adjacent Church:
Whilſt the ſlow Driver, who no reck'ning kept
Of what was left, indulging Nature, ſlept;
Till on a Bank, ſo high, the Wheel was borne
That in a Moment All muſt overturn:
Whilſt the rich *Heir* now finds the giving Dead
Leſs weighty in his Gold, than in his Lead;
Which falling juſt on his contriving Breaſt,
Expell'd the Soul, leaving the Corpſe to reſt
In the ſame Grave, intended for his Friend.
Then why ſhou'd We our Days in Wiſhes ſpend,
Which, ere we ſee fulfill'd, are often at an End?

Cupid

Cupid *and* Folly.

Imitated from the FRENCH.

CUPID, ere depriv'd of Sight,
Young and apt for all Delight,
Met with *Folly* on the way,
As Idle, and as fond of Play.
In gay Sports the time they paſs;
Now run, now wreſtle on the Graſs;
Their painted Wings then nimbly ply,
And ev'ry way for Maſt'ry try:
'Till a Conteſt do's ariſe,
Who has won th' appointed Prize.
Gentle *Love* refers the Caſe
To the next, that comes in Place;
Truſting to his flatt'ring Wiles,
And ſoftens the Diſpute with Smiles.
But *Folly*, who no Temper knows,
Words purſues with hotter Blows:
'Till the Eyes of *Love* were loſt,
Which has ſuch Pain to Mortals coſt.

Venus hears his mournful Cry's,
And repeats 'em, in the Skys,
To *Jupiter* in Council ſet,
With Peers for the Occaſion met;
In her Arms the Boy ſhe bears,
Bathing him in falling Tears;
And whilſt his want of Eyes is ſhown,
Secures the Judges by her Own.
Folly to the Board muſt come,
And hear the Tryal and the Doom;
Which *Cytherea* loudly prays
May be as heavy as the Caſe:
Which, when All was juſtly weigh'd,
Cupid's Wings now uſeleſs made,
That a Staff, his Feet muſt guide,
Which wou'd ſtill be apt to ſlide;
This Decree at laſt was read,
That *Love* by *Folly* ſhou'd be lead.

For the Better.

Imitated from Sir Roger L'Eſtrange.

A *Quack*, to no true Skill in Phyſick bred,
With frequent Viſits curs'd his Patient's Bed;
Enquiring, how he did his Broths digeſt,
How chim'd his Pulſe, and how he took his Reſt:
If ſhudd'ring Cold by Burnings was purſu'd,
And at what time the Aguiſh Fit renew'd.
The waining Wretch, each day become more faint,
In like proportion doubles his Complaint;
Now ſwooning Sweats he begs him to allay,
Now give his Lungs more liberty to play,
And take from empty'd Veins theſe ſcorching Heats away:
Or if he ſaw the Danger did increaſe,
To warn him fair, and let him part in Peace.
My Life for yours, no Hazard in your Caſe
The *Quack* replies; your Voice, your Pulſe, your Face,

Good

Good Signs afford, and what you ſeem to feel
Proceeds from Vapours, which we'll help with Steel.
With kindled Rage, more than Diſtemper, burns
The ſuff'ring Man, who thus in haſte returns:
No more of Vapours, your belov'd Diſeaſe,
Your Ignorance's Skreen, your *What-you-pleaſe*,
With which you cheat poor Females of their Lives,
Whilſt Men diſpute not, ſo it rid their Wives.
For me, I'll ſpeak free as I've paid my Fees;
My Fleſh conſumes, I periſh by degrees:
And as thro' weary Nights I count my Pains,
No Reſt is left me, and no Strength remains.
All for the Better, Sir, the *Quack* rejoins:
Exceeding promiſing are all theſe Signs.
Falling-away, your Nurſes can confirm,
Was ne'er in Sickneſs thought a Mark of Harm.
The want of Strength is *for the Better* ſtill;
Since Men of Vigour Fevers ſooneſt kill.
Ev'n with this Guſt of *Paſſion* I am pleas'd;
For they're moſt *Patient* who the moſt are ſeiz'd.

But

But let me ſee! here's that which all repels:
Then ſhakes, as he ſome formal Story tells,
The *Treacle-water*, mixt with powder'd *Shells*.
My Stomach's gone (what d'you infer from thence?)
Nor will with the leaſt Suſtenance diſpenſe.
The Better; for, where Appetite endures,
Meats intermingle, and no Med'cine cures.
The Stomach, you muſt know, Sir, is a Part——
But, ſure, I feel Death's Pangs about my Heart.

Nay then Farewel! I need no more attend
The *Quack* replies. A ſad approaching Friend
Queſtions the Sick, why he retires ſo faſt;
Who ſays, becauſe of Fees I've paid the Laſt,
And, whilſt all Symptoms tow'rds my Cure agree,
Am, *for the Better*, Dying as you ſee.

VERSES

VERSES

Written under the King of Sweden's *Picture.*

OBſerve this Piece, which to our Sight does bring
(
The fitteſt Poſture for the *Swediſh* King;
(Encompaſs'd, as we think, with Armies round,
Tho' not expreſs'd within this narrow Bound)
Who, whilſt his warlike and extended Hand
Directs the foremoſt Ranks to Charge or Stand,
Reverts his Face, leſt That, ſo Fair and Young,
Should call in doubt the Orders of his Tongue:
Whilſt the excited, and embolden'd Rear
Such Youth beholding, and ſuch Features there,
Devote their plainer Forms, and are aſham'd
[to Fear.
Thus! ev'ry Action, ev'ry Grace of thine,
O lateſt Son of Fame, Son of *Guſtavus* Line!
Affects thy Troops, with all that can inſpire
A blooming Sweetneſs, and a martial Fire,

Fatal

Fatal to none, but thy invading Foe.
So Lightnings, which to all their Brightneſs ſhew,
Strike but the Man alone, who has provok'd the Blow.

A *POEM* for the Birth-day of the Right Hon^ble^ the Lady CATHARINE TUFTON.

Occaſion'd by ſight of ſome Verſes upon that Subject for the preceding Year, compos'd by no Eminent Hand.

'TIS fit *SERENA* ſhou'd be ſung.
High-born *SERENA*, Fair and Young,
Shou'd be of ev'ry Muſe and Voice
The pleaſing, and applauded Choice.
But as the Meaneſt of the Show
Do Firſt in all Proceſſions go:
So, let my Steps purſue that Swain
The humbleſt of th' inſpired Train;
Whoſe well-meant Verſe did juſt appear,
To lead on the preceding Year: So

So let my Pen, the next in Fame,
Now wait on fair *SERENA*'s Name;
The ſecond Tribute gladly pay,
And hail this bleſt returning Day.
But let it not attempt to raiſe
Or rightly ſpeak *SERENA*'s Praiſe:
Since with more eaſe we might declare
How Great her Predeceſſors were;
How Great that more diſtinguiſh'd Peer,
To whom ſhe owes her Being here;
In whom our *Britain* lets us ſee
What once they were, and ſtill ſhou'd be;
As, when the earlieſt Race was drown'd,
Some Patterns, from amongſt them found,
Were kept to ſhew ſucceeding Times
Their Excellence without their Crimes:
More eaſily we might expreſs
What Vertues do her Mother dreſs;
What does *her* Form and Mind adorn,
Of whom th' engaging Nymph was born;

What

What Piety, what generous Love,
Does the enlarged Boſom move
Of * Her, whoſe Fav'rite ſhe appears,
Who more than as a Niece endears.
Such full Perfections obvious lie,
And ſtrike, at firſt, a Poet's Eye.
Deep Lines of Honour all can hit,
Or mark out a ſuperior Wit;
Conſummate Goodneſs all can ſhow,
And where ſuch Graces ſhine below:
But the more tender Strokes to trace,
T' expreſs the Promiſe of a Face,
When but the Dawnings of the Mind
We from an Air unripen'd find;
Which alt'ring, as new Moments riſe,
The Pen or Pencil's Art defies;
When Fleſh and Blood in Youth appears,
Poliſh'd like what our Marble wears;
Freſh as that Shade of op'ning Green,
Which firſt upon our Groves is ſeen;

* *The Lady* Coventry.

Enliven'd

Enliven'd by a harmleſs Fire,
And brighten'd by each gay Deſire;
Theſe nicer Touches wou'd demand
A *Cowley*'s or a *Waller*'s Hand,
T'explain, with undiſputed Art,
What 'tis affects th'enlighten'd Heart,
When ev'ry darker Thought gives way,
Whilſt blooming Beauty we ſurvey;
To ſhew how All, that's ſoft and ſweet,
Does in the fair *SERENA* meet;
To tell us, with a ſure Preſage,
The Charms of her maturer Age.
When *Hothfeild* ſhall (as heretofore
From its far-ſought and virtuous Store
It Families of great Renown
Did with illuſtrious Hymens crown)
When *Hothfeild* ſhall ſuch Treaſure know,
As fair *SERENA* to beſtow:
Then ſhou'd ſome Muſe of loftier Wing
The Triumphs of that Seaſon ſing;

Deſcribe

Deſcribe the Pains, the Hopes, the Fears
Of noble Youths, th'ambitious Cares
Of Fathers, the long-fram'd Deſign,
To add ſuch Splendour to their Line,
Whilſt all ſhall ſtrive for ſuch a Bride
So Educated, and Ally'd.

A Tale of the Miſer, *and the* Poet.

Written about the Year 1709.

A *WIT*, tranſported with Inditing,
Unpay'd, unprais'd, yet ever Writing;
Who, for all Fights and Fav'rite Friends,
Had Poems at his Fingers Ends;
For new Events was ſtill providing;
Yet now deſirous to be riding,
He pack'd-up ev'ry *Ode* and *Ditty*,
And in Vacation left the City;
So rapt with Figures, and Alluſions,
With ſecret Paſſions, ſweet Confuſions;

With Sentences from Plays well-known,
And thouſand Couplets of his own;
That ev'n the chalky Road look'd gay,
And ſeem'd to him the *Milky Way.*
But *Fortune*, who the Ball is toſſing,
And *Poets* ever will be croſſing,
Miſled the Steed, which ill he guided,
Where ſeveral gloomy Paths divided.
The ſteepeſt in Deſcent he follow'd,
Enclos'd by Rocks, which Time had hollow'd;
Till, he believ'd, alive and booted,
He'd reach'd the Shades by *Homer* quoted.
But all, that he cou'd there diſcover,
Was, in a Pit with Thorns grown over,
Old *Mammon* digging, ſtraining, ſweating,
As Bags of Gold he thence was getting;
Who, when reprov'd for ſuch Dejections
By him, who liv'd on high Reflections,
Reply'd; Brave Sir, your Time is ended,
And *Poetry* no more befriended.

I hid

I hid this Coin, when *Charles* was ſwaying;
When all was Riot, Masking, Playing;
When witty Beggars were in faſhion,
And Learning had o'er-run the Nation.
But, ſince Mankind is ſo much wiſer,
That none is valu'd like the *Miſer*,
I draw it hence, and now theſe Sums
In proper Soil grow up to ‖ *Plumbs*;
Which gather'd once, from that rich Minute
We rule the World, and all that's in it.

But, quoth the *Poet*, can you raiſe,
As well as Plumb-trees, Groves of Bays?
Where you, which I wou'd chuſe much rather,
May Fruits of Reputation gather?
Will Men of Quality, and Spirit,
Regard you for intrinſick Merit?
And ſeek you out, before your Betters,
For Converſation, Wit, and Letters?

‖ A *Plumb* is a Cant word, ſignifying a Hundred Thouſand Pound.

Fool, quoth the Churl, who knew no Breeding;
Have theſe been Times for ſuch Proceeding?
Inſtead of Honour'd, and Rewarded,
Are you not Slighted, or Diſcarded?
What have you met with, but Diſgraces?
Your PRIOR cou'd not keep in Places;
And your VAN-BRUG had found no Quarter,
But for his dabbling in the Morter.
ROWE no Advantages cou'd hit on,
Till Verſe he left, to write *North-Briton.*
PHILIPS, who's by the *Shilling* known,
Ne'er ſaw a Shilling of his own.
Meets * PHILOMELA, in the Town
Her due Proportion of Renown?
What Pref'rence has ARDELIA ſeen,
T'expel, tho' ſhe cou'd write the *Spleen?*
Of Coach, or Tables, can you brag,
Or better Cloaths than Poet RAG?
Do wealthy Kindred, when they meet you,
With Kindneſs, or Diſtinction, greet you?

* *Mrs.* Singer, *Author of ſeveral excellent Poems.*

Or

Or have your lately flatter'd Heroes
Enrich'd you like the Roman *Maroes?*

No——quoth the Man of broken Slumbers:
Yet we have Patrons for our Numbers;
There are *Mecænas*'s among 'em.

Quoth *Mammon*, pray Sir, do not wrong 'em;
But in your Cenſures uſe a Conſcience,
Nor charge Great Men with thriftleſs Nonſenſe:
Since they, as your own Poets ſing,
Now grant *no Worth in any thing*
But ſo much Money as 'twill bring.
Then, never more from your Endeavours
Expect Preferment, or leſs Favours.
But if you'll 'ſcape Contempt, or worſe,
Be ſure, put Money in your Purſe;
Money! which only can relieve you
When Fame and Friendſhip will deceive you.

Sir, (quoth the *Poet* humbly bowing,
And all that he had ſaid allowing)
Behold me and my airy Fancies
Subdu'd, like Giants in Romances.
I here ſubmit to your Diſcourſes;
Which ſince Experience too enforces,
I, in that ſolitary Pit,
Your Gold withdrawn, will hide my Wit:
Till Time, which haſtily advances,
And gives to all new Turns and Chances,
Again may bring it into uſe;
Roſcommons may again produce;
New *Auguſtean* Days revive,
When *Wit* ſhall pleaſe, and *Poets* thrive.
Till when, let thoſe converſe in private,
Who taſte what others don't arrive at;
Yielding that Mammoniſts ſurpaſs us;
And let the *Bank* out-ſwell *Parnaſſus*.

Enquiry

The CHANGE.

POOR *River*, now thou'rt almoſt dry,
What Nymph, or Swain, will near thee lie?
Since brought, alas! to ſad Decay,
What Flocks, or Herds, will near thee ſtay?
The *Swans*, that ſought thee in thy Pride,
Now on new Streams forgetful ride:
And *Fiſh*, that in thy Boſom lay,
Chuſe in more proſp'rous Floods to play.
All leave thee, now thy Ebb appears,
To waſte thy ſad Remains in Tears;
Nor will thy mournful Murmurs heed.
Fly, wretched Stream, with all thy ſpeed,
Amongſt thoſe ſolid Rocks thy Griefs beſtow;
For Friends, like thoſe alas! thou ne'er did'ſt know.

And thou, poor *Sun!* that ſat'ſt on high;
But late, the Splendour of the Sky;

What Flow'r, tho' by thy Influence born,
Now Clouds prevail, will tow'rds thee turn?
Now Darkneſs ſits upon thy Brow,
What *Perſian* Votary will bow?
What River will her Smiles reflect,
Now that no Beams thou can'ſt direct?
By watry Vapours overcaſt,
Who thinks upon thy Glories paſt?
If preſent Light, nor Heat we get,
Unheeded thou may'ſt riſe, and ſet.
Not all the paſt can one Adorer keep,
Fall, wretched Sun, to the more faithful Deep.

Nor do thou, lofty *Structure!* boaſt,
Since undermin'd by Time and Froſt:
Since thou canſt no Reception give,
In untrod Meadows thou may'ſt live.
None from his ready Road will turn,
With thee thy wretched Change to mourn.
Not the loft Nights, or chearful Days
Thou haſt beſtow'd, can give thee Praiſe.

No

No luſty Tree that near thee grows,
(Tho' it beneath thy Shelter roſe)
Will to thy Age a Staff become.
Fall, wretched *Building!* to thy Tomb.
Thou, and thy painted Roofs, in Ruin mixt,
Fall to the Earth, for That alone is fixt.

The ſame, poor *Man*, the ſame muſt be
Thy Fate, now *Fortune* frowns on thee.
Her Favour ev'ry one purſues,
And loſing Her, thou all muſt loſe.
No Love, ſown in thy proſp'rous Days,
Can Fruit in this cold Seaſon raiſe;
No Benefit, by thee conferr'd,
Can in this time of Storms be heard.
All from thy troubl'd Waters run;
Thy ſtooping Fabrick all Men ſhun.
All do thy clouded Looks decline,
As if thou ne'er did'ſt on them ſhine.

O wretched Man! to other World's repair;
For *Faith* and *Gratitude* are only there.

Enquiry after Peace.

A Fragment.

PEACE! where art thou to be found?
Where, in all the ſpacious Round,
May thy Footſteps be purſu'd?
Where may thy calm Seats be view'd?
On ſome Mountain doſt thou lie,
Serenely near the ambient Sky,
Smiling at the Clouds below,
Where rough Storms and Tempeſts grow?
Or, in ſome retired Plain,
Undiſturb'd doſt thou remain?
Where no angry Whirlwinds paſs,
Where no Floods oppreſs the Graſs.

High

High above, or deep below,
Fain I thy Retreat wou'd know.
Fain I thee *alone* wou'd find,
Balm to my o'er-weary'd Mind.
Since what here the World enjoys,
Or our Paſſions moſt employs,
Peace oppoſes, or deſtroys.
Pleaſure's a tumultuous thing,
Buſy ſtill, and ſtill on Wing;
Flying ſwift, from place to place,
Darting from each beauteous Face;
From each ſtrongly mingled Bowl
Through th' inflam'd and reſtleſs Soul.
Sov'reign Pow'r who fondly craves,
But himſelf to Pomp enſlaves;
Stands the Envy of Mankind,
Peace, in vain, attempts to find.
Thirſt of Wealth no Quiet knows,
But near the Death-bed fiercer grows;

Wounding

Wounding Men with ſecret Stings,
For Evils it on Others brings.
War who not diſcreetly ſhuns,
Thorough Life the Gauntlet runs.
Swords, and Pikes, and Waves, and Flames,
Each their Stroke againſt him aims.
Love (if ſuch a thing there be)
Is all Deſpair, or Extaſie.
Poetry's the feav'riſh Fit,
Th' o'erflowing of unbounded Wit. *&c.*

On the Death of the Honourable Mr. James Thynne, *younger Son to the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount* Weymouth.

FArewel, lov'd Youth! ſince 'twas the Will of [Heaven
So ſoon to take, what had ſo late been giv'n;
And thus our Expectations to deſtroy,
Raiſing a Grief, where we had form'd a Joy;

Who

Who once believ'd, it was the Fates Deſign
In Him to double an Illuſtrious Line,
And in a ſecond Channel ſpread that Race
Where ev'ry Virtue ſhines, with every Grace.
But we miſtook, and 'twas not here below
That this engrafted *Scion* was to grow;
The Seats above requir'd him, that each Sphere
Might ſoon the Offspring of ſuch Parents ſhare.
Reſign him then to the ſupream Intent,
You, who but Fleſh to that bleſt Spirit lent.
Again diſrob'd, let him to Bliſs retire,
And only bear from you, amidſt that Choir,
What, Precept or Example did inſpire,
A Title to Rewards, from that rich ſtore
Of Pious Works, which you have ſent before.
Then lay the fading Reliques, which remain,
In the ſtill Vault (excluding farther Pain);
Where Kings and Counſellors their Progreſs cloſe,
And his renowned Anceſtors repoſe;

Where

Where * *COVENTRY* withdrew All but in Name,
Leaving the World his Benefits and Fame;
Where his Paternal Predeceſſor lies,
Once large of Thought, and rank'd among the Wiſe;
Whoſe Genius in *Long-Leat* we may behold
(A Pile, as noble as if he'd been told
By *WEYMOUTH*, it ſhou'd be in time poſſeſt,
And ſtrove to ſuit the Manſion to the Gueſt.)
Nor favour'd, nor diſgrac'd, there *ESSEX* ſleeps,
Nor *SOMERSET* his Maſter's Sorrows weeps,
Who to the ſhelter of th' unenvy'd Grave
Convey'd the Monarch, whom he cou'd not ſave;
Though, *Roman*-like, his own leſs-valu'd Head
He proffer'd in that injur'd Martyr's ſtead.
Nor let that matchleſs † *Female* 'ſcape my Pen,
Who their Whole Duty taught to weaker Men,
And of each Sex the Two beſt Gifts enjoy'd,
The Skill to write, the Modeſty to hide;

* Lord Keeper *Coventry*. † The Lady *Packington*, ſuppoſed by many to be the Author of *The Woole Duty of Man*.

Whilſt

Whilſt none ſhou'd that Performance disbelieve,
Who led the Life, might the Directions give.
With ſuch as Theſe, whence He deriv'd his Blood,
Great on Record, or eminently Good,
Let Him be laid, till Death's long Night ſhall ceaſe,
And breaking Glory interrupt the Peace.
Mean-while, ye living Parents, eaſe your Grief
By Tears, allow'd as Nature's due Relief.
For when we offer to the Pow'rs above,
Like You, the deareſt Objects of our Love;
When, with that patient Saint in Holy Writ,
We've learnt at once to Grieve, and to Submit;
When contrite Sighs, like hallow'd Incenſe, riſe
Bearing our Anguiſh to th' appeaſed Skies;
Then may thoſe Show'rs, which take from Sorrow birth,
And ſtill are tending tow'rd this baleful Earth,
O'er all our deep and parching Cares diffuſe,
Like *Eden*'s Springs, or *Hermon*'s ſoft'ning Dews.

But

But lend your Succours, ye Almighty Pow'rs,
For as the Wound, the Balſam too is Yours.
In vain are Numbers, or perſuaſive Speech,
What Poets write, or what the Paſtors teach,
Till You, who make, again repair the Breach.
For when to Shades of Death our Joys are fled,
When for a Loſs, like This, our Tears are ſhed,
None can revive the Heart, but who can raiſe
[the Dead.
But yet, my Muſe, if thou hadſt ſofter Verſe
Than e'er bewail'd the melancholy Herſe;
If thou hadſt Pow'r to diſſipate the Gloom
Inherent to the Solitary Tomb;
To reſcue thence the Memory and Air
Of what we lately ſaw ſo Freſh, ſo Fair;
Then ſhou'd this Noble Youth thy Art engage
To ſhew the Beauties of his blooming Age,
The pleaſing Light, that from his Eyes was caſt,
Like haſty Beams, too Vigorous to laſt;

Where

Where the warm Soul, as on the Confines, lay
Ready for Flight, and for Eternal Day.
Gently diſpos'd his Nature ſhou'd be ſhown,
And all the *Mother*'s Sweetneſs made his Own.
The *Father*'s Likeneſs was but faintly ſeen,
As ripen'd Fruits are figur'd by the Green.
Nor cou'd we hope, had he fulfill'd his Days,
He ſhou'd have reach'd *WEYMOUTH*'s unequal'd [Praiſe.
Still One diſtinguiſh'd Plant each Lineage ſhews,
And all the reſt beneath it's Stature grows.
Of *Tully*'s Race but He poſſeſs'd the Tongue,
And none like *Julius* from the *Ceſars* ſprung.
Next, in his harmleſs Sports he ſhou'd be drawn
Urging his Courſer, o'er the flow'ry Lawn;
Sprightly Himſelf, as the enliven'd Game,
Bold in the Chace, and full of gen'rous Flame;
Yet in the Palace, Tractable and Mild,
Perfect in all the Duties of a Child;

Which fond Reflection pleaſes, whilſt it pains,
Like penetrating Notes of ſad Harmonious Strains.
Selected Friendſhips timely he began,
And ſiez'd in Youth that beſt Delight of Man,
Leaving a growing Race to mourn his End,
Their earlieſt and their Ages promis'd Friend.
But far away alas! that Proſpect moves,
Loſt in the Clouds, like diſtant Hills and Groves,
Whilſt with encreaſing Steps we all purſue
What Time alone can bring to nearer View,
That Future State, which Darkneſs yet involves,
Known but by Death, which ev'ry Doubt reſolves.

The Critick *and the Writer of* FABLES.

WEary, at laſt, of the *Pindarick* way,
Thro' which advent'rouſly the Muſe [wou'd ſtray;
To *Fable* I deſcend with ſoft Delight,
Pleas'd to Tranſlate, or eaſily Endite:

Whilſt

Whilſt aery Fictions haſtily repair
To fill my Page, and rid my Thoughts of Care,
As they to Birds and Beaſts new Gifts impart,
And Teach, as Poets ſhou'd, whilſt they Divert.

But here, the *Critick* bids me check this Vein.
Fable, he crys, tho' grown th' affected Strain,
But dies, as it was born, without Regard or [Pain.
Whilſt of his Aim the lazy Trifler fails,
Who ſeeks to purchaſe Fame by childiſh Tales.

Then, let my Verſe, once more, attempt the [Skies,
The eaſily perſuaded Poet cries,
Since meaner Works you Men of Taſte deſpiſe.
The Walls of *Troy* ſhall be our loftier Stage,
Our mighty Theme the fierce *Achilles* Rage.
The Strength of *Hector*, and *Ulyſſes* Arts
Shall boaſt ſuch Language, to adorn their Parts,

As neither *Hobbes*, nor *Chapman* cou'd beſtow,
Or did from *Congreve*, or from *Dryden* flow.
Amidſt her Towers, the dedicated Horſe
Shall be receiv'd, big with deſtructive Force;
Till Men ſhall ſay, when Flames have brought [her down,
" Troy *is no more, and* Ilium *was a Town.*

Is this the way to pleaſe the Men of Taſte,
The Interrupter cries, this old Bombaſt?
I'm ſick of *Troy*, and in as great a Fright,
When ſome dull Pedant wou'd her Wars recite,
As was ſoft *Paris*, when compell'd to Fight.

To Shades and Springs ſhall we awhile repair,
The Muſe demands, and in that milder Air
Deſcribe ſome gentle Swain's unhappy Smart
Whoſe folded Arms ſtill preſs upon his Heart,
And deeper drive the too far enter'd Dart?
Whilſt *Phillis* with a careleſs pleaſure reigns
The Joy, the Grief, the Envy of the Plains;
Heightens

Heightens the Beauty of the verdant Woods,
And ſoftens all the Murmurs of the Floods.

Oh! ſtun me not with theſe inſipid Dreams,
Th' Eternal Huſh, the Lullaby of Streams.
Which ſtill, he cries, their even Meaſures keep,
Till both the Writers, and the Readers ſleep.
But urge thy Pen, if thou wou'd'ſt move our [Thoughts,
To ſhew us private, or the publick Faults.
Diſplay the Times, *High-Church* or *Low* provoke;
We'll praiſe the Weapon, as we like the Stroke,
And warmly ſympathizing with the Spite
Apply to Thouſands, what of One you write.

Then, muſt that ſingle Stream the Town ſupply,
The harmleſs *Fable*-writer do's reply,
And all the Reſt of *Helicon* be dry?
And when ſo many choice Productions ſwarm,
Muſt only Satire keep your Fancies warm?

Whilſt even there, you praiſe with ſuch Reſerve,
As if you'd in the midſt of Plenty ſtarve,
Tho' ne'er ſo liberally we Authors carve.

Happy the Men, whom we divert with Eaſe,
Whom Opera's *and* Panegyricks *pleaſe.*

The King *and the* Shepherd.

Imitated from the French.

THrough ev'ry Age ſome Tyrant Paſſion reigns:
Now *Love* prevails, and now *Ambition* gains
Reaſon's loſt Throne, and ſov'reign Rule maintains.
Tho' beyond Love's, Ambition's Empire goes;
For who feels Love, Ambition alſo knows,
And proudly ſtill aſpires to be poſſeſt
Of Her, he thinks ſuperior to the reſt.

As

As cou'd be prov'd, but that our plainer Task
Do's no ſuch Toil, or Definitions ask;
But to be ſo rehears'd, as firſt 'twas told,
When ſuch old Stories pleas'd in Days of old.

A *King*, obſerving how a *Shepherd*'s Skill
Improv'd his Flocks, and did the Paſtures fill,
That equal Care th' aſſaulted did defend,
And the ſecur'd and grazing Part attend,
Approves the Conduct, and from Sheep and Curs
Transfers the Sway, and chang'd his Wool to
[Furrs.
Lord-Keeper now, as rightly he divides
His juſt Decrees, and ſpeedily decides;
When his ſole Neighbour, whilſt he watch'd the
[Fold,
A *Hermit* poor, in Contemplation old,
Haſtes to his Ear, with ſafe, but loſt Advice,
Tells him ſuch Heights are levell'd in a trice,
Preferments treach'rous, and her Paths of Ice:

And that already ſure 't had turn'd his Brain,
Who thought a Prince's Favour to retain.
Nor ſeem'd unlike, in this miſtaken Rank,
The ſightleſs Wretch, who froze upon a Bank
A *Serpent* found, which for a *Staff* he took,
And us'd as ſuch (his own but lately broke)
Thanking the Fates, who thus his Loſs ſupply'd,
Nor marking one, that with amazement cry'd,
Throw quickly from thy Hand that ſleeping Ill;
A *Serpent* 'tis, that when awak'd will kill.
A *Serpent* this! th' uncaution'd Fool replies:
A *Staff* it feels, nor ſhall my want of Eyes
Make me believe, I have no Senſes left,
And thro' thy Malice be of this bereft;
Which Fortune to my Hand has kindly ſent
To guide my Steps, and ſtumbling to prevent.
No *Staff*, the Man proceeds; but to thy harm
A *Snake* 'twill prove: The Viper, now grown warm
Confirm'd it ſoon, and faſten'd on his Arm.

Thus

Thus wilt thou find, *Shepherd* believe it true,
Some Ill, that ſhall this ſeeming Good enſue;
Thouſand Diſtaſtes, t'allay thy envy'd Gains,
Unthought of, on the parcimonious Plains.
So prov'd the Event, and Whiſp'rers now defame
The candid Judge, and his Proceedings blame.
By Wrongs, they ſay, a Palace he erects,
The Good oppreſſes, and the Bad protects.
To view this Seat the *King* himſelf prepares,
Where no Magnificence or Pomp appears,
But Moderation, free from each Extream,
Whilſt Moderation is the Builder's Theme.
Aſham'd yet ſtill the Sycophants perſiſt,
That Wealth he had conceal'd within a Cheſt,
Which but attended ſome convenient Day,
To face the Sun, and brighter Beams diſplay.
The Cheſt unbarr'd, no radiant Gems they find,
No ſecret Sums to foreign Banks deſign'd,
But humble Marks of an obſcure Receſs,
Emblems of Care, and Inſtruments of Peace;

The

The Hook, the Scrip, and for unblam'd Delight
The merry Bagpipe, which, ere fall of Night,
Cou'd ſympathizing Birds to tuneful Notes invite.
Welcome ye Monuments of former Joys!
Welcome! to bleſs again your Maſter's Eyes,
And draw from Courts, th' inſtructed *Shepherd* [cries.
No more dear Relicks! we no more will part,
You ſhall my Hands employ, who now revive my [Heart.
No Emulations, or corrupted Times
Shall falſly blacken, or ſeduce to Crimes
Him, whom your honeſt Induſtry can pleaſe,
Who on the barren Down can ſing from inward [Eaſe.

How's this! the Monarch ſomething mov'd [rejoins.
With ſuch low Thoughts, and Freedom from [Deſigns,
What made thee leave a Life ſo fondly priz'd,
To be in Crouds, or envy'd, or deſpis'd?

Forgive

Forgive me, Sir, and Humane Frailty ſee,
The Swain replies, in my paſt State and Me;
All peaceful that, to which I vow return.
But who alas! (tho' mine at length I mourn)
Was e'er without the Curſe of ſome Ambition born.

An EPISTLE *from a Gentleman to Madam* Deſhouliers, *returning Money ſhe had lent him at* Baſſette, *upon the firſt Day of their Acquaintance.*

Tranſlated with Liberty from the French.

URANIA, whom the Town admires,
Whoſe Wit and Beauty ſhare our Praiſe;
This fair URANIA who inſpires
A thouſand Joys a thouſand ways,
She, who cou'd with a Glance convey
Favours, that had my Hopes outdone,
Has lent me Money on that Day,
Which our Acquaintance firſt begun.

Nor

Nor with the Happineſs I taſte,
Let any jealous Doubts contend:
Her Friendſhip is ſecure to laſt,
Beginning where all others end.

And thou, known Cheat! upheld by Law,
Thou Diſappointer of the craving Mind,
BASSETTE, who thy Original doſt draw
From *Venice* (by uncertain Seas confin'd);
Author of Murmurs, and of Care,
Of pleaſing Hopes, concluding in Deſpair:
To thee my ſtrange Felicity I owe,
From thy Oppreſſion did this Succour flow.
Leſs had I gain'd, had'ſt thou propitious been,
Who better by my Loſs haſt taught me how
[to Win.

Yet tell me, my tranſported Brain!
(whoſe Pride this Benefit awakes)
Know'ſt thou, what on this Chance depends?
And are we not exalted thus in vain,

Whilſt

Whilſt we obſerve the Money which ſhe lends,
But not, alas! the Heart ſhe takes,
The fond Engagements, and the Ties
Her fatal Bounty does impoſe,
Who makes Repriſals, with her Eyes,
For what her gen'rous Hand beſtows?

And tho' I quickly can return
Thoſe uſeful Pieces, which ſhe gave;
Can I again, or wou'd I have
That which her Charms have from me borne?

Yet let us quit th' obliging Score;
And whilſt we borrow'd Gold reſtore,
Whilſt readily we own the Debt,
And Gratitude before her ſet
In its approv'd and faireſt Light;
Let her effectually be taught
By that inſtructive, harmleſs Slight,
That alſo in *her* turn ſhe ought
(Repaying ev'ry tender Thought)
Kindneſs with Kindneſs to requite.

To

To Edward Jenkinſon, *Eſq*; *a very young Gentleman, who writ a Poem on* PEACE.

FAir Youth! who wiſh the Wars may ceaſe,
We own you better form'd for *Peace.*
Nor *Pallas* you, nor *Mars* ſhou'd follow;
Your Gods are *Cupid* and *Apollo*;
Who give ſweet Looks, and early Rhimes,
Beſpeaking Joys, and Halcyon Times.
Your Face, which *We*, as yet, may praiſe,
Calls for the Myrtle, and the Bays.
The Martial Crowns Fatigues demand,
And laurell'd Heroes muſt be tann'd;
A Fate, we never can allow
Shou'd reach your pleaſing, poliſh'd Brow.
But granting what ſo young you've writ,
From Nature flow'd, as well as Wit;
And that indeed you *Peace* purſue,
We muſt begin to *Treat* with you.

We

We *Females*, Sir, it is I mean:
Whilſt I, like BRISTOL for the QUEEN,
For all the Ladies of your Age
As Plenipo' betimes engage;
And as firſt Article declare,
You ſhall be Faithful as you're Fair:
No Sighs, when you ſhall know their Uſe,
Shall be diſcharg'd in Love's Abuſe;
Nor kindling Words ſhall undermine,
Till you in equal Paſſion join.
Nor Money be alone your Aim,
Tho' you an Over-weight may claim,
And fairly build on your Deſert,
If with your Perſon goes your Heart.
But when this *Barrier* I have gain'd,
And truſt it will be well maintain'd;
Who knows, but ſome imprudent *She*
Betraying what's ſecur'd by me,
Shall yield thro' Verſe, or ſtronger Charms,
To Treat anew on eaſier Terms?

And

And I be negligently told ——
You was too *Young*, and I too *Old*,
To have our diſtant Maxims hold.

To the Painter of an ill-drawn Picture of CLEONE, *the Honorable Mrs.* Thynne.

SOoner I'd praiſe a Cloud which Light beguiles,
Than thy raſh Hand which robs this Face of Smiles;
And does that ſweet and pleaſing Air controul,
Which to us paints the fair *CLEONE*'s Soul.
'Tis vain to boaſt of Rules or labour'd Art;
I miſs the Look that captivates my Heart,
Attracts my Love, and tender Thoughts inſpires;
Nor can my Breaſt be warm'd by common Fires;
Nor can *ARDELIA* love but where ſhe firſt admires.

Like *Jupiter*'s, thy Head was ſure in Pain
When this Virago ſtruggl'd in thy Brain;

And

And ſtrange it is, thou haſt not made her wield
A mortal Dart, or penetrating Shield,
Giving that Hand of diſproportion'd ſize
The Pow'r, of which thou haſt diſarm'd her Eyes:
As if, like *Amazons*, ſhe muſt oppoſe,
And into Lovers force her vanquiſh'd Foes.
Had to *THEANOR* thus her Form been ſhown
To gain her Heart, he had not loſt his own;
Nor, by the gentle Bands of Human Life,
At once ſecur'd the Miſtreſs and the Wife.
For ſtill *CLEONE*'s Beauties are the ſame,
And what firſt lighten'd, ſtill upholds his Flame.
Fain his Compaſſion wou'd thy Works approve,
Were pitying thee conſiſtent with his Love,
Or with the Taſte which *Italy* has wrought
In his refin'd and daily heighten'd Thought,
Where Poetry, or Painting find no place,
Unleſs perform'd with a ſuperior Grace.
Cou'd but my Wiſh ſome Influence infuſe,
Ne'er ſhou'd the Pencil, or the Siſter-Muſe
Be try'd by thoſe who eaſily excuſe:

But ſtricteſt Cenſors ſhou'd of either judge,
Applaud the Artiſt, and deſpiſe the Drudge.
Then never wou'd thy Colours have debas'd
CLEONE's Features, and her Charms defac'd:
Nor had my Pen (more ſubject to their Laws)
Aſſay'd to vindicate her Beauty's Cauſe.
A rigid Fear had kept us both in Awe,
Nor I compos'd, nor thou preſum'd to draw;
But in *CLEONE* viewing with Surprize
That Excellence, to which we ne'er cou'd riſe,
By leſs Attempts we ſafely might have gain'd
That humble Praiſe which neither has obtain'd,
Since to thy Shadowings, or my ruder Verſe,
It is not giv'n to ſhew, or to rehearſe
What Nature in *CLEONE*'s Face has writ,
A ſoft Endearment, and a chearful Wit,
That all-ſubduing, that enliv'ning Air
By which, a ſympathizing Joy we ſhare,
For who forbears to ſmile, when ſmil'd on by [the Fair?

A Paſtoral

A Paſtoral DIALOGUE *between Two Shepherdeſſes.*

Silvia.] PRetty Nymph! within this Shade,
Whilſt the Flocks to reſt are laid,
Whilſt the World diſſolves in Heat,
Take this cool, and flow'ry Seat:
And with pleaſing Talk awhile
Let us two the Time beguile;
Tho' thou here no Shepherd ſee,
To encline his humble Knee,
Or with melancholy Lays
Sing thy dangerous Beauty's Praiſe.

Dorinda.] Nymph! with thee I here wou'd ſtay,
But have heard, that on this Day,
Near thoſe Beeches, ſcarce in view,
All the Swains ſome Mirth purſue;
To whoſe meeting now I haſte.
Solitude do's Life but waſte.

Silvia.] Prithee, but a Moment ſtay.

Dorinda.] No! my Chaplet wou'd decay;
Ev'ry drooping Flow'r wou'd mourn,
And wrong the Face, they ſhou'd adorn.

Silvia.] I can tell thee, tho' ſo Fair,
And dreſs'd with all that rural Care,
Moſt of the admiring Swains
Will be abſent from the Plains.
Gay *Sylvander* in the Dance
Meeting with a ſhrew'd Miſchance,
To his Cabin's now confin'd
By *Mopſus*, who the Strain did bind:
Damon through the Woods do's ſtray,
Where his Kids have loſt their way:
Young *Narciſſus* iv'ry Brow
Rac'd by a malicious Bough,
Keeps the girliſh Boy from ſight,
Till Time ſhall do his Beauty right.

Dorinda.]

Dorinda.] Where's *Alexis?*

Silvia.] ——————He, alas!
Lies extended on the Graſs;
Tears his Garland, raves, deſpairs,
Mirth and Harmony forſwears;
Since he was this Morning ſhown,
That *Delia* muſt not be his Own.

Dorinda.] Fooliſh Swain! ſuch Love to place.

Silvia.] On any but *Dorinda*'s Face.

Dorinda.] Haſty Nymph! I ſaid not ſo.

Silvia.] No—— but I thy Meaning know.
Ev'ry Shepherd thou wou'd'ſt have
Not thy Lover, but thy Slave;
To encreaſe thy captive Train,
Never to be lov'd again.

But, ſince all are now away,
Prithee, but a Moment ſtay.

Dorinda.] No; the Strangers, from the Vale,
Sure will not this Meeting fail;
Graceful one, the other Fair.
He too, with the penſive Air,
Told me, ere he came this way
He was wont to look more Gay.

Silvia.] See! how Pride thy Heart inclines
To think, for Thee that Shepherd pines;
When thoſe Words, that reach'd thy Ear,
Chloe was deſign'd to hear;
Chloe, who did near thee ſtand,
And his more ſpeaking Looks command.

Dorinda.] Now thy Envy makes me ſmile.
That indeed were worth his while;
Chloe next thyſelf decay'd,
And no more a courted Maid.

Silvia.]

Silvia.] Next myſelf! Young Nymph, forbear.
Still the Swains allow me Fair,
Tho' not what I was that Day,
When *Colon* bore the Prize away;
When———

Dorinda.] ——Oh, hold! that Tale will laſt,
Till all the Evening Sports are paſt;
Till no Streak of Light is ſeen,
Nor Footſtep prints the flow'ry Green.
What thou wert, I need not know,
What I am, muſt haſte to ſhow.
Only this I now diſcern
From the things, thou'd'ſt have me learn,
That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys
From paſt, or preſent Beauties riſe,

ALCIDOR.

WHile Monarchs in ſtern Battle ſtrove
For proud Imperial Sway;
Abandon'd to his milder Love,
Within a ſilent peaceful Grove,
Alcidor careleſs lay.

Some term'd it cold, unmanly Fear;
Some, Nicety of Senſe,
That Drums and Trumpets cou'd not hear,
The ſullying Blaſts of Powder bear,
Or with foul Camps diſpenſe.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,
And each ill-faſhion'd Jeſt;
The Youth, who but for Love was born,
Remain'd, and thought it vaſt Return,
To reign in *Cloria*'s Breaſt.

But

But oh! a ruffling Soldier came
In all the Pomp of War:
The *Gazettes* long had ſpoke his Fame;
Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim,
And draw in Crouds from far.

Cloria unhappily wou'd gaze;
And as he nearer drew,
The Man of Feather and of Lace
Stopp'd ſhort, and with profound Amaze
Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,
And to his Holſters low,
Herſelf, and the Spectators taught,
That Her the faireſt Nymph he thought,
Of all that form'd the Row.

Next day, ere *Phœbus* cou'd be ſeen,
Or any Gate unbarr'd;
At hers, upon th' adjoining Green,
From Ranks, with waving Flags between,
Were ſoften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon do's following Treats provide,
In the Pavilion's Shade;
The Neighbourhood, and all beſide,
That will attend the amorous Pride,
Are welcom'd with the Maid.

Poor *Alcidor!* thy Hopes are croſs'd,
Go periſh on the Ground;
Thy Sighs by ſtronger Notes are toſs'd,
Drove back, or in the Paſſage loſt;
Rich Wines thy Tears have drown'd.

In *Women*'s Hearts, the ſofteſt Things
Which Nature cou'd deviſe,
Are yet ſome harſh, and jarring Strings,
That, when loud Fame, or Profit rings,
Will anſwer to the Noiſe.

Poor *Alcidor*! go Fight or Dye;
Let thy fond Notions ceaſe:
Man was not made in Shades to lie,
Or his full Bliſs, at eaſe, enjoy,
To Live, or Love in peace.

Some Pieces out of the firſt ACT *of the* AMINTA *of* TASSO.

Daphne's *Anſwer to* Sylvia, *declaring ſhe ſhould eſteem all as Enemies, who ſhould talk to her of* LOVE.

THEN, to the ſnowy *Ewe*, in thy eſteem,
The Father of the Flock a Foe muſt ſeem;
The faithful *Turtles* to their yielding Mates.
The chearful *Spring*, which Love and Joy creates,
That

That reconciles the World by ſoft Deſires,
And tender Thoughts in ev'ry Breaſt inſpires,
To you a hateful Seaſon muſt appear,
Whilſt *Love* prevails, and all are *Lovers* here.
Obſerve the gentle Murmurs of that *Dove*,
And ſee, how billing ſhe confirms her Love!
For this, the *Nightingale* diſplays her Throat,
And *Love*, *Love*, *Love*, is all her Ev'ning Note.
The very *Tygers* have their tender Hours,
And prouder *Lyons* bow beneath *Love*'s Pow'rs.
Thou, prouder yet than that imperious Beaſt,
Alone deny'ſt him Shelter in thy Breaſt.
But why ſhould I the Creatures only name
That Senſe partake, as Owners of this Flame?
Love farther goes, nor ſtops his Courſe at theſe:
The *Plants* he moves, and gently bends the *Trees*.
See how thoſe *Willows* mix their am'rous Boughs;
And, how that *Vine* claſps her ſupporting Spouſe!
The ſilver *Firr* dotes on the ſtately Pine;
By Love thoſe *Elms*, by Love thoſe *Beeches* join.

But

But view that *Oak*; behold his rugged Side:
Yet that rough Bark the melting Flame do's hide.
All, by their trembling Leaves, in Sighs declare
And tell their Paſſions to the gath'ring Air.
Which, had but Love o'er Thee the leaſt Com-
[mand;
Thou, by their Motions, too might'ſt underſtand.

AMINTOR, *being ask'd by* THIRSIS *Who is the Object of his Love? ſpeaks as follows.*

Amint. THIRSIS! to Thee I mean that
[Name to ſhow,
Which, only yet our Groves, and Fountains know:
That, when my Death ſhall through the Plains
[be told,
Thou with the wretched Cauſe may'ſt that unfold
To every-one, who ſhall my Story find
Cary'd by thy Hand, in ſome fair Beeches rind;
Beneath whoſe Shade the bleeding Body lay:
That, when by chance ſhe ſhall be led that way,
O'er

O'er my ſad Grave the haughty Nymph may ſtep
And the proud Triumph of her Beauty ſhew
To all the Swains, to Strangers as they paſs;
And yet at length ſhe may (but Oh! alas!
I fear, too high my flatt'ring Hopes do ſoar)
Yet ſhe at length may my ſad Fate deplore;
May weep me Dead, may o'er my Tomb recline,
And ſighing, wiſh were he alive and Mine!
But mark me to the End———

Thir. Go on; for well I do thy Speech attend,
Perhaps to better Ends, than yet thou know'ſt.

Amint. Being now a Child, or but a Youth at moſt,
When ſcarce to reach the bluſhing Fruit I knew,
Which on the loweſt bending Branches grew;
Still with the deareſt, ſweeteſt, kindeſt Maid
Young as myſelf, at childiſh Sports I play'd.
The Faireſt, ſure, of all that Lovely Kind,
Who ſpread their golden Treſſes to the Wind;

Cydippe's Daughter, and *Montano*'s Heir,
Whoſe Flocks and Herds ſo num'rous do appear;
The beauteous *Sylvia*; She, 'tis She I love,
Warmth of all Hearts, and Pride of ev'ry Grove.
With Her I liv'd, no Turtles e'er ſo fond.
Our Houſes met, but more our Souls were join'd.
Together Nets for Fiſh, and Fowl we laid;
Together through the ſpacious Foreſt ſtray'd;
Purſu'd with equal Speed the flying Deer,
And of the Spoils there no Diviſions were.
But whilſt I from the Beaſts their Freedom won,
Alas! I know not how, my Own was gone.
By unperceiv'd Degrees the Fire encreas'd,
Which fill'd, at laſt, each corner of my Breaſt;
As from a Root, tho' ſcarce diſcern'd ſo ſmall,
A Plant may riſe, that grows amazing tall.
From *Sylvia*'s Preſence now I could not move,
And from her Eyes took in full Draughts of Love,
Which ſweetly thro' my raviſh'd Mind diſtill'd;
Yet in the end ſuch Bitterneſs wou'd yield,

That

That oft I ſigh'd, ere yet I knew the cauſe,
And was a Lover, ere I dream'd I was.
But Oh! at laſt, too well my State I knew;
And now, will ſhew thee how this Paſſion grew.
Then liſten, while the pleaſing Tale I tell.

THIRSIS *perſuades* AMINTOR *not to deſpair upon the Predictions of* Mopſus *diſcov'ring him to be an Impoſtor.*

Thirſis. WHY doſt thou ſtill give way to ſuch [Deſpair!

Amintor. Too juſt, alas! the weighty Cauſes are.
Mopſus, wiſe *Mopſus*, who in Art excels,
And of all Plants the ſecret Vertue tells,
Knows, with what healing Gifts our Springs [abound,
And of each Bird explains the myſtick Sound;
'Twas He, ev'n He! my wretched Fate foretold.

Thir. Doſt thou this Speech then of that *Mopſus* [hold,

Who,

Who, whilſt his Smiles attract the eaſy View,
Drops flatt'ring Words, ſoft as the falling Dew;
Whoſe outward Form all friendly ſtill appears,
Tho' Fraud and Daggers in his Thoughts he wears,
And the unwary Labours to ſurprize
With Looks affected, and with riddling Lyes.
If He it is, that bids thy Love deſpair,
I hope the happier End of all thy Care.
So far from Truth his vain Predictions fall.

Amint. If ought thou know'ſt, that may my [Hopes recall,
Conceal it not; for great I've heard his Fame,
And fear'd his Words———

Thir. ———When hither firſt I came,
And in theſe Shades the falſe Impoſtor met,
Like Thee I priz'd, and thought his Judgment [great;
On all his ſtudy'd Speeches ſtill rely'd,
Nor fear'd to err, whilſt led by ſuch a Guide:
When on a Day, that Bus'neſs and Delight
My Steps did to the Neighb'ring Town invite,

Which ſtands upon that riſing Mountain's ſide,
And from our Plains this River do's divide,
He check'd me thus——Be warn'd in time, My [Son,
And that new World of painted Miſchiefs ſhun,
Whoſe gay Inhabitants thou ſhalt behold
Plum'd like our Birds, and ſparkling all in Gold;
Courtiers, that will thy ruſtick Garb deſpiſe,
And mock thy Plainneſs with diſdainful Eyes.
But above all, that Structure ſee thou fly,
Where hoarded Vanities and Witchcrafts lie;
To ſhun that Path be thy peculiar Care.
I ask, what of that Place the Dangers are:
To which he ſoon replies, there ſhalt thou meet
Of ſoft Enchantreſſes th' Enchantments ſweet,
Who ſubt'ly will thy ſolid Senſe bereave,
And a falſe Gloſs to ev'ry Object give.
Braſs to thy Sight as poliſh'd Gold ſhall ſeem,
And Glaſs thou as the Diamond ſhalt eſteem.

Huge

Huge Heaps of Silver to thee ſhall appear,
Which if approach'd, will prove but ſhining Air.
The very Walls by Magick Art are wrought,
And Repetition to all Speakers taught:
Not ſuch, as from our Ecchoes we obtain,
Which only our laſt Words return again;
But Speech for Speech entirely there they give,
And often add, beyond what they receive.
Their downy Couches to falſe Reſt invite,
The Lawn is charm'd, that faintly bars the Light.
No gilded Seat, no iv'ry Board is there,
But what thou may'ſt for ſome Deluſion fear:
Whilſt, farther to abuſe thy wond'ring Eyes,
Strange antick Shapes before them ſhall ariſe;
Fantaſtick Fiends, that will about thee flock,
And all they ſee, with Imitation mock.
Nor are theſe Ills the worſt. Thyſelf may'ſt be
Transform'd into a Flame, a Stream, a Tree;
A Tear, congeal'd by Art, thou may'ſt remain,
'Till by a burning Sigh diſſolv'd again.

Thus ſpake the Wretch; but cou'd not ſhake my
[Mind.
My way I take, and ſoon the City find,
Where above all that lofty Fabrick ſtands,
Which, with one View, the Town and Plains
[commands.
Here was I ſtopt, for who cou'd quit the Ground,
That heard ſuch Muſick from thoſe Roofs reſound!
Muſick! beyond th' enticing *Syrene*'s Note;
Muſick! beyond the Swan's expiring Throat;
Beyond the ſofteſt Voice, that charms the Grove,
And equal'd only by the Spheres above.
My Ear I thought too narrow for the Art,
Nor faſt enough convey'd it to my Heart:
When in the Entrance of the Gate I ſaw
A Man Majeſtick, and commanding Awe;
Yet temper'd with a Carriage, ſo refin'd
That undetermin'd was my doubtful Mind,
[deſign'd.
Whether for Love, or War, that Form was moſt

With

With ſuch a Brow, as did at once declare
A gentle Nature, and a Wit ſevere;
To view that Palace me he ask'd to go,
Tho' Royal He, and I Obſcure and Low.
But the Delights my Senſes there did meet,
No rural Tongue, no Swain can e'er repeat.
Celeſtial Goddeſſes, or Nymphs as Fair,
In unveil'd Beauties, to all Eyes appear
Sprinkl'd with Gold, as glorious to the View,
As young *Aurora*, deck'd with pearly Dew;
Bright Rays diſpenſing, as along they paſs'd,
And with new Light the ſhining Palace grac'd.
Phœbus was there by all the Muſes met,
And at his Feet was our *Elpino* ſet.
Ev'n humble Me their Harmony inſpir'd,
My Breaſt expanded, and my Spirits fir'd.
Rude Paſt'ral now, no longer I rehearſe,
But Heroes crown with my exalted Verſe.
Of Arms I ſung, of bold advent'rous Wars;
And tho' brought back by my too envious Stars,

Yet kept my Voice and Reed thoſe lofty Strains,
And ſent loud Muſick through the wond'ring [Plains:
Which *Mopſus* hearing, ſecretly malign'd,
And now to ruin Both at once deſign'd.
Which by his Sorceries he ſoon brought to paſs;
And ſuddenly ſo clogg'd, and hoarſe I was,
That all our Shepherds, at the Change amaz'd,
Believ'd, I on ſome *Ev'ning-Wolf* had gaz'd:
When He it was, my luckleſs Path had croſt,
By whoſe dire Look, my Skill awhile was loſt.
This have I told, to raiſe thy Hopes again,
And render, by diſtruſt, his Malice vain.

From the AMINTA *of* TASSO.

THO' we, of ſmall Proportion ſee
And ſlight the armed Golden *Bee*;
Yet if her Sting behind ſhe leaves,
No Eaſe th' envenom'd Fleſh receives.

Love,

Love, leſs to Sight than is this Fly,
In a ſoft *Curl* conceal'd can lie;
Under an *Eyelid's* lovely Shade,
Can form a dreadful Ambuſcade;
Can the moſt ſubtil Sight beguile,
Hid in the Dimples of a *Smile*.
But if from thence a Dart he throw,
How ſure, how mortal is the Blow!
How helpleſs all the Pow'r of Art
To bind, or to reſtore the Heart!

From the AMINTA *of* TASSO.

Part of the Deſcription of the Golden Age.

THEN, by ſome Fountains flow'ry ſide
The Loves unarm'd, did ſtill abide.
Then, the loos'd Quiver careleſs hung,
The Torch extinct, the Bow unſtrung.

Then, by the Nymphs no Charms were worn,
But ſuch as with the Nymphs were born.
The Shepherd cou'd not, then, complain,
Nor told his am'rous Tale in vain.
No Veil the Beauteous Face did hide,
Nor harmleſs Freedom was deny'd.
Then, Innocence and Virtue reign'd
Pure, unaffected, unconſtrain'd.
Love was their Pleaſure, and their Praiſe,
The ſoft Employment of their Days.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

EXert thy Voice, ſweet Harbinger of Spring!
This Moment is thy Time to Sing,
This Moment I attend to Praiſe,
And ſet my Numbers to thy Layes.
Free as thine ſhall be my Song;
As thy Muſick, ſhort, or long.

Poets,

Poets, wild as thee, were born,
Pleaſing beſt when unconfin'd,
When to Pleaſe is leaſt deſign'd,
Soothing but their Cares to reſt;
Cares do ſtill their Thoughts moleſt,
And ſtill th' unhappy Poet's Breaſt,
Like thine, when beſt he ſings, is plac'd againſt
[a Thorn.
She begins, Let all be ſtill!
Muſe, thy Promiſe now fulfill!
Sweet, oh! ſweet, ſtill ſweeter yet
Can thy Words ſuch Accents fit,
Canſt thou Syllables refine,
Melt a Senſe that ſhall retain
Still ſome Spirit of the Brain,
Till with Sounds like theſe it join.
'Twill not be! then change thy Note;
Let Diviſion ſhake thy Throat.
Hark! Diviſion now ſhe tries;
Yet as far the Muſe outflies.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then, prithee, ceaſe thy Tune;
Trifler, wilt thou ſing till *June*?
Till thy Bus'neſs all lies waſte,
And the Time of Building's paſt!
Thus we Poets that have Speech,
Unlike what thy Foreſts teach,
If a fluent Vein be ſhown
That's tranſcendent to our own,
Criticize, reform, or preach,
Or cenſure what we cannot reach.

The ATHEIST *and the* ACORN.

METhinks this World is oddly made,
And ev'ry thing's amiſs,
A dull preſuming Atheiſt ſaid,
As ſtretch'd he lay beneath a Shade;
And inſtanced in this:

Behold,

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A *Pumpkin*, large and round,
Is held but by a little String,
Which upwards cannot make it ſpring,
Or bear it from the Ground.

Whilſt on this *Oak*, a Fruit ſo ſmall,
So diſproportion'd, grows;
That, who with Sence ſurveys this *All*,
This univerſal Caſual Ball,
Its ill Contrivance knows.

My better Judgment wou'd have hung
That Weight upon a Tree,
And left this Maſt, thus ſlightly ſtrung,
'Mongſt things which on the Surface ſprung,
And ſmall and feeble be.

No

No more the Caviller cou'd ſay,
Nor farther Faults deſcry;
For, as he upwards gazing lay,
An *Acorn*, looſen'd from the Stay,
Fell down upon his Eye.

Th' offended Part with Tears ran o'er,
As puniſh'd for the Sin:
Fool! had that Bough a *Pumpkin* bore,
Thy Whimſeys muſt have work'd no more,
Nor Scull had kept them in.

The Tradeſman *and the* Scholar.

A Citizen of mighty Pelf,
But much a Blockhead, in himſelf
Diſdain'd a Man of ſhining Parts,
Maſter of Sciences and Arts,
Who left his Book ſcarce once a day
For ſober Coffee, Smoak, or Tea;

Nor

Nor ſpent more Money in the Town
Than bought, when need requir'd, a Gown;
Which way of Living much offends
The *Alderman*, who gets and ſpends,
And grudges him the Vital Air,
Who drives no Trade, and takes no Care.
Why *Bookworm!* to him once he cry'd,
Why, ſetting thus the World aſide,
Doſt thou thy uſeleſs Time conſume,
Enclos'd within a lonely Room,
And poring damnify thy Wit,
'Till not for Men, or Manners fit?
Hop'ſt thou, with urging of thy Vein,
To ſpin a Fortune from thy Brain?
Or gain a Patron, that ſhall raiſe
Thy ſolid State, for empty Praiſe?
No; truſt not to your Soothings vile,
Receiv'd per me's the only Stile.
Your Book's but frown'd on by My Lord;
If Mine's uncroſs'd, I reach his Board.

In

In ſlighting Yours, he ſhuts his Hand;
Protracting Mine, devolves the Land.
Then let Advantage be the Teſt,
Which of us Two ev'n Writes the beſt.
Beſides, I often Scarlet wear,
And ſtrut to Church, juſt next the *Mayor*.
Whilſt ruſty Black, with Inch of Band,
Is all the Dreſs you underſtand;
Who in the Pulpit threſh to Pleaſe,
Whilſt I below can ſnore at Eaſe.
Yet, if you prove me there a Sinner,
I let you go without a Dinner.
This Prate was ſo beneath the Sence
Of One, who Wiſdom cou'd diſpenſe,
Unheard, or unreturn'd it paſt:
But War now lays the City waſte,
And plunder'd Goods profuſely ſell
By length of Pike, not length of Ell.
Abroad' th' Inhabitants are forc'd,
From Shops, and Trade, and Wealth divorc'd.

The

The Student leaving but his Book,
The Tumult of the Place forſook.
In foreign Parts, One tells his Tale,
How Rich he'd been, how quick his Sale,
Which do's for ſcanty Alms prevail.
The Chance of War whilſt he deplores,
And dines at Charitable Doors;
The Man of Letters, known by Fame,
Was welcom'd, whereſoe'er he came.
Still, Potentates entreat his Stay,
Whoſe Coaches meet him on the Way:
And Univerſities conteſt
Which ſhall exceed, or uſe him beſt.
Amaz'd the *Burgomaſter* ſees
On Foot, and ſcorn'd ſuch Turns as theſe;
And ſighing, now deplores too late
His cumb'rous Traſh, and ſhallow Pate:
Since loaded but with double Cheſt
Of learned Head, and honeſt Breaſt,

The

The *Scholar* moves from Place to Place,
And finds in every Climate Grace.

Wit and the Arts, on that Foundation rais'd,
(Howe'er the Vulgar are with Shows amaz'd)
Is all that recommends, or can be juſtly prais'd.

Man's Injuſtice towards Providence.

A Thriving *Merchant*, who no Loſs ſuſtain'd,
In little time a mighty Fortune gain'd.
No Pyrate ſeiz'd his ſtill returning Freight;
Nor foundring Veſſel ſunk with its own Weight:
No Ruin enter'd through diſſever'd Planks;
No Wreck at Sea, nor in the Publick Banks.
Aloft he ſails, above the Reach of Chance,
And do's in Pride, as faſt as Wealth, advance.
His Wife too, had her Town and Country-Seat,
And rich in Purſe, concludes her Perſon Great.

A Dutcheſs wears not ſo much Gold and Lace;
Then 'tis with Her an undiſputed Caſe,
The fineſt Petticoat muſt take the Place.
Her Rooms, anew at ev'ry Chriſt'ning dreſt,
Put down the Court, and vex the City-Gueſt.
Grinning *Malottos* in true Ermin ſtare;
The beſt *Japan*, and cleareſt *China* Ware
Are but as common *Delft* and *Engliſh Laquar* there.
No Luxury's by either unenjoy'd,
Or coſt withheld, tho' awkwardly employ'd.
How comes this Wealth? a Country Friend demands,
Who ſcarce cou'd live on Product of his Lands.
How is it that, when Trading is ſo bad
That ſome are Broke, and ſome with Fears run Mad,
You can in better State yourſelf maintain,
And your Effects ſtill unimpair'd remain!
My *Induſtry*, he cries, is all the Cauſe;
Sometimes I interlope, and ſlight the Laws:

I wiser Measures, than my Neighbours, take,
And better speed, who better Bargains make.
I knew, the *Smyrna*-Fleet wou'd fall a Prey,
And therefore sent no Vessel out that way:
My busy Factors prudently I chuse,
And in streight Bonds their Friends and Kindred [noose:
At Home, I to the Publick Sums advance,
Whilst, under-hand in Fee with hostile *France*,
I care not for your *Tourvills*, or *Du-Barts*,
No more than for the Rocks, and Shelves in Charts:
My own sufficiency creates my Gain,
Rais'd, and secur'd by this unfailing Brain.
This idle Vaunt had scarcely past his Lips,
When Tydings came, his ill-provided Ships
Some thro' the want of Skill, and some of Care,
Were lost, or back return'd without their Fare.
From bad to worse, each Day his State declin'd,
'Till leaving Town, and Wife, and Debts behind,

To his Acquaintance at the Rural Seat
He Sculks, and humbly ſues for a Retreat.
Whence comes this Change, has Wiſdom left that [Head,
(His Friend demands) where ſuch right Schemes [were bred?
What Phrenzy, what Delirium mars the Scull,
Which fill'd the Cheſts, and was it ſelf ſo full?
Here interrupting, ſadly he Reply'd,
In Me's no Change, but Fate muſt all Things guide;
To *Providence* I attribute my Loſs.

Vain-glorious Man do's thus the Praiſe engroſs,
When Proſp'rous Days around him ſpread their Beams:
But, if revolv'd to oppoſite Extreams,
Still his own Sence he fondly will prefer,
And Providence, not He, in his Affairs muſt Err!

The Eagle, *the* Sow, *and the* Cat.

THE Queen of Birds, t' encreaſe the Regal [Stock,
Had hatch'd her young Ones in a ſtately Oak;
Whoſe Middle-part was by a *Cat* poſſeſt,
And near the Root with Litter warmly dreſt,
A teeming *Sow* had made her peaceful Neſt.
(Thus Palaces are cramm'd from Roof to Ground,
And Animals, as various, in them found.)
When to the *Sow*, who no Misfortune fear'd,
Puſs with her fawning Compliments appear'd,
Rejoicing much at her Deliv'ry paſt,
And that ſhe 'ſcap'd ſo well, who bred ſo faſt.
Then every little *Piglin* ſhe commends,
And likens them to all their ſwiniſh Friends;
Beſtows good Wiſhes, but with Sighs implies,
That ſome dark Fears do in her Boſom riſe.
Such tempting Fleſh, ſhe cries, will *Eagles* ſpare?
Methinks, good Neighbour, you ſhou'd live in Care:
Since

Since I, who bring not forth ſuch dainty Bits,
Tremble for my unpalatable Chits;
And had I but foreſeen, the *Eagle*'s Bed
Was in this fatal Tree to have been ſpread;
I ſooner wou'd have kitten'd in the Road,
Than made this Place of Danger my abode.
I heard her young Ones lately cry for *Pig*,
And pity'd you, that were ſo near, and big
In Friendſhip this I ſecretly reveal,
Leſt Pettitoes ſhou'd make th' enſuing Meal;
Or elſe, perhaps, Yourſelf may be their aim,
For a *Sow's Paps* has been a Diſh of Fame.
No more the ſad, affrighted Mother hears,
But overturning all with boiſt'rous Fears,
She from her helpleſs Young in haſte departs,
Whilſt *Puſs* aſcends, to practiſe farther Arts.
The Anti-chamber paſs'd, ſhe ſcratch'd the Door;
The *Eagle*, ne'er alarum'd ſo before,
Bids her come in, and look the Cauſe be great,
That makes her thus diſturb the Royal Seat;

Nor think, of Mice and Rats ſome peſt'ring Tale
Shall, in excuſe of Inſolence, prevail.
Alas! my Gracious Lady, quoth the *Cat*,
I think not of ſuch Vermin; Mouſe, or Rat
To me are taſteleſs grown; nor dare I ſtir
To uſe my Phangs, or to expoſe my Fur.
A Foe inteſtine threatens all around,
And ev'n this lofty Structure will confound;
A Peſtilential *Sow*, a meazel'd Pork
On the Foundation has been long at work,
Help'd by a Rabble, iſſu'd from her Womb,
Which ſhe has foſter'd in that lower Room;
Who now for Acorns are ſo madly bent,
That ſoon this Tree muſt fall, for their Content.
I wou'd have fetch'd ſome for th' unruly Elves;
But 'tis the Mob's delight to help Themſelves:
Whilſt your high Brood muſt with the meaneſt drop,
And ſteeper be their Fall, as next the Top;
Unleſs you ſoon to *Jupiter* repair,
And let him know, the Caſe demands his Care.

Oh!

Oh! may the Trunk burſtand, 'till you come back!
But hark! already ſure, I hear it crack.
Away, away---The *Eagle*, all agaſt,
Soars to the Sky, nor falters in her haſte:
Whilſt crafty *Puſs*, now o'er the Eyry reigns,
Repleniſhing her Maw with treach'rous Gains,
The *Sow* ſhe plunders next, and lives alone;
The *Pigs*, the *Eaglets*, and the *Houſe* her Own.
Curs'd Sycophants! *How wretched is the Fate*
Of thoſe, who know you not, till 'tis too late!

To a Friend, in Praiſe of the Invention of Writing Letters.

BLeſt be the Man! his Memory at leaſt,
Who found the Art, thus to unfold his Breaſt;
And taught ſucceeding Times an eaſy way
Their ſecret Thoughts by *Letters* to convey;
To baffle Abſence, and ſecure Delight,
Which, till that Time, was limited to Sight.

The parting Farewel ſpoke, the laſt Adieu,
The leſſ'ning Diſtance paſt, then loſs of View,
The Friend was gone, which ſome kind Moments
[gave,
And Abſence ſeparated, like the Grave.
The Wings of Love were tender too, till then
No Quill, thence pull'd, was ſhap'd into a Pen,
To ſend in Paper-ſheets, from Town to Town,
Words ſmooth as they, and ſofter than his Down.
O'er ſuch he reign'd, whom Neighbourhood had
[join'd,
And hopt, from Bough to Bough, ſupported by
[the Wind.
When for a Wife the youthful *Patriarch* ſent,
The Camels, Jewels, and the Steward went,
A wealthy Equipage, tho' grave and ſlow;
But not a Line, that might the Lover ſhew.
The Rings and Bracelets woo'd her Hands and
[Arms;
But had ſhe known of melting Words, the Charms
That under ſecret Seals in Ambuſh lie,
To catch the Soul, when drawn into the Eye,
The

The Fair *Aſſyrian* had not took this Guide,
Nor her ſoft Heart in Chains of Pearl been ty'd.

Had theſe Conveyances been then in Date,
Joſeph had known his wretched Father's State,
Before a Famine, which his Life purſues,
Had ſent his other Sons, to tell the News.

Oh! might I live to ſee an Art ariſe,
As this to Thoughts, indulgent to the Eyes;
That the dark Pow'rs of diſtance cou'd ſubdue,
And make me *See*, as well as *Talk* to You;
That tedious Miles, nor Tracts of Air might prove
Bars to my Sight, and ſhadows to my Love!
Yet were it granted, ſuch unbounded Things
Are wand'ring Wiſhes, born on Phancy's Wings,
They'd ſtretch themſelves beyond this happy Caſe,
And ask an Art, to help us to Embrace.

A Miller, *his* Son, *and their* Aſs

A FABLE *Tranſlated from Monſieur de la* Fontaine.

THO' to Antiquity the Praiſe we yield
Of pleaſing Arts; and *Fable*'s earli'ſt Field
Own to be fruitful *Greece*; yet not ſo clean
Thoſe Ears were reap'd, but ſtill there's ſome to glean;
And from the Lands of vaſt Invention come
Daily new Authors, with Diſcov'ries home.

This curious Piece, which I ſhall now impart,
Fell from *Malherbe*, a Maſter in his Art,
To *Racan*, fill'd with like poetick Fire,
Both tuneful Servants of *Apollo*'s Choir,
Rivals and Heirs to the *Horatian* Lyre:
Who meeting him, one Day, free and alone,
(For ſtill their Thoughts were to each other known)

Thus

Thus ask'd his Aid——Some uſeful Counſel give,
Thou who, by living long, haſt learnt to live;
Whoſe Obſervation nothing can eſcape;
Tell me, how I my courſe of Life ſhall ſhape:
To ſomething I wou'd fix ere't be too late.
You know my Birth, my Talents, my Eſtate:
Shall I with thee content, all Search reſign,
And to the Country my Deſires confine?
Or in the Court, or Camp, advancement gain?
The World's a mixture of Delight and Pain:
Tho' rough it ſeems, there's Pleaſure in the Wars,
And *Hymen*'s Joys are not without their Cares.
I need not ask, to what my Genius tends,
But wou'd content the World, the Court, my [Friends.

Pleaſe all the World (in haſte) *Malherbe* replies?
How vain th' Attempt will prove in him, that tries,
Learn from a *Fable*, I have ſomewhere found,
Before I anſwer all that you propound.

A *Miller* and his Son (the Father old,
The Boy about ſome fifteen Years had told)
Deſign'd their *Aſs* to ſell, and for the Fair,
Some diſtance off, accordingly prepare.
But leſt ſhe in the walk ſhould loſe her Fleſh,
And not appear, for Sale, ſo full and freſh,
Her Feet together ty'd; between them two
They heav'd her up; and on the Ruſticks go:
Till thoſe, who met them bearing thus the *Aſs*,
Cry'd, Are theſe Fools about to act a Farce?
Surely the Beaſt (howe'er it ſeem to be)
Is not the greateſt Aſs of all the Three.
The *Miller* in their Mirth his Folly finds,
And down he ſets her, and again unbinds;
And tho' her grumbling ſhew'd, ſhe lik'd much [more
The lazy way, ſhe travell'd in before,
He minds her not; but up the *Boy* he ſets
Upon her Back, and on the Crupper gets.
Thus on they jog, when of Three Men that paſs'd,
The eldeſt thinking Age to be diſgrac'd,

Call'd

Call'd to the Youth, ho! you, young Man for [ſhame!
Come down, leſt Paſſengers your Manners blame,
And ſay, it ill becomes your tender Years
To ride before a Grandſire with grey Hairs.
Truly, the Gentlemen are in the right,
The *Miller* cries, and makes the Boy alight;
Then forward ſlides himſelf into his place,
And with a Mind content, renews his pace:
But much he had not gain'd upon his way,
Before a Troop of Damſels, neat and gay,
(Partial to Youth) to one another cry'd,
See, how with walking by that Dotard's ſide,
The *Boy* is tir'd; whilſt with a Prelate's ſtate
He rides alone, and dangling in the Seat,
Hangs like a Calf thrown up, acroſs the Beaſt.
The *Miller*, thinking to have ſpoil'd that Jeſt,
Reply'd, he was too Old for Veal to paſs,
But after more on him, and on his Aſs,

He

He ſtands convinc'd, and takes his Son again
To ride at eaſe himſelf, ſtill next the Mane.
Yet ere he'd thirty Paces borne the Lad,
The next they met, cry'd---Are theſe Fellows mad?
Have they no Pity thus t'o'erload the Jade!
Sure, at the Fair, they for her Skin may trade.
See, how's ſhe ſpent, and ſinks beneath their ſtrokes!
The *Miller*, whom this moſt of all provokes,
Swears by his Cap, he ſhews his want of Brains,
Who thus to pleaſe the World, beſtows his Pains.
Howe'er we'll try, if this way't may be done;
And off he comes, and fetches down his Son.
Behind they walk, and now the Creature drive,
But cou'd no better in their Purpoſe thrive;
Nor ſcape a Fellow's Cenſure, whom they meet,
That cries, to ſpare the *Aſs* they break their Feet;
And whilſt unladen at her eaſe ſhe goes,
Trudge in the Dirt, and batter out their Shooes;
As if to burthen her they were afraid,
And Men for Beaſts, not Beaſts for Men were made.

The

The Proverb right, *the Cart before the Horſe.*
The *Miller*, finding things grow worſe and worſe,
Cries out, I am an Aſs, it is agreed,
And ſo are all, who wou'd in this ſucceed.
Hereafter, tho' Reproof or Praiſe I find,
I'll neither heed, but follow my own Mind,
Take my own Counſel, how my Beaſt to ſell.
This he reſolv'd, and did it, and did well.

For you, Sir, *Follow Love, the Court, the War;*
Obtain the Croſier, or the City's Farr;
Live ſingle all your Days, or take a Wife;
Truſt me, a Cenſure waits each ſtate of Life.

The Man bitten by Fleas.

A Peeviſh Fellow laid his Head
On Pillows, ſtuff'd with Down;
But was no ſooner warm in Bed,
With hopes to reſt his Crown,

But

But Animals of ſlender ſize,
That feaſt on humane Gore,
From ſecret Ambuſhes ariſe,
Nor ſuffer him to ſnore;

Who ſtarts, and ſcrubs, and frets, and ſwears,
'Till, finding all in vain,
He for Relief employs his Pray'rs
In this old Heathen ſtrain.

Great *Jupiter!* thy Thunder ſend
From out the pitchy Clouds,
And give theſe Foes a dreadful End,
That lurk in Midnight Shrouds:

Or *Hercules* might with a Blow,
If once together brought,
This Crew of Monſters overthrow,
By which ſuch Harms are wrought.

The

The Strife, ye Gods! is worthy You,
Since it our Blood has coſt;
And ſcorching Fevers muſt enſue,
When cooling Sleep is loſt.

Strange *Revolutions* wou'd abound,
Did Men ne'er cloſe their Eyes;
Whilſt thoſe, who wrought them wou'd be found
At length more Mad, than Wiſe.

Paſſive Obedience muſt be us'd,
If this cannot be Cur'd;
But whilſt One *Flea* is ſlowly bruis'd,
Thouſands muſt be endur'd.

Confuſion, Slav'ry, Death and Wreck
Will on the Nation ſeize,
If, whilſt you keep your Thunders back,
We're maſſacr'd by *Fleas*.

Why, prithee, ſhatter-headed Fop,
The laughing Gods reply;
Haſt thou forgot thy Broom, and Mop,
And Wormwood growing nigh?

Go ſweep, and waſh, and ſtrew thy Floor,
As all good Houſewives teach;
And do not thus for Thunders roar,
To make ſome fatal Breach:

Which You, nor your ſucceeding Heir,
Nor yet a long Deſcent
Shall find out Methods to repair,
Tho' Prudence may prevent.

For Club, and Bolts, a Nation call'd of late,
Nor wou'd be eas'd by Engines of leſs Weight
But whether lighter had not done as well,
Let their Great-Grandſons, or their Grandſons tell.

REFORMATION.

A Gentleman, moſt wretched in his Lot,
A wrangling and reproving *Wife* had got,
Who, tho' ſhe curb'd his Pleaſures, and his Food,
Call'd him *My Dear*, and did it for his Good,
Ills to prevent; She of all Ills the worſt,
So wiſely Froward, and ſo kindly Curſt.
The Servants too experiment her Lungs,
And find they've Breath to ſerve a thouſand [Tongues.
Nothing went on; for her eternal Clack
Still rectifying, ſet all Matters back;
Nor Town, nor Neighbours, nor the Court cou'd [pleaſe,
But furniſh'd Matter for her ſharp Diſeaſe.
To diſtant Plains at length he gets her down,
With no Affairs to manage of her own;
Hoping from that unactive State to find
A calmer Habit, grown upon her Mind:

But ſoon return'd he hears her at his Door,
As noiſy and tempeſtuous as before;
Yet mildly ask'd, How ſhe her Days had ſpent
Amidſt the Quiet of a ſweet Content,
Where Shepherds tend their Flocks, and Maids their Pails,
And no harſh Miſtreſs domineers, or rails?
Not rail! ſhe cries —— Why, I that had no ſhare
In their Concerns, cou'd not the Trollops ſpare;
But told 'em, they were Sluts —— And for the Swains,
My Name a Terror to them ſtill remains;
So often I reprov'd their ſlothful Faults,
And with ſuch Freedom told 'em all my Thoughts,
That I no more amongſt them cou'd reſide.
Has then, alas! the Gentleman reply'd,
One ſingle Month ſo much their Patience try'd?
Where you by Day, and but at Seaſons due,
Cou'd with your Clamours their Defects purſue;

How

How had they ſhrunk, and juſtly been afraid,
Had they with me one Curtain-Lecture heard!
Yet enter *Madam*, and reſume your Sway;
Who can't Command, muſt ſilently Obey.
In ſecret here let endleſs Faults be found,
Till, like Reformers who in States abound,
You all to Ruin bring, and ev'ry Part confound.

Fragment at Tunbridge-Wells.

FOR He, that made, muſt new create us,
Ere *Seneca*, or *Epictetus*,
With all their ſerious Admonitions,
Can, for the *Spleen*, prove good Phyſicians.
The Heart's unruly Palpitation
Will not be laid by a Quotation;
Nor will the Spirits move the lighter
For the moſt celebrated Writer.
Sweats, Swoonings, and convulſive Motions
Will not be cur'd by Words, and Notions.

Then live, old *Brown!* with thy Chalybeats,
Which keep us from becoming Idiots.
At *Tunbridge* let us ſtill be Drinking,
Though 'tis th'*Antipodes* to Thinking:
Such Hurry, whilſt the Spirit's flying,
Such Stupefaction, when 'tis dying:
Yet theſe, and not ſententious Papers,
Muſt brighten Life, and cure the Vapours, *&c.*

A Pindarick Poem

Upon the Hurricane in November 1703, *referring to this Text in* Pſalm 148. ver. 8. Winds and Storms fulfilling his Word.

With a HYMN *compos'd of the* 148*th* PSALM *Paraphras'd.*

YOU have obey'd, you WINDS, that [muſt fulfill
The Great Diſpoſer's righteous Will;

Through-

Throughout the Land, unlimited you flew,
Nor ſought, as heretofore, with Friendly Aid
Only, new Motion to beſtow
Upon the ſluggiſh Vapours, bred below,
Condenſing into Miſts, and melancholy Shade.
No more ſuch gentle Methods you purſue,
But marching now in terrible Array,
Undiſtinguiſh'd was your Prey:
In vain the *Shrubs*, with lowly Bent,
Sought their Deſtruction to prevent;
The *Beech* in vain, with out-ſtretch'd Arms,
Deprecates th'approaching Harms;
In vain the *Oak* (ſo often ſtorm'd)
Rely'd upon that native Force,
By which already was perform'd
So much of his appointed Courſe,
As made him, fearleſs of Decay,
Wait but the accompliſh'd Time
Of his long-wiſh'd and uſeful Prime,
To be remov'd, with Honour, to the Sea.

The ſtrait and ornamental *Pine*
Did in the like Ambition joyn,
And thought his Fame ſhou'd ever laſt,
When in ſome Royal Ship he ſtood the planted
[Maſt;
And ſhou'd again his Length of Timber rear,
And new engrafted Branches wear
Of fibrous Cordage and impending Shrouds,
Still trimm'd with human Care, and water'd by
[the Clouds.
But oh, you *Trees!* who ſolitary ſtood;
Or you, whoſe Numbers form'd a Wood;
You, who on Mountains choſe to riſe,
And drew them nearer to the Skies;
Or you, whom Valleys late did hold
In flexible and lighter Mould;
You num'rous Brethren of the Leafy Kind,
To whatſoever Uſe deſign'd,
Now, vain you found it to contend
With not, alas! one Element; your Friend

Your

Your Mother Earth, thro' long preceding Rains,
(Which undermining ſink below)
No more her wonted Strength retains;
Nor you ſo fix'd within her Boſom grow,
That for your ſakes ſhe can reſolve to bear
Theſe furious Shocks of hurrying Air;
But finding All your Ruin did conſpire,
She ſoon her beauteous Progeny reſign'd
To this deſtructive, this imperious Wind,
That check'd your nobler Aims, and gives you [to the Fire.

Thus! have thy Cedars, *Libanus*, been ſtruck
As the lythe Oziers twiſted round;
Thus! *Cadez*, has thy Wilderneſs been ſhook,
When the apalling, and tremendous Sound
Of rattl'ing Tempeſts o'er you broke,
And made your ſtubborn Glories bow,
When in ſuch Whirlwinds the *Almighty* ſpoke,
Warning *Judea* then, as our *Britannia* now.

Yet

Yet theſe were the remoter Harms,
Foreign the Care, and diſtant the Alarms:
Whilſt but ſheltring Trees alone,
Maſter'd ſoon, and ſoon o'erthrown,
Felt thoſe Guſts, which ſince prevail,
And loftier Palaces aſſail;
Whoſe ſhaken Turrets now give way,
With vain Inſcriptions, which the Freeze has [borne
Through Ages paſt, t'extol and to adorn,
And to our latter Times convey;
Who did the Structures deep Foundation lay,
Forcing his Praiſe upon the gazing Croud,
And, whilſt he moulders in a ſcanty Shroud,
Telling both Earth and Skies, he when alive [was proud.
Now down at once comes the ſuperfluous Load,
The coſtly Fret-work with it yields,
Whoſe imitated Fruits and Flow'rs are ſtrew'd,
Like thoſe of real Growth o'er the Autumnal [Fields.

The

The preſent Owner lifts his Eyes, [ſpies:
And the ſwift Change with ſad Affrightment
The Cieling gone, that late the Roof conceal'd;
reveal'd,
The Roof untyl'd, thro' which the Heav'ns
[fail'd.
Expoſes now his Head, when all Defence has

What alas, is to be done!
Thoſe, who in Cities wou'd from Dangers run,
Do but encreaſing Dangers meet,
And Death, in various ſhapes, attending in the
[Street;
Where ſome, too tardy in their Flight,
O'ertaken by a worſe Miſchance,
Their upward Parts do ſcarce advance,
When on their following Limbs th' extending
[Ruins light.
One half's interr'd, the other yet ſurvives,
And for Releaſe with fainting Vigour ſtrives;
Implores the Aid of abſent Friends in vain;

With

With fault'ring Speech, and dying Wiſhes calls
Thoſe, whom perhaps, their own Dome-
[ſtick Walls
By parallel Diſtreſs, or ſwifter Death retains.

(1) O *Wells!* thy Biſhop's Manſion we lament,
So tragical the Fall, ſo dire th'Event!
But let no daring Thought preſume
To point a Cauſe for that oppreſſive Doom.
Yet ſtrictly pious *KEN!* had'ſt Thou been there,
This Fate, we think, had not become thy ſhare;
Nor had that awful Fabrick bow'd,
Sliding from its looſen'd Bands;
Nor yielding Timbers been allow'd
To cruſh thy ever-lifted Hands,
Or interrupt thy Pray'r.
Thoſe Orizons, that nightly Watches keep,
Had call'd thee from thy Bed, or there ſecur'd
[thy Sleep.

Whilſt

Word obey'd,
Whilſt you, bold Winds and Storms! his
Whilſt you his Scourge the Great *Jehova* made,
And into ruin'd Heaps our Edifices laid.
You *South* and *Weſt* the Tragedy began,
As, with diſorder'd haſte, you o'er the Surface ran;
Forgetting, that you were deſign'd
(Chiefly thou *Zephyrus*, thou ſofteſt Wind!)
Only our Heats, when ſultry, to allay,
And chafe the od'rous Gums by your diſperſing Play.
Now, by new Orders and Decrees,
For our Chaſtiſement iſſu'd forth,
You on his Confines the alarmed *North*
With equal Fury ſees,
And ſummons ſwiftly to his Aid
Eurus, his Confederate made,
His eager Second in th'oppoſing Fight,
That even the Winds may keep the Balance right,
Nor yield increaſe of Sway to arbitrary Might.

Meet,

Meeting now, they all contend,
Thoſe aſſail, while Theſe defend;
Fierce and turbulent the War,
And in the loud tumultuous Jar
Winds their own Fifes, and Clarions are.
Each Cavity, which Art or Nature leaves,
Their Inſpiration haſtily receives;
Whence, from their various Forms and Size,
As various Symphonies ariſe,
Their Trumpet ev'ry hollow Tube is made,
And, when more ſolid Bodies they invade,
Enrag'd, they can no farther come,
The beaten Flatt, whilſt it repels the Noiſe,
Reſembles but with more outrageous Voice
The Soldier's threatning Drum:
And when they compaſs thus our World around,
When they our Rocks and Mountains rend,
When they our Sacred Piles to their Foundati-
[ons ſend,

No

No wonder if our eechoing Caves rebound;
No wonder if our liſt'ning Senſe they wound,
When arm'd with ſo much Force, and uſher'd [with ſuch Sound.
Nor ſcarce, amidſt the Terrors of that Night,
When you, fierce Winds, ſuch Deſolations [wrought,
When you from out his Stores the Great Com- [mander brought,
Cou'd the moſt Righteous ſtand upright;
Scarcely the Holieſt Man performs
The Service, that becomes it beſt,
By ardent Vows, or ſolemn Pray'rs addreſt;
Nor finds the Calm, ſo uſual to his Breaſt,
Full Proof againſt ſuch Storms.
How ſhou'd the Guilty then be found,
The Men in Wine, or looſer Pleaſures drown'd,
To fix a ſtedfaſt Hope, or to maintain their [Ground!
When at his Glaſs the late Companion feels,
That Giddy, like himſelf, the tott'ring Manſion [reels!

The

The Miſer, who with many a Cheſt
His gloomy Tenement oppreſt,
Now fears the over-burthen'd Floor,
And trembles for his Life, but for his Treaſure more.

What ſhall he do, or to what Pow'rs apply?
To thoſe, which threaten from on High,
By him ne'er call'd upon before,
Who alſo will ſuggeſt th' impoſſible Reſtore?
No; *Mammon*, to thy Laws he will be true,
And, rather than his Wealth, will bid the World adieu.

The Rafters ſink, and bury'd with his Coin
That Fate does with his living Thoughts combine;
For ſtill his Heart's inclos'd within a Golden Mine.

Contention with its angry Brawls
By Storms o'er-clamour'd, ſhrinks and falls;
Nor WHIG, nor TORY now the raſh Con-tender calls.

Thoſe,

Thoſe, who but Vanity allow'd,
Nor thought, it reach'd the Name of Sin,
To be of their Perfections proud,
Too much adorn'd without, or too much rais'd [within,
Now find, that even the lighteſt Things,
As the minuter parts of Air,
When Number to their Weight addition brings,
Can, like the ſmall, but numerous Inſects Stings,
Can, like th' aſſembl'd Winds, urge Ruin and [Deſpair.

Thus You've obey'd, you Winds, that muſt fulfill
The Great diſpoſer's Righteous Will:
Thus did your Breath a ſtrict Enquiry make,
Thus did you our moſt ſecret Sins awake,
And thus chaſtis'd their Ill.

Whilſt vainly Thoſe, of a rapacious Mind,
Fields to other Fields had laid,
By Force, or by injurious Bargains join'd,
With Fences for their Guard impenetrable made;

The juſter Tempeſt mocks the wrong,
And ſweeps, in its directed Flight,
Th' Incloſures of another's Right,
Driving at once the Bounds, and licens'd Herds [along.
The Earth agen one general Scene appears;
No regular diſtinction now,
Betwixt the Grounds for Paſture, or the Plough,
The Face of Nature wears.

Free as the Men, who wild Confuſion love,
And lawleſs Liberty approve,
Their Fellow-Brutes purſue their way,
To their own Loſs, and diſadvantage ſtray,
As wretched in their Choice, as unadvis'd as They.
The tim'rous *Deer*, whilſt he forſakes the Park,
And wanders on, in the miſguiding Dark,
Believes, a Foe from ev'ry unknown Buſh
Will on his trembling Body ruſh,
Taking the Winds, that vary in their Notes,
For hot purſuing Hounds with deeply bellowing [Throats.
Th'

Th' awak'd *Birds*, ſhook from their nightly [Seats,
Their unavailing Pinions ply,
Repuls'd, as they attempt to fly
In hopes they might attain to more ſecure Retreats.
But, Where ye wilder'd Fowls wou'd You [repair?
When this your happy Portion given,
Your upward Lot, your Firmament of Heaven,
Your unentail'd, your undivided Air,
Where no Proprietor was ever known,
Where no litigious Suits have ever grown,
Whilſt none from Star to Star cou'd call the ſpace [his Own;
When this no more your middle Flights can bear,
But ſome rough Blaſt too far above conveighs,
Or to unquitted Earth confines your weak Eſſays,
Nor You, nor wiſer Man cou'd find Repoſe,
Nor cou'd our Induſtry produce
Expedients of the ſmalleſt Uſe,
To ward our greater Cares, or mitigate your Woes.

(2) Ye *Clouds!* that pity'd our Diſtreſs,
And by your pacifying Showers
(The ſoft and uſual methods of Succeſs)
Kindly aſſay'd to make this Tempeſt leſs;
Vainly your Aid was now alas! employ'd,
In vain you wept o'er thoſe deſtructive Hours,
In which the Winds full Tyranny enjoy'd,
Nor wou'd allow you to prevail,
But drove your ſcorn'd, and ſcatter'd Tears to wail
The Land that lay deſtroy'd.

Whilſt You obey'd, you Winds! that muſt fulfill
The juſt Diſpoſer's Righteous Will;
Whilſt not the Earth alone, you diſarray,
But to more ruin'd Seas wing'd your impetuous Way.

(3) Which to foreſhew, the ſtill portentous *Sun*
(4) Beamleſs, and pale of late, his Race begun,
Quenching the Rays, he had no Joy to keep,
In the obſcure, and ſadly threaten'd Deep.

Farther

Farther than we, that Eye of Heaven diſcerns,
And nearer plac'd to our malignant Stars,
Our brooding Tempeſts, and approaching Wars
Anticipating learns.
When now, too ſoon the dark Event
Shews what that faded Planet meant;
Whilſt more the liquid Empire undergoes,
More ſhe reſigns of her entruſted Stores,
The Wealth, the Strength, the Pride of diff'rent [Shores
In one Devoted, one Recorded Night, [Fight,
Than Years had known deſtroy'd by generous
Or Privateering Foes.
All Rules of Conduct laid aſide,
No more the baffl'd *Pilot* ſteers,
Or knows an Art, when it each moment veers,
To vary with the Winds, or ſtem th'unuſual Tide.
Diſpers'd and looſe, the ſhatter'd Veſſels ſtray,
Some periſh within ſight of Shore,

Some, happier thought, obtain a wider Sea,
But never to return, or caſt an Anchor more!
Some on the *Northern* Coaſts are thrown,
And by congealing Surges compaſs'd round,
To fixt and certain Ruin bound,
Immoveable are grown:
The fatal *Goodwin* ſwallows All that come
Within the Limits of that dangerous Sand,
Amphibious in its kind, nor Sea nor Land;
Yet kin to both, a falſe and faithleſs Strand,
Known only to our Coſt for a devouring Tomb.
Nor ſeem'd the HURRICANE content,
Whilſt only Ships were wreckt, and Tackle rent;
The Sailors too muſt fall a Prey,
Thoſe that Command, with thoſe that did Obey;
The beſt Supporters of thy pompous Stile,
Thou far Renown'd, thou pow'rful BRITISH Iſle!
Foremoſt in Naval Strength, and Sov'reign of the Sea!
Theſe from thy Aid that wrathful Night divides,
Plung'd in thoſe Waves, o'er which this Title [rides.
What

What art thou, envy'd *Greatneſs*, at the beſt,
In thy deluding Splendors dreſt?
What are thy glorious Titles, and thy Forms?
Which cannot give Security, or Reſt
To favour'd Men, or Kingdoms that conteſt
With Popular Aſſaults, or Providential Storms!
Whilſt on th'Omnipotent our Fate depends,
And They are only ſafe, whom He alone defends.
Then let to Heaven our general Praiſe be ſent,
Which did our farther Loſs, our total Wreck prevent.
And as our Aſpirations do aſcend,
Let every Thing be ſummon'd to attend;
And let the Poet *after God's own Heart*
Direct our Skill in that ſublimer part,
And our weak Numbers mend!

Explanatory NOTES.

(1) *The Biſhop's Palace at* Wells *was blown down, and kill'd Biſhop* Kidder *with his Lady.*

(2) *We had a great Shower of Rain in the midſt of the Storm.*

(3) *The Ancients look'd upon the Sun (or Phœbus) as Prophetick.*

(4) *One Day of the ſummer before the Storm, we had an unuſual Appearance of the Sun (which was obſerved by many People in ſeveral Parts of* Kent*); It was of a pale dead Colour, without any Beams or Brightneſs for ſome Hours in the Morning, altho' obſtructed by no Clouds; for the Sky was clear.*

The HYMN.

TO the Almighty on his radiant Throne,
Let endleſs Hallelujas riſe!
Praiſe Him, ye wondrous Heights to us unknown,
Praiſe Him, ye Heavens unreach'd by mortal [Eyes,
Praiſe Him, in your degree, ye ſublunary Skies!

Praiſe Him, you Angels that before him bow,
You Creatures of Celeſtial frame,
Our Gueſts of old, our wakeful Guardians now,
Praiſe Him, and with like Zeal our Hearts [enflame,
Tranſporting then our Praiſe to Seats from whence [you came!

Praiſe Him, thou Sun in thy Meridian Force;
Exalt Him, all ye Stars and Light!
Praiſe Him, thou Moon in thy revolving Courſe,
Praiſe Him, thou gentler Guide of ſilent Night,
[invite.
Which do's to ſolemn Praiſe, and ſerious Thoughts
Praiſe

Praiſe Him, ye humid Vapours, which remain
Unfrozen by the ſharper Air;
Praiſe Him, as you return in Show'rs again,
To bleſs the Earth and make her Paſtures fair:
Praiſe Him, ye climbing Fires, the Emblems of [our Pray'r.

Praiſe Him, ye Waters petrify'd above,
Ye ſhredded Clouds that fall in Snow,
Praiſe Him, for that you ſo divided move;
Ye Hailſtones, that you do no larger grow,
Nor, in one ſolid Maſs, oppreſs the World below.

Praiſe Him, ye ſoaring Fowls, ſtill as you fly,
And on gay Plumes your Bodies raiſe;
You Inſects, which in dark Receſſes lie,
Altho' th' extremeſt Diſtances you try,
Be reconcil'd in This, to offer mutual Praiſe.

Praiſe Him, thou Earth, with thy unbounded
[Store;
Ye Depths which to the Center tend:
Praiſe Him ye Beaſts which in the Foreſts roar;
Praiſe Him ye Serpents, tho' you downwards
[bend,
Who made your bruiſed Head our Ladder to
[aſcend.

Praiſe Him, ye Men whom youthful Vigour
[warms;
Ye Children, haſt'ning to your Prime;
Praiſe Him, ye Virgins of unſullied Charms,
With beauteous Lips becoming ſacred Rhime:
You Aged, give Him Praiſe for your encreaſe of
[Time.

Praiſe Him, ye Monarchs in ſupreme Command,
By Anthems, like the *Hebrew* Kings;
Then with enlarged Zeal throughout the Land
Reform the Numbers, and reclaim the Strings,
[Things.
Converting to His Praiſe, the moſt Harmonious

Ye

Ye Senators preſiding by our Choice,
And You Hereditary Peers!
Praiſe Him by Union, both in Heart and Voice;
Praiſe Him, who your agreeing Council ſteers,
Producing ſweeter Sounds than the according [Spheres.

Praiſe Him, ye native Altars of the Earth!
Ye Mountains of ſtupendious ſize!
Praiſe Him, ye Trees and Fruits which there [have birth,
Praiſe Him, ye Flames that from their Bowels [riſe,
All fitted for the uſe of grateful Sacrifice.

He ſpake the Word; and from the Chaos roſe
The Forms and Species of each Kind:
He ſpake the Word, which did their Law [compoſe,
And all, with never ceaſing Order join'd,
Till ruffl'd for our Sins by his chaſtiſing Wind.

But

But now, you Storms, that have your Fury [ſpent,
As you his Dictates did obey,
Let now your loud and threatning Notes relent,
Tune all your Murmurs to a ſofter Key,
And bleſs that Gracious Hand, that did your [Progreſs ſtay.

From my contemn'd Retreat, obſcure and low,
As Grots from whence the Winds diſperſe,
May this His Praiſe as far extended flow;
And if that future Times ſhall read my Verſe,
Tho' worthleſs in it ſelf, let them his Praiſe [rehearſe.

Friendſhip between EPHELIA *and* ARDELIA.

Eph. WHat *Friendſhip* is, ARDELIA ſhew.
Ard. 'Tis to love, as I love You.
Eph. This Account, ſo ſhort (tho' kind)
Suits not my enquiring Mind.

Therefore

Therefore farther now repeat;
What is *Friendſhip* when compleat?
Ard. 'Tis to ſhare all Joy and Grief;
'Tis to lend all due Relief
From the Tongue, the Heart, the Hand;
'Tis to mortgage Houſe and Land;
For a Friend be ſold a Slave;
'Tis to die upon a Grave,'
If a Friend therein do lie.
Eph. This indeed, tho' carry'd high,
This, tho' more than e'er was done
Underneath the rolling Sun,
This has all been ſaid before.
Can ARDELIA ſay no more?
Ard. Words indeed no more can ſhew:
But 'tis to love, as I love you.

The LYON *and the* GNAT.

TO the ſtill Covert of a Wood,
About the prime of Day,
A *Lyon*, ſatiated with Food,
With ſtately Pace, and ſullen Mood,
Now took his lazy way.

To Reſt he there himſelf compos'd,
And in his Mind revolv'd,
How Great a Perſon it enclos'd,
How free from Danger he repos'd,
Though now in Eaſe diſſolv'd!

Who Guard, nor Centinel did need,
Deſpiſing as a Jeſt
All whom the Foreſt elſe did feed,
As Creatures of an abject Breed,
Who durſt not him moleſt.

But in the Air a Sound he heard,
That gave him ſome diſlike;
At which he ſhook his griſly Beard,
Enough to make the Woods affeard,
And ſtretch'd his Paw to ſtrike.

When on his lifted Noſe there fell
A Creature, ſlight of Wing,
Who neither fear'd his Grin, nor Yell,
Nor Strength, that in his Jaws did dwell,
But gores him with her Sting.

Tranſported with th' Affront and Pain,
He terribly exclaims,
Proteſting, if it comes again,
Its guilty Blood the Graſs ſhall ſtain,
And to ſurprize it aims.

The ſcoffing *Gnat* now laugh'd aloud,
And bids him upwards view
The *Jupiter* within the Cloud,
That humbl'd him, who was ſo proud,
And this ſharp Thunder threw.

That Taunt no *Lyon*'s Heart cou'd bear;
And now much more he raves,
Whilſt this new *Perſeus* in the Air
Do's War and Strife again declare,
And all his Terrour braves.

Upon his haughty Neck ſhe rides,
Then on his laſhing Tail;
(Which need not now provoke his Sides)
Where ſhe her ſlender Weapon guides,
And makes all Patience fail.

A Truce at length he muſt propoſe,
The Terms to be her Own;
Who likewiſe Reſt and Quiet choſe,
Contented now her Life to cloſe,
When ſhe'd ſuch Triumph known.

You mighty Men, who meaner ones deſpiſe,
Learn from this Fable to become more Wiſe;
You ſee the Lyon *may be vext with* Flies.

The MAN *and his* HORSE.

WIthin a Meadow, on the way,
A ſordid Churl reſolv'd to ſtay,
And give his *Horſe* a Bite;
Purloining ſo his Neighbours Hay,
That at the Inn he might not pay
For Forage all the Night.

With Heart's content th'unloaded Steed
Began to neigh, and friſk, and feed;
For nothing more he car'd,
Since none of all his Maſter's breed
E'er found ſuch Paſture, at their need,
Or half ſo well had far'd.

When, in the turning of a Hand,
Out comes the Owner of the Land,
And do's the Treſpaſs eye;
Which puts poor *Bayard* to a Stand,
For now his Maſter do's command
Him to return and fly.

But Hunger quick'ning up his Wit,
And Graſs being ſweeter than the Bit,
He to the Clown reply'd:
Shall I for you this Dinner quit,
Who to my Back hard Burdens fit,
And to the Death wou'd ride?

No;

No; ſhou'd I as a Stray be found,
And ſeiz'd upon forbidden Ground,
I'll on this Spot ſtand ſtill;
For tho' new Riders ſhou'd abound,
(Or did Mankind this Field ſurround)
They cou'd but uſe me ill.

Urge no Man to deſpair; leſt in the Fit
He with ſome Counterblow thy Head may hit.

LIFE's *Progreſs.*

HOW gayly is at firſt begun
Our *Life*'s uncertain Race!
Whilſt yet that ſprightly Morning Sun,
With which we juſt ſet out to run
Enlightens all the Place,

How ſmiling the World's Proſpect lies
How tempting to go through!
Not *Canaan* to the Prophet's Eyes,
From *Piſgah* with a ſweet Surprize,
Did more inviting ſhew.

How promiſing's the Book of Fate,
Till throughly underſtood!
Whilſt partial Hopes ſuch Lots create,
As may the youthful Fancy treat
With all that's Great and Good.

How ſoft the firſt Ideas prove,
Which wander through our Minds!
How full the Joys, how free the Love,
Which do's that early Seaſon move;
As Flow'rs the Weſtern Winds!

Our

Our Sighs are then but Vernal Air;
But *April*-drops our Tears,
Which ſwiftly paſſing, all grows Fair,
Whilſt Beauty compenſates our Care,
And Youth each Vapour clears.

But oh! too ſoon, alas, we climb;
Scarce feeling we aſcend
The gently riſing Hill of *Time*,
From whence with Grief we ſee that Prime,
And all its Sweetneſs end.

The Die now caſt, our Station known,
Fond Expectation paſt;
The Thorns, which former Days had ſown,
To Crops of late Repentance grown,
Thro' which we toil at laſt.

Whilſt ev'ry Care's a driving Harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which faded Smiles no more can charm,
But ev'ry Tear's a Winter-Storm,
And ev'ry Look's a Frown.

Till with ſucceeding Ills oppreſt,
For Joys we hop'd to find;
By Age too, rumpl'd and undreſt,
We gladly ſinking down to reſt,
Leave following Crouds behiad.

HOPE.

THE Tree of *Knowlege* we in *Eden* prov'd;
The Tree of *Life* was thence to Heav'n [remov'd:
Hope is the growth of Earth, the only Plant,
Which either Heav'n, or Paradice cou'd want.

Hell

Hell knows it not, to Us alone confin'd,
And Cordial only to the Human Mind.
Receive it then, t'expel theſe mortal Cares,
Nor wave a Med'cine, which thy God prepares.

Moral SONG.

WOuld we attain the happieſt State,
That is deſign'd us here;
No Joy a Rapture muſt create,
No Grief beget Deſpair.
No Injury fierce Anger raiſe,
No Honour tempt to Pride;
No vain Deſires of empty Praiſe
Muſt in the Soul abide.
No Charms of Youth, or Beauty move
The conſtant, ſettl'd Breaſt:
Who leaves a Paſſage free to Love,
Shall let in, all the reſt.

In ſuch a Heart ſoft Peace will live,
Where none of theſe abound;
The greateſt Bleſſing, Heav'n do's give,
Or can on Earth be found.

GLASS.

O Man! what Inſpiration was thy Guide,
Who taught thee Light and Air thus to [divide;
To let in all the uſeful Beams of Day, [ſtay;
Yet force, as ſubtil Winds, without thy Shaſh to
T'extract from Embers by a ſtrange Device,
Then poliſh fair theſe Flakes of ſolid Ice;
Which, ſilver'd o'er, redouble all in place, [Face.
And give thee back thy well or ill-complexion'd
To Veſſels blown exceed the gloomy Bowl,
Which did the Wine's full excellence controul,
Theſe ſhew the Body, whilſt you taſte the Soul.
Its Colour ſparkles Motion, lets thee ſee,
Tho' yet th'Exceſs the Preacher warns to flee,
Leſt Men at length as clearly ſpy through Thee.

The

The DOG *and his* MASTER.

NO better *Dog* e'er kept his Maſter's Door
Than honeſt *Snarl*, who ſpar'd nor Rich [nor Poor;
But gave the Alarm, when any one drew nigh,
Nor let pretended Friends paſs fearleſs by:
For which reprov'd, as better Fed than Taught,
He rightly thus expoſtulates the Fault.

To keep the Houſe from Raſcals was my Charge;
The Task was great, and the Commiſſion large.
Nor did your *Worſhip* e'er declare your Mind,
That to the begging Crew it was confin'd;
Who ſhrink an Arm, or prop an able Knee,
Or turn up Eyes, till they're not ſeen, nor ſee.
To Thieves, who know the Penalty of Stealth,
And fairly ſtake their Necks againſt your Wealth,
Theſe are the known Delinquents of the Times,
And Whips and *Tyburn* teſtify their Crimes.

But

But ſince to Me there was by Nature lent
An exquiſite Diſcerning by the Scent;
I trace a Flatt'rer, when he fawns and leers,
A rallying Wit, when he commends and jeers:
The greedy Paraſite I grudging note,
Who praiſes the good Bits, that oil his Throat;
I mark the Lady, you ſo fondly toaſt,
That plays your Gold, when all her own is loſt:
The Knave, who fences your Eſtate by Law,
Yet ſtill reſerves an undermining Flaw.
Theſe and a thouſand more, which I cou'd tell,
Provoke my Growling, and offend my Smell.

The PHOENIX.

A SONG.

A Female Friend adviſ'd a Swain
(Whoſe Heart ſhe wiſh'd at eaſe)
Make Love thy Pleaſure, not thy Pain,
Nor let it deeply ſeize.

Beauty,

Beauty, where Vanities abound,
No ſerious Paſſion claims;
Then, 'till a *Phœnix* can be found,
Do not admit the Flames.

But griev'd She finds, that his Replies
(Since prepoſſeſs'd when Young)
Take all their Hints from *Silvia*'s Eyes,
None from *ARDELIA*'s Tongue.

Thus, *Cupid*, of our Aim we miſs,
Who wou'd unbend thy Bow;
And each ſlight Nymph a *Phœnix* is,
When Love will have it ſo.

A SONG.

PErſuade me not, there is a Grace
Proceeds from *Silvia*'s Voice or Lute,
Againſt *Miranda*'s charming Face
To make her hold the leaſt Diſpute.

Muſick, which tunes the Soul for Love,
And ſtirs up all our ſoft Deſires,
Do's but the growing Flame improve,
Which pow'rful Beauty firſt inſpires.

Thus, whilſt with Art ſhe plays, and ſings,
I to *Miranda*, ſtanding by,
Impute the Muſick of the Strings,
And all the melting Words apply.

JEALOUSY.

A SONG.

VAIN Love, why do'ſt thou boaſt of Wings,
That cannot help thee to retire!
When ſuch quick Flames Suſpicion brings,
As do the Heart about thee fire.

Still Swift to come, but when to go
Thou ſhou'd'ſt be more——Alas! how Slow.

Lord of the World muſt ſurely be
But thy bare Title at the moſt;
Since *Jealouſy* is Lord of Thee,
And makes ſuch Havock on thy Coaſt,

As do's thy pleaſant Land deface,
Yet binds thee faſter to the Place.

A SONG.

LOVE, thou art beſt of Human Joys,
Our chiefeſt Happineſs below;
All other Pleaſures are but Toys,
Muſick without Thee is but Noiſe,
And Beauty but an empty Show.

Heav'n, who knew beſt what Man wou'd move,
And raiſe his Thoughts above the Brute;
Said, Let him Be, and let him Love;
That muſt alone his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philoſophers diſpute.

A SONG.

QUickly, *Delia*, Learn my Paſſion,
Loſe not Pleaſure, to be Proud;
Courtſhip draws on Obſervation,
And the Whiſpers of the Croud.

Soon

Soon or late you'll hear a Lover,
Nor by Time his Truth can prove;
Ages won't a Heart diſcover,
Truſt, and ſo ſecure my Love.

A SONG.

'TIS ſtrange, this Heart within my breaſt,
Reaſon oppoſing, and her Pow'rs,
Cannot one gentle Moment reſt,
Unleſs it knows what's done in Yours.

In vain I ask it of your Eyes,
Which ſubt'ly wou'd my Fears controul;
For Art has taught them to diſguiſe,
Which Nature made t' explain the Soul.

In vain that Sound, your Voice affords,
Flatters ſometimes my eaſy Mind;
But of too vaſt Extent are Words
In them the Jewel Truth to find.

Then

Then let my fond Enquiries ceaſe,
And ſo let all my Troubles end:
For, ſure, that Heart ſhall ne'er know Peace,
Which on Anothers do's depend.

To Mr. F. *now Earl of* W.

Who going abroad, had deſired ARDELIA *to write ſome Verſes upon whatever Subject ſhe thought fit, againſt his Return in the Evening.*

Written in the Year 1689.

NO ſooner, *FLAVIO*, was you gone,
But, your Injunction thought upon,
ARDELIA took the Pen;
Deſigning to perform the Task,
Her *FLAVIO* did ſo kindly ask,
Ere he returned agen.

Unto

Unto *Parnaſſus* ſtrait ſhe ſent,
And bid the Meſſenger, that went
Unto the *Muſes* Court,
Aſſure them, ſhe their Aid did need,
And begg'd they'd uſe their utmoſt Speed,
Becauſe the Time was ſhort.

The haſty Summons was allow'd;
And being well-bred, they roſe and bow'd,
And ſaid, they'd poſte away;
That well they did *ARDELIA* know,
And that no Female's Voice below
They ſooner wou'd obey:

That many of that rhiming Train,
On like Occaſions, ſought in vain
Their Induſtry t'excite;
But for *ARDELIA* all they'd leave:
Thus flatt'ring can the Muſe deceive,
And wheedle us to write.

T Yet,

Yet, ſince there was ſuch haſte requir'd;
To know the Subject 'twas deſir'd,
On which they muſt infuſe;
That they might temper Words and Rules,
And with their Counſel carry Tools,
As Country-*Doctors* uſe.

Wherefore to cut off all Delays,
'Twas ſoon reply'd, a *Husband*'s Praiſe
(Tho' in theſe looſer Times)
ARDELIA gladly wou'd rehearſe
A *Husband*'s, who indulg'd her Verſe,
And now requir'd her Rimes.

A *Husband!* eccho'd all around:
And to *Parnaſſus* ſure that Sound
Had never yet been ſent;
Amazement in each Face was read,
In haſte th' affrighted Siſters * fled,
And unto Council went.

* The Muſes——*Erato, Melpomene, Thalia, Urania,* &c.

Erato

Erato cry'd, ſince *Grizel*'s Days,
Since *Troy*-Town pleas'd, and *Chivey-chace*,
No ſuch Deſign was known;
And 'twas their Buſ'neſs to take care,
It reach'd not to the publick Ear,
Or got about the Town:

Nor came where Evening *Beaux* were met
O'er *Billet-doux* and *Chocolate*,
Leſt it deſtroy'd the Houſe;
For in that Place, who cou'd diſpence
(That wore his Cloaths with common Senſe)
With mention of a *Spouſe?*

'Twas put unto the Vote at laſt;
And in the Negative it paſt,
None to her Aid ſhou'd move;
Yet ſince *ARDELIA* was a Friend,
Excuſes 'twas agreed to ſend,
Which plauſible might prove;

That *Pegaſus* of late had been
So often rid thro' thick and thin,
With neither Fear nor Wit;
In *Panegyrick* been ſo ſpurr'd,
He cou'd not from the Stall be ſtirr'd,
Nor wou'd endure the Bit.

Melpomene had given a Bond,
By the new Houſe alone to ſtand,
And write of War and Strife;
Thalia, She had taken Fees,
And Stipends from the Patentees,
And durſt not for her Life.

Urania † only lik'd the Choice;
Yet not to thwart the publick Voice,
She whiſp'ring did impart:
They need no Foreign Aid invoke,
No help to draw a moving Stroke,
Who dictate from the Heart.

† *Urania* is the Heavenly Muſe, and ſuppos'd to inſpire Thoughts of Virtue.

Enough!

Enough! the pleas'd *ARDELIA* cry'd;
And ſlighting ev'ry Muſe beſide,
Conſulting now her Breaſt,
Perceiv'd that ev'ry tender Thought,
Which from abroad ſhe'd vainly ſought,
Did there in Silence reſt:

And ſhou'd unmov'd that Poſt maintain,
Till in his quick Return again,
Met in ſome neighb'ring Grove,
(Where Vice nor Vanity appear)
Her *FLAVIO* them alone might hear,
In all the Sounds of Love.

For ſince the World do's ſo deſpiſe
Hymen's Endearments and its Ties,
They ſhou'd myſterious be;
Till We that Pleaſure too poſſeſs
(Which makes their fancy'd Happineſs)
Of ſtollen Secrecy.

A LETTER *to the same Person.*

SUre of Success, to You I boldly write,
Whilst Love do's ev'ry tender Line endite;
Love, who is justly President of Verse,
Which all his Servants write, or else rehearse.
Phœbus (howe'er mistaken Poets dream)
Ne'er us'd a Verse, till Love became his Theme.
To his stray'd Son, still as his Passion rose,
He rais'd his hasty Voice in clam'rous Prose:
But when in *Daphne* he wou'd Love inspire,
He woo'd in Verse, set to his silver Lyre.

The *Trojan* Prince did pow'rful Numbers join
To sing of War; but Love was the Design:
And sleeping *Troy* again in Flames was dress't,
To light the Fires in pitying *Dido*'s Breast.

Love without Poetry's refining Aid
Is a dull Bargain, and but coarsely made;

Nor e'er cou'd Poetry ſucceſsful prove,
Or touch the Soul, but when the Senſe was Love.

Oh! cou'd they both in Abſence now impart
Skill to my Hand, but to deſcribe my Heart;
Then ſhou'd you ſee impatient of your Stay
Soft Hopes contend with Fears of ſad Delay;
Love in a thouſand fond Endearments there,
And lively Images of You appear.
But ſince the Thoughts of a Poetick Mind
Will never be to Syllables confin'd;
And whilſt to fix what is conceiv'd, we try,
The purer Parts evaporate and dye:
You muſt perform what they want force to do,
And think what your *ARDELIA* thinks of you.

October 21. 1690.

FRAGMENT.

SO here confin'd, and but to female Clay,
ARDELIA's Soul miſtook the rightful Way:
Whilſt the ſoft Breeze of Pleaſure's tempting Air
Made her believe, Felicity was there;
And basking in the warmth of early Time,
To vain Amuſements dedicate her Prime.
Ambition next allur'd her tow'ring Eye;
For Paradice ſhe heard was plac'd on high,
Then thought, the Court with all its glorious Show
Was ſure above the reſt, and Paradice below.
There plac'd too ſoon the flaming Sword appear'd,
Remov'd thoſe Pow'rs, whom juſtly ſhe rever'd,
Adher'd too in their Wreck, and in their Ruin
[ſhar'd.
Now by the Wheels inevitable Round,
With them thrown proſtrate to the humble Ground,
No more ſhe takes (inſtructed by that Fall)
For fix'd, or worth her thought, this rolling Ball:
Tow'rds

Tow'rds a more certain Station ſhe aſpires,
Unſhaken by Revolts, and owns no leſs Deſires.
But all in vain are Pray'rs, extatick Thoughts,
Recover'd Moments, and retracted Faults,
Retirement, which the World *Moroſeneſs* calls,
Abandon'd Pleaſures in Monaſtick || Walls:
Theſe, but at diſtance, towards that purpoſe tend,
The lowly Means to an exalted End;
Which He muſt perfect, who allots her Stay,
And That, accompliſh'd, will direct the way.
Pity her reſtleſs Cares, and weary Striſe,
And point ſome Iſſue to eſcaping Life;
Which ſo diſmiſs'd, no Pen or Human Speech
Th' ineffable Receſs can ever teach:
Th' Expanſe, the Light, the Harmony, the Throng,
The Bride's Attendance, and the Bridal Song,
The numerous Manſions, and th' immortal Tree,
No Eye, unpurg'd by Death, muſt ever ſee,

|| *Wye* Colledge in *Kent*, formerly a Priory.

Or Waves which through that wond'rous City roll.
Reſt then content, my too impatient Soul;
Obſerve but here the eaſie Precepts given,
Then wait with chearful hope, till Heaven be [known in Heaven.

PSALM the 137th, *Paraphras'd to the* 7*th Verſe.*

PRoud *Babylon!* Thou ſaw'ſt us weep;
Euphrates, as he paſs'd along,
Saw, on his Banks, the Sacred Throng
A heavy, ſolemn Mourning keep.
Sad Captives to thy Sons, and Thee,
When nothing but our Tears were Free!

A Song of *Sion* they require,
And from the neighb'ring Trees to take
Each Man his dumb, neglected Lyre,
And chearful Sounds on them awake:
But chearful Sounds the Strings refuſe,
Nor will their Maſters Griefs abuſe.

How

How can We, Lord, thy Praiſe proclaim,
Here, in a ſtrange unhallow'd Land!
Leſt we provoke them to Blaſpheme
A Name, they do not underſtand;
And with rent Garments, that deplore
Above whate'er we felt before.

But, Thou, *Jeruſalem*, ſo Dear!
If thy lov'd Image e'er depart,
Or I forget thy Suff'rings here;
Let my right Hand forget her Art;
My Tongue her vocal Gift reſign;
And Sacred Verſe no more be mine!

The Battle between the Rats *and the* Weazles.

IN dire Conteſt the *Rats* and *Weazles* met,
And Foot to Foot, and Point to Point was ſet:
An ancient Quarrel had ſuch Hatred wrought,
That for Revenge, as for Renown, they fought.

Now

Now bloody was the Day, and hard the Strife,
Wherein bold Warriors loſt neglected Life:
But as, ſome Errors ſtill we muſt commit,
Nor Valour always ballanc'd is by Wit;
Among the *Rats* ſome Officers appear'd,
With lofty Plumage on their Foreheads rear'd,
Unthinking they, and ruin'd by their Pride:
For when the *Weazels* prov'd the ſtronger Side,
A gen'ral Rout befell, and a Retreat,
Was by the Vanquiſh'd now implor'd of Fate;
To ſlender Crannies all repair'd in haſte,
Where eaſily the undreſs'd Vulgar paſt:
But when the *Rats* of Figure wou'd have fled,
So wide thoſe branching Marks of Honour ſpread,
The Feather in the Cap was fatal to the Head.

Demo-

Democritus *and his Neighbours.*

Imitated from Fontaine.

IN Vulgar Minds what Errors do ariſe!
How diff'ring are the Notions, they poſſeſs,
From theirs, whom better Senſe do's bleſs,
Who juſtly are enroll'd amongſt the Learn'd and Wiſe!
Democritus, whilſt he all Science taught,
Was by his fooliſh Neighbours thought
Diſtracted in his Wits;
Who call his ſpeculative Flights,
His ſolitary Walks in ſtarry Nights,
But wild and frantick Fits.
Bleſs me, each cries, from ſuch a working Brain!
And to *Hippocrates* they ſend
The Sage's long-acquainted Friend,
To put in Tune his jarring Mind again,
And Pericranium mend.

Away

Away the Skilful *Doctor* comes
Of Recipes and Med'cines full,
To check the giddy Whirl of Nature's Fires,
If ſo th' unruly Caſe requires;
Or with his Cobweb-cleanſing Brooms
To ſweep and clear the over-crouded Scull,
If ſettl'd Spirits flag, and make the Patient dull.
But asking what the Symptoms were,
That made 'em think he was ſo bad?
The Man indeed, they cry'd, is wond'rous Mad.
You, at this Diſtance, may behold him there
Beneath that Tree in open Air,
Surrounded with the Engines of his Fate,
The Gimcracks of a broken Pate.
Thoſe *Hoops* a Sphere he calls,
That *Ball* the Earth;
And when into his raving Fit he falls,
'Twou'd move at once your Pity, and your Mirth,
To hear him, as you will do ſoon,
Declaring, there's a Kingdom in the Moon;

And

And that each Star, for ought he knows,
May ſome Inhabitants encloſe:
Philoſophers, he ſays, may there abound,
Such Jugglers as himſelf be in them found;
Which if there be, the World may well turn round;
At leaſt to thoſe, whoſe Whimſies are ſo ſtrange,
That, whilſt they're fixt to one peculiar Place,
Pretend to meaſure far extended Space,
And 'mongſt the Planets range.

Behold him now contemplating that Head,
From which long-ſince both Fleſh, and Brains are fled;
Queſtioning, if that empty, hollow Bowl
Did not ere while contain the Human Soul:
Then ſtarts a Doubt, if 'twere not to the Heart
That Nature rather did that Gift impart.
Good Sir, employ the utmoſt of your Skill,
To make him Wiſer, tho' againſt his Will;
Who thinks, that he already All exceeds,
And laughs at our moſt ſolemn Words and Deeds:

Tho'

Tho' once amongſt us he wou'd try a Cauſe,
And Bus'neſs of the Town diſcuſs,
Knowing, as well as one of us,
The Price of Corn, and ſtanding Market-Laws;
Wou'd bear an Office in his Turn,
For which good Purpoſes all Men were born;
Not to be making Circles in the Sand,
And ſcaling Heav'n, till they have ſold their Land;
Or, when unſtock'd below their Paſture lies,
To find out Bulls and Rams, amidſt the Skies.
From theſe Miſtakes his Madneſs we conclude;
And hearing, you was with much Skill endu'd,
Your Aid we ſought. *Hippocrates* amaz'd,
Now on the Sage, now on the Rabble gaz'd;
And whilſt he needleſs finds his artful Rules,
Pities a Man of Senſe, judg'd by a Croud of Fools.
Then how can we with their Opinions join,
Who, to promote ſome Int'reſt, wou'd define
The Peoples *Voice to be the Voice* Divine?

The

The TREE.

FAir *Tree!* for thy delightful Shade
'Tis juſt that ſome Return be made;
Sure, ſome Return is due from me
To thy cool Shadows, and to thee.
When thou to *Birds* do'ſt Shelter give,
Thou Muſick do'ſt from them receive;
If *Travellers* beneath thee ſtay,
Till Storms have worn themſelves away,
That Time in praiſing thee they ſpend,
And thy protecting Pow'r commend;
The *Shepherd* here, from Scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing Leaves his Reed;
Whilſt his lov'd Nymph, in Thanks, beſtows
Her flow'ry Chaplets on thy Boughs.
Shall I then only Silent be,
And no Return be made by me?
No; let this Wiſh upon thee wait,
And ſtill to flouriſh be thy Fate,

To future Ages may'ſt thou ſtand
Untouch'd by the raſh Workman's hand;
'Till that large Stock of Sap is ſpent,
Which gives thy Summer's Ornament;
'Till the fierce Winds, that vainly ſtrive
To ſhock thy Greatneſs whilſt alive,
Shall on thy lifeleſs Hour attend,
Prevent the Axe, and grace thy End;
Their ſcatter'd Strength together call,
And to the Clouds proclaim thy Fall;
Who then their Ev'ning-Dews may ſpare,
When thou no longer art their Care;
But ſhalt, like ancient Heroes, burn,
And ſome bright Hearth be made thy Urn.

A Nocturnal Reverie.

IN ſuch a *Night*, when every louder Wind
Is to its diſtant Cavern ſafe confin'd;
And only gentle *Zephyr* fans his Wings,
And lonely *Philomel*, ſtill waking, ſings;
Or from ſome Tree, fam'd for the *Owl*'s delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'rer right:
In ſuch a *Night*, when paſſing Clouds give place,
Or thinly vail the Heav'ns myſterious Face;
When in ſome River, overhung with Green,
The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are ſeen;
When freſhen'd Graſs now bears it ſelf upright,
And makes cool Banks to pleaſing Reſt invite,
Whence ſprings the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble*-[Roſe,
And where the ſleepy *Cowſlip* ſhelter'd grows;
Whilſt now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes,
Yet checquers ſtill with Red the dusky brakes:
When ſcatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,
Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to ſhine;

Whilſt *Salisb'ry* ſtands the Teſt of every Light,
In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright:
When Odours, which declin'd repelling Day,
Thro' temp'rate Air uninterrupted ſtray;
When darken'd Groves their ſofteſt Shadows wear,
And falling Waters we diſtinctly hear;
When thro' the Gloom more venerable ſhows
Some ancient Fabrick, awful in Repoſe,
While Sunburnt Hills their ſwarthy Looks conceal,
And ſwelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale:
When the loos'd *Horſe* now, as his Paſture leads,
Comes ſlowly grazing thro' th' adjoining Meads,
Whoſe ſtealing Pace, and lengthen'd Shade we fear,
Till torn up Forage in his Teeth we hear:
When nibbling *Sheep* at large purſue their Food,
And unmoleſted Kine rechew the Cud;
When *Curlews* cry beneath the Village-walls,
And to her ſtraggling Brood the *Partridge* calls;
Their ſhortliv'd Jubilee the Creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilſt Tyrant-*Man* do's ſleep:

When

When a ſedate Content the Spirit feels,
And no fierce Light diſturbs, whilſt it reveals;
But ſilent Muſings urge the Mind to ſeek
Something, too high for Syllables to ſpeak;
Till the free Soul to a compos'dneſs charm'd,
Finding the Elements of Rage diſarm'd,
O'er all below a ſolemn Quiet grown,
Joys in th'inferiour World, and thinks it like [Own:
In ſuch a *Night* let Me abroad remain,
Till Morning breaks, and All's confus'd again;
Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renew'd,
Or Pleaſures, ſeldom reach'd, again purſu'd.

ARISTOMENES:

OR, THE

Royal Shepherd.

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Ariſtomenes, Prince of the *Meſſenians* and *Arcadians*.

Ariſtor, Son to *Ariſtomenes*.

Alcander, a Principal Officer under *Ariſtomenes*.

Demagetus, Or the *Royal Shepherd*, } Son to the Prince of *Rhodes*, under the Diſguiſe of a Shepherd call'd *Climander*.

Arcaſius, An old Lord, under the Habit of a Shepherd, Counſellor to *Demagetus*.

Anaxander, One of the Kings of *Lacedemon* (for they had always Two) and Leader of their Forces againſt *Ariſtomenes*.

Clarinthus, Chief Counſellor to *Anaxander*, a Lord of *Sparta*.

Clinias, A Shepherd keeping his Flock on the Plains of *Meſſenia*, cloſe to the Walls of *Pharea*, with other Shepherds.

WOMEN.

Herminia, Daughter to *Ariſtomenes*.

Barina, Her Woman and Confident.

Amalintha, Daughter to *Anaxander*.

Phila, Her Woman and Confident.

Theata, and *Lamia*, } Shepherdeſſes on the Plains of *Meſſenia*.

Soldiers, Officers, Guards, and Attendants, ſeveral Lords of the *Spartan* Council.

The general SCENES are *Ariſtomenes*'s Camp near the Walls of *Pharea*; ſometimes the Town of *Pharea*, and ſometimes the Plains among the Shepherds.

ARIS

ARISTOMENES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A pleaſant Plain by a Wood-ſide; beyond it are ſeen, on one ſide, ſome of the Shepherds Hamlets; on the other (at a diſtance) the Walls of Phærea, *a Garriſon of the* Lacedemonians.

Enter Climander *meeting* Arcaſius; *both dreſt like Shepherds.*

Clim. HAſt thou provided me a Horſe and Arms,
A Sword, *Arcaſius*, that when Time has freed me
From the ſevere Injunctions of a Father,
May fill my Hand, inſtead of this vile Hook,
And fit it for the Work, a Prince is born to?

Arca. Unwillingly, I have obey'd your Orders;
But, 'till to-morrow's, and the next day's Sun
Shall light the angry, and contentious World,
Your Promiſe to your Father is in Force;
As well as the Aſſurance, which you gave,
That in my Cuſtody theſe Arms ſhou'd reſt,
Until that fatal Time demands their Uſe.

Clim.

Clim. Call it not Fatal; Oh! that 'twere arriv'd!
That *Ariſtomenes*, the *Spartan* Terrour,
Were leading me, this moment, bravely on
Through Dangers, equal to the Cauſe he fights for,
Preſerving theſe free Plains from foreign Bondage!
Though in the Strife this Body ſtrew'd the Ground,
To Fame, and Publick Good an early Victim.
Arca. O wretched *Rhodes!* Thy Ruin is pronounc'd,
And thou beneath th' impending Plagues may'ſt periſh;
Since He, whom Oracles appoint to Aid thee,
Thus wiſhes with his Own, to ſell Thy Safety,
For the raſh Praiſe of an intruding Warriour.
Clim. No more of Oracles!
Which oftner we fulfil by heedleſs Chance,
Than the vain Study to purſue their Meaning;
Which makes me baniſh, from my lab'ring Thoughts,
Thoſe Myſtick Words, which ſerve but to perplex them.
Arc. From Mine they will not part, nor ſhou'd from Yours;
Which to prevent, ev'n now I will repeat them:

The Iſle of Rhodes *ſhall be* of Peace *bereft,*
Unleſs it by the Heir thereof be left,
And that He wed, ere he returns agen,
The Beauteous Daughter of the Beſt of Men;

Whoſe

Whoſe Father's preſence there ſhall ſave the State,
And ſmooth the threatning Brow of angry Fate.

Clim. But, Who this Man, or, Where his Daughter is,
Was left in Darkneſs, to employ our Search:
Yet, in Obedience, Hither did I come
To feed a Flock, and mix with ſimple Swains;
Becauſe the Prieſts, who ſway in Princes Courts,
Declar'd, that perfect Innocence, and Virtue
Was to be found but in their lowly Rank,
And There, the Beſt of Men was to be ſought for.
Arc. 'Tis True, they did; and therefore urg'd our Prince;
That ſlighting (in a Caſe of ſuch Importance)
The Pride of Titles, and of equal Birth,
You might eſpouſe One of theſe Rural Maids,
Whoſe Parents harmleſs Preſence in our Land
Might bring the Bleſſings of the Gods upon us;
And, leſt the Wars (which ſtill infeſt theſe Countries)
Shou'd tempt you from the Fates, and his Deſign,
How ſtrictly did He Charge it on your Duty,
That, 'till the Time, which now, Two Days muſt end,
You ſhou'd not leave theſe Plains, to ſeek the Camp!
Clim. Nor have I done it, as Thyſelf can witneſs;
But here have ſpent the long and lazy Hours,
Careleſly ſtretch'd beneath ſome *Sylvan* Shade,
And only ſent my Wiſhes to their Tents:
But ere the Battle (which is ſoon intended)

Shall

Shall meet in glorious Tryal of their Right,
I will be there, and side with the *Messenians*.
Arc. Oh! that you wou'd not!
That first your Native Country might be serv'd,
Think on her Danger, and your Sovereign's Will:
'Twas to the Reed, and not the wrangling Trumpet
He bid you listen, to secure his Peace;
Nor have you look'd with Love, as he requir'd,
On any Shepherdess, tho' ne'er so Fair,
Or born of Parents, harmless as their Flocks.
Low on my Knees, my Lord, let me prevail;
[*He Kneels.*
That, when the Time, decreed you, do's expire,
You will not prosecute this rash Design;
But go with me yet farther on these Plains,
And seek to please your Father, and the Gods,
In such safe, humble ways, as they direct us.
Clim. Nay, prithee, do not kneel; it grates my Nature:
[*Raises him.*
But trust me, when we have subdued these Countries,
When *Lacedemon*'s Kings shall sue for Peace,
And make great *Aristomenes* Returns
Agreeing to his Merits, and their Wrongs,
And I have gain'd such Honour as becomes me;
Whate'er thou dost request shall be observ'd!
And tho' my Soul finds such vast disproportion
Betwixt the Thoughts, with which she is inspir'd,
And those, that lodge in these poor Country Maids;

Yet

Yet ſhall my Duty o'er my Temper riſe,
I'll truſt (like Others) only to my Eyes,
And think, that Women in Perfection are,
Tho ne'er ſo Ignorant, if Young and Fair,

Arc. Ha! [*A Noiſe is heard of diſtant Drums.*
Sure I hear the diſtant Sound of Drums. [*Aſide.*
Heav'n grant what I've been told, and kept ſo ſecret,
Of a Deſign this Day to end the War,
Be not a Truth too tempting for my Reaſons!

Enter frighted, Theata *and* Lamia, *Shepherdeſſes.*

Thea. Oh! may we here be ſafe, tell us *Climander?*
For all the Lawns, that lie beyond the Hill,
Where ſtill our Flocks were us'd to feed in peace,
Are fill'd with War, and dark with flying Arrows:
The Sheep diſperſe, whilſt none regard their Safety,
But call on *Pan,* to ſhield th'advent'rous Chief,
The noble *Ariſtomenes* from Danger.

Clim. Hear me, *Arcaſius,* hear and do not thwart me; [*Aſide to* Arc.
Nor tye me to a few remaining Hours:
For, by the horrid Shield, that bears the *Gorgon,*
I Swear; if thou refuſe to arm me now
With what I ſent thee lately to provide,
Theſe Feet ſhall bear me ſandal'd to the Battle,
This flow'ry Wreath ſhall mix with their ſtern Helmets,
And Death I'll take, if not impower'd to give it.

Arc.

Arc. Oh! do not ask my Aid; but in this Tryal,
Call all your fainting Virtue to assist
And help you keep your Promise to your Father.
Clin. I did not Promise him to be a Coward,
To let the Sound of War thus strike my Sense,
Yet keep my Heart in a cool, even Temper.
Hark! this way comes the Noise, and I will meet it.
[*As he is going, a confus'd Noise and Cry is heard within.*
Arc. They're Cries of Grief, and not the Shouts of Battle.
I hope All's past, lest He and *Rhodes* shou'd perish.

Enter meeting, Climander, Clinias, *and other Shepherds.*

1*st Shep.* Ruin'd, Undone!
Clin. Let every Shepherd weep!
Turn their sweet Harmony to Sighs and Groans!
To the fierce Wolves deliver up their Flocks,
And leave *Messenia* to the cruel Victor!
Clim. The Victor, *Clinias!* is the Fight then over?
Clin. It is, and We again the Slaves of *Sparta.*
Clim. Then *Aristomenes* must sure be breathless,
And, if he's Dead, fall'n in his Country's Cause!
The Gods have giv'n Him Fame, whilst We are Wretched.
Clin. Oh! He's not Dead, but Living in their Power,

Which,

Which, 'tis believ'd, they'll uſe with utmoſt Rigour:
Preſſing too far on the Auxiliary Troops,
The Foe ſurrounding bore him from his Horſe,
Then with the Thongs of their curs'd *Cretan* Bows
Bound his ſtrong Arms, and lead him off, in Triumph.

Clin. Convert, ye Powers, to Blood and Tears that Triumph!
Reſcue from their vile Hands the noble Prey,
And ſend him warmer Friends than *Demagetus*,
[*Aſide.*
Who, knowing not his Perſon, lov'd his Valour!
O ill-tim'd Duty, how haſt thou betray'd me!
Where is *Ariſtor?* Where's the brave *Alcander?*
[*To them.*

Clin. The firſt may ſhare in his great Father's Fate,
For ought, as yet, the Army can diſcover:
Alcander heads, but cannot lead them on,
And 'tis believ'd they quickly will forſake him;
Such cold Diſmay and Terrour has poſſeſs'd 'em!
Yet ere we part, forever part from hence,
(If ſo the cruel Tyrant ſhou'd Decree)
Let us appoint one ſad and ſolemn Meeting,
Where all the Enſigns of our former Mirth
May be defac'd and offer'd to His Praiſe,
That made our Nights ſecure, and bleſs'd our Days.

1*ſt Shep.*

1st *Shep.* So let it be!
Again, one Ev'ning on theſe Plains we'll meet,
2d *Shep.* But never tread them more with chearful Feet.
[*Exeunt Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

Clim. Cruel *Arcaſius!* How haſt thou undone me,
Charming me, with thy Tears, to this ſoft Circle,
Whilſt the bright Spirit, Honour is gone by,
And borne away on never-turning Pinions!
Why wou'd'ſt thou thus contrive againſt my Fame,
And rob my fiery Youth of this firſt War,
(For which it languiſh'd with a Lover's Fondneſs)
By ſaying ſtill 'twou'd laſt, 'till Time had freed me?
But I will yet purſue it thro' Deſpair,
And ſhare their Ruin, tho' deny'd their Glory.
[*As he's going* Arc. *kneels.*

Arc. Yet, this laſt time, behold my bended Knees,
Which if you ſlight ſhall of the Gods implore
A haſty Death, to fall on old *Arcaſius:*
Nor think, this Poſture means to croſs your way;
For, by thoſe Powers I ſwear; if they will Fight
As much, we hear 'tis doubted by the Shepherds,
I will not ſue, to keep you from the Army,
Or bring on me your future Life's Reproaches.
Let me obtain but This, for all my Service,
To be firſt ſent to ſound their Diſpoſition,
Which I'll relate with Truth, and help your Purpoſe:
In this Attempt Two Hours will not be loſt;
Oh! give ſo much, to ſave his Life, that loves you.

Clim.

Clim. Thou haſt obtain'd it, by thy promis'd Aid,
And my long Knowledge of the Truth that guides thee.
About it then, whilſt, in that ſhady Grove,
I with impatience wait for thy Return.
Arca. Which ſhall not be prolong'd, my Lord, believe me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter ſeveral Soldiers, running over the Stage, and throwing away their Arms.

1ſt *Sold.* Away, away, haſte to the Woods for Shelter.
2d *Sold.* Do they begin to ſally from the Town?
3d *Sold.* I know not; look behind him, he that will.
Here lies my Way—— [*They run into the Wood.*

Enter more, doing as the former.

1ſt *Sold.* Farewell the Wars! Oh! never ſuch a General!
2d *Sold.* Never ſuch Sorrow! never ſuch a General!

Enter more.

2d *Sold.* What, is the Army all diſpers'd, and broken! [*To them.*
3d *Sold.* No, but the Wiſeſt of them do as We do.
Away, away——

Enter Alcander *meeting them.*

Alcand. Why do ye fly my Friends, and caſt theſe from ye?
For ſhame! like Men, that once have known their Uſe,
Take 'em again, and wait, or ſeek the Foe.
3d Sold. Seek 'em, for what?
We cannot find our General out amongſt 'em:
'Tis thought they've made ſure Work with him already;
And now you'd have us run upon their Swords.
We thank you, Captain. Come away, away!
[*Exit follow'd by ſome others.*
Alc. Oh! yet my Fellow-Soldiers, ſtay and hear me;
Can ye ſo ſoon forget your Noble General,
Your *Ariſtomenes*, whoſe Courage fed ye,
And by whoſe Conduct, ye have ſlept ſecurely
In reach of Foes, that trebled ye in Number!
Can ye forget the Care, that heal'd your Wounds;
The Tongue, that prais'd them; or thoſe Liberal Hands,
That pour'd down Gold, faſter than they your Blood!
1ſt Sold. No; were he but amongſt us, we'd Dye with him.
2d Sold. We are no Cowards, Captain, nor Ungrateful.
But, ſince they ſay, He's Dead, What can we do?

Alcand.

Alcand. Go back, and keep a little while together;
At leaſt, 'till there are Tydings from the Town:
Then, if he lives, we may attempt his reſcue;
Or, if he's Dead, in a moſt juſt deſpair
Burn their accurſt *Pharea* o'er their Heads,
And then diſperſe, when we're ſo far reveng'd.
Do this my Friends; Come, come, I know you will:
You lov'd the General——

1*ſt Sold.* Curs'd be He, that did not!

2*d Sold.* We will go back, but ne'er ſhall ſee him more.

3*d Sold.* Then we will Fight no more, that's ſure enough.

4*th Sold.* Howe'er, let's follow the brave Captain here,
And ſtay, 'till we're inform'd as he adviſes.

Alcand. Come, I will march before you.
Take up your Arms and truſt, my Friends, to me;
Your Lives ſhall not be ſet on idle Hazards;
Loſe no more time, but let us join the Army.

[*They take up their Arms, and Exeunt.*

Enter Herminia *and* Barina, *Diſguis'd like Shepherdeſſes.*

Herm. Alas! *Barina*, whither wilt thou lead me?

Bar. To Safety, Madam, poor and humble Safety,
Which in thoſe Hamlets, now within our Sight,
The Shepherds find, with whom we may partake it.

Herm. Thus far indeed thou'ſt brought me on to ſeek it,
Urging the Danger of a Virgin's Honour,
When left defenceleſs to the Conqueror's Will!
But doſt thou think, we may not thro' theſe Woods
Find out ſome gloomy Cave to Men unknown,
And there expiring, ſleep ſecure for ever?
Bar. Why ſhou'd we Dye,
Since *Ariſtomenes* may yet be Living?
Herm. Oh! that thou had'ſt not nam'd him!
[*She ſtarts and weeps.*
'Till we were lodg'd, where Grief
Might have its Courſe; for now 'twill flow
And ſtop our farther Paſſage, barring the Sight
Which ſhou'd conduct our Steps.
Bar. It muſt not Madam, nor muſt you indulge it,
But put on chearful Looks to ſuit this Habit,
And make the World believe you what you ſeem.
Herm. I cannot do it.
In the midſt of Sports
I ſhou'd forget the gay, fantaſtick Scene,
And drop theſe Tears, when Smiles were moſt expected.
Bar. Then 'tis in vain farther to ſeek for Shelter:
Let us return and wait in your Pavilion,
Till *Anaxander* ſhall command you thence
To ſerve the baſe Delight of ſome proud *Spartan*.
Herm. Oh! yet avert that Fate, ye angry Powers!
I yield, *Barina*; make me what thou wilt:
See, I no more am Sad, look on this Brow;

Canſt

Canſt thou read there that I have loſt a Father,
The beſt, the fondeſt, and the deareſt Father?
Forgive the tender Thought, that breeds this Change;
I'll weep it off, and ſmile again to pleaſe thee.
Bar. No; I'll weep too, for his, that's paſt,
And your approaching Ruin.
Herm. Alas! I had forgot, but now am Calm:
What muſt I do? indeed I will obſerve thee.
Bar. Then not far hence, conceal'd within this Grove
Wait my Return, who muſt go find the Shepherds,
And frame ſome Story; that when you appear,
Thro' no Enquiries we become ſuſpected:
And in my abſence, be your Thoughts employ'd
To bend your Mind to what the Times require.
Herm. To Fate and thy Advice I will ſubmit,
Suit to my alter'd State my low Deſire;
My Fare be plain, and homely my Attire,
My Treſſes with a ſimple Fillet bind,
Face the hot Sun, and wither in the Wind;
In my parch'd Hand a rural Crook be found,
The Trees my Curtains, and my Bed the Ground:
That Fortune (who at Greatneſs aims her Blow)
When thus diſguis'd may not a Princeſs know.
[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to a Street in the Town of* Phærea (*the* Lacedemonian *Garriſon*) *a Rabble and many common Soldiers in the Street.*

1*ſt Sold.* All's done, all's done my Fellows.
We may now go home to our Wives, and our Shops.
1*ſt Rabble.* Ay, that we may; we have caught him at laſt,
That has been our Back-friend ſo long,
As one may ſay——
2*d Sold.* Nay, I'll be ſworn,
Thou ne'er look'd'ſt him in the Face:
But we ſhall have the toſſing, and the tumbling of him
Aſſoon as ever the ſowre-fac'd Senators
Have diſmiſs'd their Judgments upon him.
3*d Rabble.* Ay, I'll warrant ye, ſhall we;
Here, here he comes; bear back, bear back.
[Ariſtomenes *bound and guarded is conducted over the Stage, the Rabble crouding and following him with confus'd Cries and Shouts, Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changed, diſcovers a Council-Chamber in* Anaxander's *Palace:* Anaxander, Clarinthus, *and ſeveral Lords of* Sparta.

Anax. Moſt happily, my Lords, we now are met,
To ſee thoſe Hands in ſervile Fetters ty'd

Which

Which broke the Bondage of the proud *Meſſe-nians*,
Whom *Sparta* long had held in hard Subjection.
Ere yet their Captive General do's appear,
Be it amongſt your ſelves, My Lords, reſolved
What Courſe will anſwer beſt our Ends upon them.
Speak you, *Clarinthus*, for'moſt of the Aſſembly;
And then, let ev'ry one add what he pleaſes.
Clar. Short be my Speech, and plain, as is the way
Which muſt ſecure what *Lacedemon* toils for:
Let him reſign that Country, kept by him
From the entire Subjection, to our Yoke;
Or let his ſpeedy Death deliver to Us
What his too active Life has long kept back.
Anax. What ſay the reſt?——
All the Sen. All, all agree to this.
Clar. No middle Courſe can be of uſe to *Sparta*.
Anax. It is enough; Call for the Priſoner there.
A Lord. Bring in the Pris'ner; 'tis the King's Command.

Ariſtomenes *is brought in by the Guard.*
Ariſtor *in a* Spartan *Dreſs preſſes in amongſt the Croud, whilſt* Phila *appears at the Door.*

Anax. At laſt, we ſee the Hero can be Conquer'd. [*To* Clar.
Clar. Not in his Looks; for they are haughty ſtill,
And ſo his Mind will prove, if I miſtake not.
Anax. That you, our Pris'ner now, of late our Foe,

Have urg'd that Country, where you rule in Chief,
To break our Yoke, and make Incurſions on us,
Since known to all, will juſtify our Sentence
Which is; That you ſhall meet the Death deſerv'd,
Unleſs to keep our Quiet for the future,
You bring again *Meſſenia* to our Sway,
Paying ſuch Tribute, as ſhall be impos'd
By Us, the Lords of that offenſive State.
This is the Choice, we kindly ſet before you,
And wiſh, that you wou'd take the ſafeſt Part.

Ariſtom. Enſlave my Country, to ſecure my Life!
That Pow'r forbid it, under whoſe Protection
I've often fought her Battles with Succeſs,
And drove th' ill-grounded War home to your *Sparta!*

Clar. He braves us in his Bond: then you wou'd Dye.

Ariſtom. I do not ſay, I wou'd;
I am a Man, and Nature bars that ſaying:
Yet I dare Dye; no *Spartan* here, but knows it.
But ſince the Fates (whoſe Wills we beſt can read,
When thus unfolded in their dire Events)
Tell me by theſe vile Bonds I muſt ſubmit;
Propoſe the gentleſt Bargain you can make,
And if I find my Life bears equal Weight,
I am content to take it, elſe 'tis Yours.

Anax. 'Tis not for Us to wave, or change our Terms,
Miſtaken Men, who think not of our Power,
And that we may command what we propoſe:
Since the firſt Sally, now, muſt take Poſſeſſion

Of

Of what your frighted Rout will ſoon abandon.
Ariſtom. My frighted Rout!
Ye baſely wrong with foul reproachful Names
Thoſe valiant Troops, which yet ye cannot Conquer:
For know, thou proud inſulting *Anaxander*,
There's at their Head a reſolute young Man,
That will not 'bate thee in his ſtrict Account
One Sigh or Groan, thy Tortures or thy Dungeons
Shall wreſt in Dying from his Father's Boſom.

Anaxander *and the Senate talk among themſelves, whilſt* Ariitor *comes forward upon the Stage.*

But there he ſtands! [*Aſide ſeeing* Ariſtor.
Ariſtor thro' that *Spartan* Dreſs I view,
And ne'er, till now, wiſh'd not to ſee my Son.
Protect him from their Knowledge, ſome kind Pow'r,
If Youth, or Virtue e'er engag'd your Pity!
Clar. Let it be ſo, and ſpeedily perform'd,
[*Aloud.*
For He'll ne'er yield to what has been demanded.
Anax. You nam'd the Dungeon, with a Threaten too
Of ſwift Revenge, thinking to fright our Juſtice:
But we'll take care, firſt, to perform our Part,
Then, venture what your daring Son can offer.
The Dungeon is his Sentence, thither bear him.
Ariſtor. Not till this Hand has done a ſwifter Juſtice. [*Draws and runs at* Anax.
Anax. Ha! what means this, my Guards!
[*He avoids the thruſt:* Phila *runs in.*
Phila.

Phila. Help, Soldiers, help; ſeize that diſtracted *Spartan*,
Who now has got a Sword; Diſarm, and take him. [*They diſarm him.*

Ariſtor. 'Tis falſe; ſtand off, ye Slaves, and know I am——

Phila. Oh! ſtop his Mouth; for if he raves, he Dyes.
[*They ſtop his Mouth with a Handkerchief.*

Ariſtom. As ſure as now he Lives, had he ſpoke more [*Aſide.*
Therefore be bleſt the Stratagem that ſtopt him!

Anax. What means this, *Phila*; ſpeak, Who is this Madman?

Phila. One by a Friend entruſted to my Care,
Sent from the Country here to find a Cure;
But hearing, as the Croud paſs'd by his Lodgings,
That *Ariſtomenes* wou'd ſoon be Sentenc'd,
He broke his Ward, and fancy'd He muſt ſave him.
I have purſu'd him, 'till I'm faint with Crying,
And am confounded at his frantick Paſſion.
Oh! Royal Sir, .forgive it——

Anax. We do, and pity him: remove him hence,
Then, to thy Miſtreſs, my dear Daughter, Go
And ſay we now again ſhall ſoon ſee *Sparta.*

Phila. I ſhall, my Lord!
Now follow me, I'll lead ye to his Lodgings.
[*To the Guards.*

[*Exit* Phila *with the Guards bearing off* Ariſtor.

Ariſtom.

Ariſtom. Whoe'er ſhe be,
May Heaven reward her, if ſhe means his Safety.
[*Aſide.*
Now I can meditate on my own Fortunes,
And ſlight the worſt can reach me.
Anax. He's deep in Thought, which may produce a Change.
Again I'll try him—— [*To* Clar.
Now, *Ariſtomenes*, that this wild Chance
Has given you time to think upon our Sentence,
Have you enough conſider'd of it's Horror,
To bend your ſtubborn Will to our Demands?
Ariſtom. Yes, *Anaxander*, I have weigh'd it well:
That active Faculty, which we call *Phancy*,
Soon as you ſpoke, dragg'd me thus bound by Slaves
Thro' the throng'd Streets, exciting ſeveral Paſſions;
The Barb'rous Croud ſhouted their clamorous Joy,
Becauſe unpuniſh'd they might ſport with Blood;
Old Men and Matrons, deſtin'd long for Death,
With envious Pleaſure ſaw me forc'd before them
To tread that Path, in ſpight of vigorous Nature,
Whilſt tender Virgins turn'd aſide their Heads,
And dropt, in Silence, the ſoft Tears of Pity:
But, Oh! the Soldiers; from the Soldier's hands
Methoughts I ſaw their Swords neglected thrown,
When Fortune ſhew'd they cou'd not ſave the Braveſt
(If once ſhe frown'd) from ſuch a Fate as mine.
Clar. He'll move the Croud; urge him to ſpeak directly.

Anax.

Anax. All this is from the purpoſe; plainly tell
Whether you'll meet our Mercy, or the Dungeon.
Ariſtom. My Train of Thoughts to that dark Cave had led me;
I ſtood reclin'd upon the horrid Brim,
And gaz'd into it, 'till my baffl'd Sight
Piercing beyond the many jetting Rocks
That help to break by turns the falling Body,
Was loſt in Shades, where it muſt reſt for-ever:
And ready now to be puſh'd rudely off,
This was my laſt, and beſt Reflection on it,
That there dwelt Peace, which is not to be found
In his dark Boſom, that has ſold his Country.
Anax. Away with him to inſtant Tryal of it:
See this obey'd, and plunge him headlong down;
There, he'll have Time, if Life, for ſuch *fine* Thoughts.
Away, and bring me word it is perform'd.
[*Exeunt* Anax. *and Lords.*
Ariſtomenes *born off.*
Rabble and Sold. Away, away; the Dungeon, the Dungeon.
Peace and Proſperity to *Lacedemon!* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace. Ariſtor *alone.*

Ariſt. I've torn with Cries the Roof of this vile Manſion,
And from that Window, barr'd too cloſely up
To give me leave to leap upon their Heads,
Have curs'd the Croud, and told 'em whoſe I am;
At which they laugh, and cry 'tis *Phila*'s Madman. [*He attempts but cannot force the Door.*
Confuſion! that ſhe dares confine me thus!
Whilſt my free Thoughts, unfollow'd by my Hand,
Muſt ſee that curſed Deed, they can't prevent.
Oh! *Ariſtomenes*, my noble Father!
Hear me, ye Fates, and let me but Revenge him;
Give me Revenge; and now, methinks, I graſp it,
Broke thro' his Guards, I ſeize upon the Tyrant,
And ſtab him thus, and thus—— [*He acts all this.*
Then bear him to the Ground, thus falling on him,
And to his Heart thus tearing my wide way.
Oh! O', O', O',—— [*Throws himſelf upon the Ground.*

Enter Amalintha, *the Door by one without immediately lock'd after her.*

Amal. Where is this wretched Mourner?
Oh! let me find him, tho' to raiſe his Sorrows

With

With the ſad Sound of my repeated Groans.
Ha! on the Ground! then be it too my Seat!
[*Sits on the Ground by him.*
For I will ſhare in this Exceſs of Grief,
As well as in the Days of milder Fortune,
I bore a part in Love, that knew no Meaſure.
O *Ariſtomenes!* oh! my *Ariſtor!*
[*She puts her Handkerchief before her Eyes weeping.*
Ariſtor. Whoe'er thou art, repeat again that Sound:
Such Groans ſhall hourly iſſue from his Dungeon,
And fright the bloody *Spartans* into Madneſs.
[*He looks up.*
Ha! ſure I ſhou'd know that Form, that Shape, thoſe Limbs,
That lab'ring Boſom, and thoſe Locks diſhevel'd:
But take not from thy Face that friendly Cloud;
Do not expoſe it, leſt thro' all it's Charms
My deep Revenge find out whoſe Stamp it bears,
And urge me on to ſomething Dark and Fatal.
Amal. This from *Ariſtor!* this to *Amalintha!*
[*She riſes and ſhews her Face.*
Ariſtor. Why wou'd'ſt thou tempt me thus advent'rous Maid,
And bring the Blood of *Anaxander* near me?
[*Coming up fiercely to her.*
Canſt thou too fondly think, that Love's ſoft Bands,
His gentle Cords of Hyacinths and Roſes,
Wove in the dewy Spring, when Storms are ſilent,
Can tye theſe Hands, provok'd by horrid Murther!

Oh

Oh! do not truſt it——
But fly this Ground, while I have Power to bid thee.
Amal. *Ariſtor*, no; my Flight ſhall not preſerve me:
The Life, I've kept but to indulge your Love,
Now to this loud, miſtaken Rage I offer.
Take it, Oh! take it; Means cannot be wanting,
Altho' no Inſtrument of Death be near you:
This Hair, theſe flatter'd Locks, theſe once-lov'd Treſſes
Round my ſad Neck thus knit will ſoon perform it;
Or, on theſe trembling Lips your Hand but preſt
Will ſend the riſing Breath down to my Heart,
And break it, telling who deny'd it Paſſage.
Ariſtor. Tryal beyond the Strength of Man and Lover!
Amal. Or, if you wou'd be quicker in Diſpatch,
Speak but a few ſuch Words, as now you utter'd,
And my poor hov'ring Soul will fly before 'em.
Farewel *Ariſtor*, ſee! the Work is done:
I did but think I heard their killing Sound,
And the bare Fancy ſaves you farther Study.
[*She faints, he catches her in his Arms.*
Ariſtor. Oh! ſtop the glorious Fugitive a moment;
And I will whiſper to it ſuch Repentance,
Such Love, ſuch Fondneſs, ſuch unheard-of Paſſion,
As ſhall confine it to it's beauteous Manſion.
Thus let me hug, and preſs thee into Life,
And lend thee Motion from my beating Heart,

To

To ſet again the Springs of thine in working.
Amal. I hear your Summons, and my Life returns:
But tell me, ere again ſo firm 'tis fixt
That it muſt coſt an Agony like this,
To let it out to Liberty and Eaſe,
Will you not hate me for my Father's Guilt?
Ariſtor. By the ſoft Fires of Love, that fill my Breaſt,
And dart through all the Horrors of my Soul,
Like Heaven's bright Flaſhes in a Night of Shadows,
I will not hate, or e'er reproach thee more:
Yet let me breathe ſo gently one Complaint,
So gently, that it may not break thy Peace,
Tho' it for ever has diſcarded mine,
And ask, why you thus cruelly wou'd uſe me,
Why, have me ſeiz'd, and bound with frantick Fetters,
Snatch'd from my Duty by a Woman's wile,
And here confin'd, whilſt my great Father periſh'd?
Amal. 'Twas none of mine, by your dear ſelf I ſwear;
It was the Fates deſign and *Phila*'s action:
She ſaw you thus diſguis'd amongſt the Croud,
And, ere ſhe would acquaint me with your Danger,
Follow'd to watch the means how to prevent it.
Ariſtor. I will believe you to my Heart's relief,
Which muſt have broke, had your Conſent been with her.

But,

But, *Amalintha*, now my Rage is gone,
And Love thro' this miſtake has forc'd his way,
It ſpreads before my Thoughts the gaudy Scene
Of thoſe Delights, which have been once allow'd it;
Brings to my Phancy in their ſofteſt Dreſs
The gentle Hours, that told our private Meetings;
Shews me the Grove, where, by the Moon's pale Light
We've breath'd out tender Sighs, 'till coming Day
Has drawn them deeper, warning us to part,
Which ne'er we did, 'till ſome new Time was ſet
For the return of thoſe tranſporting Pleaſures.
Amal. And ſo again, *Ariſtor*, we'll contrive,
And ſo again, we'll meet, and ſigh, and love.
Ariſtor. Oh! O', O',——*Amalintha!*
Amal. Oh! why that Groan, that deep, that deathlike Groan!
Ariſtor. When Soul and Body part, it can't be ſofter;
And I muſt leave thee, Soul to ſad *Ariſtor*,
With all thoſe Pleaſures which I but repeated,
As Dying Friends will catch one laſt Embrace
Of what they know, they muſt forego forever.
Amal. Indeed, you've call'd my wand'ring Fancy back
From thoſe Delights, where 'twou'd have endleſs ſtray'd:
But, my *Ariſtor!* (for I'll call you mine,
Though all the Stars combine againſt my Title,
And bar fulfilling of the Vows they've witneſs'd)

Tell me, tho' we muſt ne'er in Nuptials join,
May we not meet, and at this diſtance ſigh?
And when I've hoarded up a Stock of Tears,
Which in the *Spartan*'s ſight I dare not laviſh,
Oh! tell me, if I may not ſeek you out,
And in large Showers thus pour them down before you? [*She weeps.*

Ariſtor. Ceaſe to oppreſs me more; thou weeping Beauty,
And think with what vaſt Storms my Soul is toſs'd! [*Comes up to hear earneſtly.*
Think too, that but to gaze upon thee thus,
To ſtand in reach of thy Ambroſial Breath,
And hear thy Voice, ſweet as the Ev'ning Notes,
When in ſtill Shades the Shepherds ſooth their Loves,
I wou'd not mind an Army in my way,
Or ſtop at raging Seas, or brazen Towers.
Yet, *Amalintha*, tho' I Dye to ſpeak it,
Yet, we muſt part, we muſt, my *Amalintha!*

Amal. Never to meet agen? Tell me but that.

Ariſtor. Alas! not I, the Fates can only tell it:
Let them make even one Account betwixt us,
And give this Hand the Liberty to ſeal it.
And we'll in ſpight of vengeful Thunder join,
If then, thy Heart be as reſolv'd as mine.

Amal. No: on thoſe Terms you mean, we muſt not meet:
But ſince thoſe Fates deny it to your Power,

The

The Will I to your mighty Wrongs forgive,
[*From without the Door.*
Phila. Madam, you'll be ſurpriz'd; haſte to return:
Your Father's now juſt going to your Lodgings.
Ariſtor. All Plagues and Curſes meet him!
[*Aſide.*
Amal. Oh! then I muſt be gone.
A little time will call the State to Council;
And when the Croud by that is thither drawn,
One I will ſend to wait on your Eſcape:
And if you tempt new Dangers, know *Ariſtor*
That *Amalintha* too will periſh in them.
Ariſtor. Fear not, my Love.
Phila. Haſte, Madam, haſte, or we are all Undone.
[*From without.*
Amal. So from his few ſhort Moments calls away
A gaſping Wretch, the cruel Bird of Prey;
Bids him make haſte th' Eternal Shades to find,
And leave like me, all that is Dear behind.
Ariſtor. Whilſt, like the Friend that's ſadly weeping by,
I ſee the much lov'd Spirit from me fly;
And with vain Cries purſue it to that Coaſt,
Where it muſt land, and my weak Hopes be loſt.
[*He leads her to the Door, and returns ſpeaking as he's going out at the Other.*
Now, let Revenge awhile ſuſtain my Heart,
And Fate yet cloſe my Life with ſome exalted Part!
[*Exit.*

The Stage darken'd repreſents the Inſide of a Dungeon, Ariſtomenes *lying down in it, and ſtruggling as coming out of a Swoon.*

Ariſtom. At laſt 'tis vanquiſh'd; and my ſoaring Spirits
Diſpel the gloomy Vapours, that oppreſs'd them,
And cloath'd my Dreams with more than mortal Horrour.
So low in my deep Phancy was I plung'd,
That o'er my Head impetuous Rivers ruſh'd,
And Mountains grew betwixt our World and me:
Hungry and Cold, methought I wander'd on
Thro' fruitleſs Plains, that Food nor Comfort nouriſh'd,
'Till hideous Serpents twiſted me about,
And drew me to their Den all foul and loathſome;
But I will quit the Bed, that breeds ſuch Viſions,
And ſummon all my Officers to Council;
For with to-morrow's Dawn we'll ſtorm *Phærea.*
[*He walks about feeling for the Door.*
Ha! where's the Door, my Tent is ſure transform'd,
And all I touch is Rock that ſtreams with Dew.
Oh! that I'd ſlept, that I had ſlept for ever!
[*He ſtarts.*
Yes, *Anaximander*, yes! thou worſt of Furies!
I know thy Dungeon now, and my dark Ruin:
Yet why, ye Fates, ſince fall'n below your Succour,

Wou'd

Wou'd ye thus cruelly reſtore my Senſes,
To make me count my Woes by tedious Moments,
Dye o'er again, choak'd by unwholſome Damps,
Parch'd up with Thirſt, or clung with pining Hunger,
Borne piecemeal to the Holes of lurking Adders,
Or mould'ring to this Earth, where thus I caſt me? [*Throws himſelf on the Ground.*

Muſick is heard without the SCENE, *after it has play'd awhile and ceaſes, He ſpeaks.*

How, Harmony! nay then the Fiends deride me:
For who, but they, can ſtrike Earth's ſounding Entrails,
Or with low Winds thus fill her tuneful Pores?
Oh! that ſome Words of horrid Senſe wou'd join it,
To tell me where I might conclude my Sorrows!

A Voice within Sings.

1*ſt* Voice. *Fallen Wretch! make haſte, and Dye!*
To that laſt Aſylum fly,
Where no anxious Drops of Care,
Where no ſighing Sorrows are,
Friends or Fortune none deplore,
None are Rich, and none are Poor,
Nor can Fate oppreſs them more.
To this laſt Aſylum fly,
Fallen Wretch! make haſte and Dye!
[*The Voice ceaſes.*

Ariſtom. Thou counſell'ſt rightly; ſhow me but the way,
And with the Speed thou urgeſt I'll obey thee.
[*He riſes.*

The Voice Sings again.

1ſt Voice. *A pointed Rock with little pains*
Will ſplit the Circle of thy Brains,
To thy Freedom I perſuade thee,
To a wat'ry Pit will lead thee,
Which has no glorious Sun-beam ſeen,
No Footſteep known, or bord'ring Green,
For thouſand rolling Ages paſt.
Fallen Wretch! to this make haſte,
To this laſt Aſylum fly,
Fallen Wretch! make haſte and Dye!

Ariſtom. I come, thou kind Provoker of Deſpair,
Which ſtill is neareſt Cure, when at the Higheſt.
I come, I come——

Going towards the Voice, another Sings at the other ſide, upon which He ſtops and liſtens.

2d Voice. *Stay, oh! ſtay; 'tis all Deluſion,*
And wou'd breed thee more Confuſion.
I, thy better Genius, move thee,
I, that guard, and I, that love thee;
I, who in thy rocky way,
Cloth'd in Eagles Feathers lay,
And in ſafety brought thee down,
Where none living e'er was known.
Chearful Hope I bring thee now,
Chearful Hope the Gods allow.

Mortal

Mortal, on their Pleaſures wait,
Nor ruſh into the Arms of Fate.
[*The Voice ceaſes.*

Ariſtom. To hope, is ſtill the Temper of the Brave:
And tho' a juſt Deſpair had diſpoſſeſs'd it,
Yet, thus encourag'd, will I truſt the Gods
With thoſe few Moments, Nature has to ſpare me;
Nor follow thee, thou bad perſuading Spirit.
Yet tell me, who thou art, and why thou tempt'ſt me?

1*ſt* Voice. *I thy evil Genius am,*
To Phærea *with thee came;*
Hung o'er thee in the murd'ring Croud,
And clapp'd my dusky Wings aloud;
Now endeavour'd to deceive thee,
And will never, never, leave thee.
2*d* Voice. *I'll protect him from thy Pow'r.*
1*ſt* Voice. *I ſhall find a careleſs Hour.*
2*d* Voice. *Laurels He again ſhall wear,*
War and Honour's Trumpet hear.
1*ſt* Voice. *For one fatal, famous Day,*
He his deareſt Blood ſhall pay.
Hear it ye repeating Stones,
And confirm it by your Groans!

[*A diſmal Groan is heard round the Dungeon.*

Ariſtom. What all this Bellowing for a Conqueror's Death!

The Field of Honour is his Bed of Eaſe;
He toils for't all the Day of his hard Life,
And lays him there at Night, renown'd and happy:
Therefore this Threat was vain malicious Fury.

1ſt Voice. *Now away, away I fly;*
For hated Good is ruſhing by.
[*Here the Voice ceaſes quite.*

A Machine, like a Fox, *runs about the Dungeon ſmelling, and ruſhes againſt* Ariſtomenes, *who taking it for his evil Genius, catches at it, and ſpeaks.*

Ariſtom. What! haſt thou Subſtance too, and dar'ſt aſſault me!
Nay then, thou ſhalt not 'ſcape; I'll ſeize and grapple with thee,
And by my conqu'ring Arm o'ercome thy Influence.
Fool that I was! to think, it cou'd be vanquiſht.
This is ſome rav'ning Beaſt; the Fur betrays it;
A *Fox*, I think, teach me to be as ſubtle,
Extremity, thou Mother of Invention! [*He catches it.*
I have it now; and where it leads, will follow.
My better Genius do's this Hour preſide:
Be ſtrong that Influence, and thou my Guide.
[*Exit, led out by the* Fox.

The SCENE *changes to the Plains by the Woodſide.*

Enter from the Wood Herminia *alone and faint.*

Herm. Here 'twas ſhe left me; but ſo far I've ſtray'd,
Unheeding every thing, but my ſad Thoughts,
That

That my faint Limbs no longer can ſupport me.
Oh! let me reſt; and if 'tis Death I feel,
A Gueſt more welcome none yet entertain'd.
[*She ſits down, leaning againſt a Tree.*

Enter Climander *looking towards the Camp, as expecting the return of* Arcaſius.

Clim. He has exceeded much the time prefixt;
And yet, I wou'd not doubt him:
I've climb'd the Hill, better to view the Camp;
And all are fixt, and motionleſs as Death.
Therefore a while I will command my Patience:
He cannot now be long——
[*He turns and ſees* Herm. *and gazes earneſtly on her.*
——Ha! Who lies there?
A lovely Shepherdeſs; but faint ſhe ſeems.
Say, beauteous Maid, if ſo much Strength is left,
How beſt a Stranger, may aſſiſt, or ſerve you!
[*He kneels down by her.*
She do's not ſpeak; but looks into my Heart,
And melts it to the ſoftneſs of her Eyes.
Hard by, a Spring clear as the Tears ſhe drops,
Runs bubbling under a delicious Shade:
Water, thence fetch'd in a Pomegranate's rind,
May call her fainting Spirits to their office.
[*He goes out.*

Herm. He's gone, but quickly will return again;
Yet he's ſo gentle ſure I need not fear him:
Tho' at his firſt approach my Heart beat high,
'Till *Halcyon* ſounds, and words of Pity calm'd it;
Nay, ſomething courtly in them was imply'd:
And if the Swains are poliſh'd, all like him,
Their humble Sheds may ſcorn our ruder Greatneſs.

Enter

Enter again Climander *with Water in a Pomgranate-Shell.*

Clim. Pan! if thou e'er did'ſt hear a Shepherd's Prayer,
Endue this Water, ſacred to thy Name,
With all the Vertues, needful to reſtore her.
[*She drinks.*
Herm. Your Pray'r is heard; kind Shepherd take my Thanks,
And He, whom you invok'd, reward you largely!
Clim. Oh! You may far outdo all He can grant,
In but declaring where you feed your Flocks,
And to what Shade, when *Phœbus* hotteſt ſhines,
You lead thoſe happy Sheep, to 'ſcape his Fury;
That I, expoſing mine to the wide Plains,
May ſeek you out, and ſigh till Night before you.
Herm. Alas! I have no Flocks, or Skill to guide them;
No leafy Hamlet, ſtrew'd with painted Flowers;
Or moſſy Pillow, to repoſe my Head:
But wander from a diſtant, fatal Place,
Where I have loſt my Parents, and my Succour,
And now, in ſuch a Habit as becomes it,
Seek the low Plains, to learn the Art you practiſe.
Clim. She may be Noble then; and for her Form,
'Tis ſure the faireſt that my Eyes e'er fix'd on.
[*Aſide.*
Who were your Parents, gentle Maid, declare?
Herm. They were not mean, and yet I muſt conceal them:
My Mother early Dy'd; but Fame has told me,

She'd

She'd all Perfections, which make other Proud,
Yet wore them, as ſhe knew not they adorn'd her.
And he, in this, my Father's Praiſe expreſt:
That by an Oracle He was confeſt
Of all the Race of Men to be the Beſt.

Clim. The Beſt of Men! and you the Faireſt Woman!
And in a Moment I the greateſt Lover!

[*He ſpeaks this tranſportedly and ſeizes her Hand, which he kiſſes.*

Whilſt to complete my Bliſs, by Heav'ns decree
Theſe Beauties all are mine, and thus I claim them.

Herm. Protect me all ye Powers, that wait on Virtue,
From the dark Ends of ſuch unruly Tranſports!

[*She takes her Hand away haſtily and riſes.*

Nor dare, preſumptuous Swain, once to renew them,
Or tempt more Dangers than a Crook can anſwer!

Clim. A Man there lives not, ſhou'd have urg'd that to me,
Built round with Steel, or plung'd all o'er in *Styx*.
Then, let your Beauty's Triumphs be complete,
Which, after ſuch a Threat, can bend my Knee,
And make me ſue for Pardon, as for Life.

Herm. I can forgive, whilſt I forbid ſuch Language;
Since She, who yields to have her Beauty worſhipp'd,
Muſt pay too much to him, that brings the Incenſe.

Clim. To Me you cannot, 'tis a Debt to Fate.
Your Heart is mine; the amorous Stars ordain it,
Which ſmiling, hung o'er my auſpicious Birth,

And

And not an angry Planet croſs'd their Influence:
They bid me Love, and the Harmonious God
When askt, what Path ſhou'd lead me on to Glory,
Sent forth a Sound, that charm'd the hoary Prieſt,
And ſaid, a Paſſion, ſoft as that, muſt bleſs me.
Then, do not ſtrive to diſappoint their Purpoſe,
Or quench Celeſtial Flames with Scorn or Coldneſs.
Oh! that a Smile might tell me, that you wou'd not,
A gentle Word, a Look, a Sigh confirm it,
Or any ſign, that bears the ſtamp of Love!
But 'tis in vain, and ſome more happy Youth
Has drawn my Lot, and mock'd foretelling *Phœbus*.

Herm. I muſt not leave you with a Thought that wrongs me:
For know, no Paſſion e'er poſſeſs'd this Breaſt,
Nor will the mighty Griefs, that now have ſeiz'd it,
E'er yield to give a ſofter Gueſt admittance.
But my Companion comes; Shepherd farewell!
When next we meet, if Heav'n that Moment ſends,
For your Aſſiſtance lent, we may be Friends.

Clim. Heav'n can't be true, if it no more affords,
Nor Oracles explain themſelves by Words.
Let talking Age the Joys of Friendſhip prove,
Beauty for Youth was made, and Youth alone for Love.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Myrtle-Grove with a Fountain belonging to Anaxander's *Palace.*

Enter Amalintha *and* Phila.

Amal. WHY had not I a barb'rous *Spartan* Soul,
Unapt for Love, and harſh, as our rude Cuſtoms!
Or why, ye cruel Fates! did you deny
My Birth to be among the neighb'ring Swains,
Where, on the flow'ry Banks of ſmooth *Paniſus*
I might have ſat, and heard the gentle Vows
Of ſome proteſting Shepherd, uncontroul'd!

Phila. 'Twas on thoſe fatal Plains, I well remember,
That firſt your Eyes encounter'd with *Ariſtor*'s.

Amal. Yes, in a Chace we met, when Truce allow'd it,
Where the young Prince, whom I too much had mark'd
Thro' all the graceful Toils of that bleſt Day,
Redeem'd my Life, with Hazard of his own,
From the chaf'd Boar, that now had almoſt ſeiz'd me.

Phila. When I arriv'd the firſt of all your Train,
I heard you thank him for the gen'rous Reſcue.

Amal. I did; yes *Phila*, with my Heart I thank'd him,
And paid it down a Ranſom for my Life:

Since

Since when, how often in this Place we've met,
And with what Pleaſure, thou alone can'ſt tell,
The only Friend, and witneſs of our Paſſion.
But, prithee go, and keep off all Intruders,
[*Exit* Phila.
Whilſt with my Sorrows now I tread this Grove,
Which ſhou'd not thrive, when all our Hopes are blaſted. [*She walks into the Grove.*

From the other Door, the Fox *runs over the Stage, follow'd ſoon after by* Ariſtomenes, *his Hands foul with Earth.*

Ariſtom. Farewell my wild Companion, and my Leader! [*Pointing to the* Fox.
Henceforth thy figure, in my Enſigns borne,
Shall tell the World (if e'er I 'ſcape theſe Walls)
That 'twas thy Conduct drew me from my Bondage.
How fair this Grove appears to my loath'd Dungeon! [*He ſees the Fountain.*
Oh! welcome to my Sight, thou gentle Spring!
Ne'er did'ſt thou cool a Thirſt, that rag'd like mine:
I bow my Knees upon thy moſſy Brim,
[*He kneels and lays his Mouth to the Stream.*
And, as they drank, ere Art had worſted Nature,
Draw thy refreſhing Stream to my ſcorch'd Entrails. [*Drinks agen.*
Again, O Nectar, moſt delicious!
This favour more, and then I quit thy Borders.
[*Waſhes the Earth off his Hands, and riſes.*

Re-enter Amalintha.

Amal. Oh! 'tis all diſmal, now that Love is abſent,
Faded the Flow'rs, and with'ring ev'ry Branch:
Whilſt

Whilſt thro' the Leaves the ſad, and ſighing Winds,
Methinks, all ſay, the Hours of Bliſs are paſt;
And here, we ne'er ſhall meet each other more.
[Ariſtom. *comes towards her.*
Ha! what Intruder do my Eyes behold?
A Stranger, and invade my private Walks,
The Doors too all ſecur'd! Tell how you came.
Ariſtom. As comes the Mole, by painful working upwards,
Till the ſweet Air beat on my clammy Brows.
Amal. There's ſomething myſtical in what you utter;
Which (tho' offended with your Preſence here)
I wou'd be glad farther to have Unriddl'd.
[*Draws her Dagger.*
This be my Guard; and now you may proceed,
And, if you dare, diſcover who you are.
Ariſtom. I'd not deny my Name, to 'ſcape that Dungeon, [*Pointing behind the Scenes.*
From whence theſe Hands have dug my way to Light.
'Tis *Ariſtomenes* that ſtands before you.
Amal. O bleſt and ſtrange Surprize! [*Aſide.*
Ariſtom. Now, if you have a Soul for noble Deeds,
As 'tis reported of you *Spartan* Ladies,
By my Eſcape your Fame ſhall riſe ſo high,
That ne'er an ancient Heroes ſhall outſoar it:
If not, I know the Place from whence I came,
And 'twill be told with more uncommon Things,
Which ſhall make up the Story of my Fortunes,
That I alone liv'd to be there twice Bury'd.
[*She looks about.*
Nay,

Nay, look not round; for if you fear you wrong me,
I wou'd not injure you, to gain my Safety.
Amal. Nor wou'd I fail to help you to ſecure it,
For all that *Lacedemon* holds moſt Precious.
I gaz'd about, leſt any were in ſight,
That might prevent my dear Deſign to ſave you.
Support me, as I walk, like one that ſerv'd me,
And when they have unlock'd that Poſtern-door,
I'll give you ſome Command before the Guard,
Which to perform they ſhall admit your Paſſage:
Or this muſt force it, if your evil Stars
[*Gives him her Dagger.*
Have plac'd ſuch there, as know and wou'd detain you.
Ariſtom. As long as Life, I'll proudly wear this Favour.
Amal. Oh! haſte, my Lord, loſe not this precious moment.
Ariſtom. No, ſtay; and ere I take one ſtep tow'rds Freedom,
Let me be told, to whoſe bleſt Aid I owe it;
And how I may diſcharge ſo vaſt a Debt:
Tho' I, and all that's dear to me ſhou'd periſh,
I wou'd not ſtir, 'till ſatisfy'd in this.
Amal. Know then, my Lord———
Tho' whilſt I ſpeak, I tremble for your Danger,
That to declare my Name, might work my Ruin:
But ſince ſuch Gratitude crowns your great Virtues,
I have a Bleſſing to implore from you,
When the full Time ſhall ripen and reveal it;
Harder, I fear, to grant, and much more dear

Than

Than what I now aſſiſt you to preſerve.

Ariſtom. By Liberty, which none like me can value,
By new-recovered Light, and what it ſhews me,
Your brighter Form, with yet a fairer Mind,
By all the ties of Honour, here I ſwear;
Be that untouch'd, and your Requeſt is granted.

Amal. Of you, my Lord, and of the liſt'ning Gods
I ask no more——but, that you haſte to 'ſcape:
Without that Camp the open Champain lies.
May Fortune, which the hardeſt Part has done,
Crown her great Work, and lead you ſafely on!

[*Exit* Ariſtom. *leading her.*

Enter Phila *weeping.*

Phila. What ſhall I ſay, or how reveal this to her?
Is't not enough, ye Gods, we bear our own,
That thus you ſuffer the vain trifler *Love*
To bring the Griefs of others too upon us!

Amalintha *returns.*

Amal. Oh! *Phila*, I ſuch Tydings have to tell thee,
But thou haſt chill'd them in a Moments ſpace
With that cold dew that trickles from thine Eyes.
Is not *Ariſtor* ſafe?——
Thou ſay'ſt he is not, in that weeping ſilence:
But lives he yet? if this thou do'ſt not anſwer,
My Death ſhall free thee from all farther Queſtions.

Phila. Yet he do's live:
But oh! that ſome free Tongue, that lov'd you leſs,
Cou'd tell how little time that Life muſt laſt
To you ſo precious, and I fear ſo fatal!
Amal. Go on; and if thou kill'ſt me with the Story,
Believe thou'ſt crown'd the Kindneſs of thy Life,
By giving endleſs Reſt to her that wants it.
Phila. I cannot ſpeak—— [*Weeping.*
Amal. Then one, that can, I inſtantly muſt ſeek for. [*Going out.*
Phila. Publick Enquiry pulls his Ruin on her.
Stay, Madam, ſtay, and ſince it muſt be told,
Know that *Ariſtor*, ſoon as free to do it,
Again into your Father's preſence ruſh'd,
And makes a new attempt upon his Perſon,
But miſs'd his Blow, was ſeiz'd, and in Confinement
Now waits but the aſſembling of the Council,
Throughly to be examin'd, and diſcover'd.
Amal. Darkneſs, and Night ſurround me.
With this Relief to my ſad Bed I go,
[*Siezes* Phila's *Dagger.*
There wrapt in horrid Shades will lay me down,
And, when thou com'ſt charg'd with the heavy News,
Beware, no tedious Circumſtance detain,
No fruitleſs Pray'r, or word of Comfort 'ſcape thee;
But with a Voice, ſuch as the Dying uſe,
Bid me expire——
——Then to my Father go,

And

And ſay, he kill'd his Daughter in his Foe;
Who knowing, ſhe his Temper cou'd not move,
Th' exceſs of Hate paid with th' exceſs of Love.
[*Exit weeping and leaning on* Phila.

The SCENE *changes to the Plains.*

Enter Climander.

Clim. All Patience this wou'd tire——
I will not wait the Trifler's ſlow return,
But go my ſelf (tho' thus unarm'd) amongſt them.
[*He is going and meets* Arcaſius.
Art thou at length come back!
If 'twou'd not waſte more time to blame thy ſtay,
Old loit'ring Man! I ſhou'd reprove thee for it.
Arcas. 'Twas vain to move, 'till I had ſeen the utmoſt,
Clim. The utmoſt! What was that, will they not Fight?
Not Dye for ſuch a General!
Arcas. My Lord, they will not——
Tho' brave *Alcander* tries to urge their Fury,
And waſtes his own, to put new Life into them!
Sometimes he weeps, and throws his Helmet from him,
Kneels to his Troops, and wooes them to Compaſſion,
Which draws a gen'ral ſympathizing Show'r,
And makes him think, he has obtain'd his Purpoſe:
Then on his fiery Steed in haſte he leaps,
And cries, Come on; but not an Enſign waves,
Or any Motion ſeconds the Deſign.

The Meaner ſort cry out aloud for Pay,
And mutiny to be diſcharg'd the Service.
Clim. Baſe, mercenary Slaves! Yet theſe I'll uſe:
The Gold and Jewels which my Father gave,
Will fire their Souls, inſenſible of Duty;
And by it's aid, I'll gain what moſt I thirſt for.
A King his Claim but to one Kingdom lays,
Wide as the Univerſe is boundleſs Praiſe.
This ſhining Maſs ſhall buy a glorious Name,
They purchaſe all the World, who purchaſe Fame.
[*He is going.*
Arcas. Since you're determin'd to attempt theſe Dangers,
Let me declare the Time to be expir'd,
Which bound you in your Promiſe to your Father:
By Artifice I wrought you to believe
Thoſe Days remain'd, which are indeed run out.
Your Soul may now be free, and Heaven protect you!
Clim. For this diſcov'ry I'll return another
Worthy thy knowledge, when we meet again:
But now make haſte, and from its deep concealment,
In the low Earth, fetch me the Wealth I mention'd.
About theſe Woods thy quick Return ſhall find me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Herminia *and* Barina.

Bar. See we are come to ſoon; I ſaid 'twou'd prove ſo.

Herm.

Herm. It is no matter, long we ſhall not wait.
[Bar. *looks out for the Shepherds.*
I dare not tell her, that I like this Shepherd,
Nor yet indeed ſcarce own it to my ſelf.
'Tis ſtrange, my Mind ſhou'd ſink thus with my Fortunes;
Yet he did talk above their humble ſtrain,
And, as he knew that Nature had ſupply'd
What Fortune had deny'd him for Attraction,
Claim'd my weak Heart, and ſaid he muſt poſſeſs it.
Bar. Sure, they've put off this melancholy Meeting
Deſign'd in Honour of their loſt Protector,
In which our ſhare (tho' ſecret) muſt be greateſt.
I ſee none move, nor hear their mournful Notes.
Herm. Be not impatient: Where can we be better?
Have I not heard thee ſay ſometimes, *Barina*,
That in a Dream, form'd by the Day's diſcourſe
Of the ſweet Life, that here they led in ſafety,
My Mother ſaw me wed one of theſe Swains,
And ſmil'd, tho' I had made a Choice below me?
Bar. She did; and therefore never wou'd conſent
That you, like others, ſhou'd behold their Revels:
Nor have I, ſince her Death left you my Charge,
Allow'd it, till worſe Dangers forc'd us hither;
Tho' of my ſelf, I ne'er obſerve ſuch Trifles,
Herm. D'ye call thoſe nightly Viſions then but Trifles?
Bar. No doubt our Dreams are ſo; the work of Phancy,
Where things of Yeſterday are odly piec'd

With what had paſs'd ſome twenty Years before,
Knit in a weak and diſproportion'd Chain,
Which cannot hold to lead us to the Future.
Whate'er I've ſaid, I wiſh this had no meaning,
[*Aſide.*
And that ſome other Place cou'd give us ſhelter.

Herm. We'll walk a while——
Great *Ariſtomenes*, now cou'd I meet thee!
But that's a Bleſſing which I muſt not know,
[*Aſide.*
'Till where thine is, my Spirit too ſhall go.
Oh! that my Grief wou'd force it to retire,
And Tears for him quench this new-kindl'd Fire!
[*They go off the Stage.*

Enter at the other Door Climander.

Clim. Either my Eyes, indulgent to my Love,
Deceive my Hopes; or now, within their reach
That unknown Beauty moves, which lately charm'd them.
'Tis ſhe! and with the ſpeed that ſuits my Paſſion,
I will o'ertake, and farther urge it to her.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Herminia.

Herm. She fears my Fate, and fain wou'd have me go,
Before th' aſſembling Shepherds are arriv'd;
And having met one that can give her tydings,
Is buſy to enquire about their coming.

Untimely

Untimely Caution!——————
——————'Tis too late to move,
When once o'ertaken by the wings of Love.

Enter Climander *behind her.*

Clim. From thoſe fair Lips no ſooner fell that word,
But all the neighb'ring Ecchoes caught the Sound,
And ſent it doubl'd to *Climander*'s Boſom:
The am'rous Streams have borne it down their Banks,
And the glad Plains breathe nothing, ſince, but Love.
Oh! ſpeak it once again, and the fond Vine
Shall with a ſtricter graſp embrace the Elm,
Whilſt joyful Birds ſhall hail it from the Branches.

Herm. No; I have ſpoke too much——
Since on theſe Plains no ſyllable is ſecret,
Hereafter my cloſe Thoughts ſhall be confin'd,
And in this Breaſt lock'd up from all Men's Knowledge.

Clim. Oh! not if Love be there; it cannot be:
Silence can ne'er laſt long, nor yet conceal it,
A thouſand ways 'twill ſpeak without a Voice,
And, whilſt it ſtruggles to obtain that Freedom,
Betraying Sighs will 'ſcape, and more declare it;
'Twill ſpeak in liſt'ning to the Lover's Tale,
And ſay, 'tis Sympathy that makes it pleaſant.

Herm. He ſhakes my Soul, whilſt thus he do's deſcribe it:
For all he ſpeaks I feel, and he muſt find. [*Aſide.*

Oh! yet, let me reflect upon my Birth,
And quit, in time, the Ground I can't maintain!
[*She's going.*
Clim. Nay, do not fly me, and I will be Speechless:
For if I ſpeak, whilſt on your Eyes I gaze,
It muſt be all of Love, and that offends you;
Yet ſince, perhaps, I ne'er may meet you more,
I wou'd have told the Story of my Heart,
And e'er it breaks, have mov'd you to Compaſſion.
Herm. Meet him no more! then, what can Crowns afford me,
Amidſt the noiſie Pomp, that waits their Luſtre?
Still ſhou'd I vainly liſten for the Sound [*Aſide.*
Of ſuch ſoft Words which charm my Sorrows from me.
Oh! that our Births were equal, as our Thoughts!
Yet I will pity him, and Fate be guilty,
[*She ſtops and turns towards him.*
Clim. Bleſt be the Thought, that thus retards your ſteps,
And turns again thoſe gentle Lights upon me!
If Pity 'twas; Oh! yet indulge that warmth,
And Love 'twill ſoon produce, to meet my Wiſhes.
[*She looks kindly on him.*
'Tis done, 'tis done! be witneſs ye ſtill Skies,
That all her Looks are calm, and ſmooth as yours,
And not one Frown forbids my forward Hopes:
Let this fair Hand be added to confirm them,
And eaſe the mighty longings of my Paſſion.
[*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*

Herm.

Herm. Take, freely take this first and last of Favours.
Now, Shepherd rise, and hear what I've to say;
And if a Sigh mix with the fatal Sentence,
Believe, 'tis from the Grief, with which I give it.
You must not love me—— [*She sighs.*

Clim. I must not love you, tho' you Sigh to speak it!
Shou'd *Pan* pronounce it, in a Voice so loud
'Twou'd rive the knotty Oaks, that shade his Altars,
I wou'd to *Syrinxes* oppose your Beauties,
And ask the Gods, whose Loves had best Foundation?

Herm. Those Gods, who made our Births so disproportion'd,
Wou'd say, they ne'er design'd our Hands shou'd join.
But see! the Swains are gath'ring tow'rds this Place:
Yet, Shepherd, know, that if a Prince wou'd Love,
'Tis in your Form he must successful prove.

Enter Arcasius *with a Casket.*

Clim. Then in this happy Form, since you approve it,
Behold—— [*She interrupts him.*

Herm. No more! as you wou'd keep th'Esteem I've shown you. [*Exit.*

Clim. Another time must tell this Secret to her.
Th' Ambition of her Mind charms like her Person,
[*Aside.*
Nor

Nor can the Blood, that bleeds ſuch Thoughts be abject.
But welcome good *Arcaſius* with that Bait,
Which ſhall be ſoon diſpers'd among the Soldiers:
And if it win them to my great Deſign,
'Tis worth the Kingdoms which its Price might ranſom.

[*Exeunt with the Casket follow'd by* Arcaſius.

Enter Theata *and* Lamia.

Lamia. The Dews are falling, and the Sun declin'd,
Whilſt from this neighb'ring Grove are heard the Notes
Of that ſweet Bird, that warbles to the Night,
Now telling us her Shadows are approaching:
And yet the tardy Shepherds are not come.

Theata. When all our Hours were gay, it was not thus:
But who can haſte to break his chearful Pipe,
Tear the ſweet Garland, made by her he ſighs for,
And ſing of Death, when Love is all his Paſſion?

Lamia. Now thou doſt talk of Love, yet ere we part,
Or fall into our melancholy Strains,
Lend to that Eccho, greedy of thy Voice,
Some moving Words, upon ſo ſoft a ſubject.

Theata. Rather that Song I'd chuſe, which do's prefer
To all things elſe the Joys of theſe ſweet Plains;
Since, now perhaps, we muſt too ſoon forſake them.

Lamia.

Lamia. A better can't be chose; haste to perform it,
Lest the sad Ceremony break our purpose.

The SONG.

(1.)

She Sings. *A young Shepherd his Life*
In soft Pleasure still leads,
Tunes his Voice to his Reed,
And makes Love in the Shades.
To be Great, to be Wise,
To be Rich, to be Proud,
To be loaded with Bus'ness
Or lost in a Croud,
He ne'er seeks, or desires:
Let but Silvia *be won,*
He is Great, he is Rich,
And his Bus'ness is done.

(2.)

Whilst their Nymphs are as happy,
As Happy as Fair;
For who has most Beauty,
Has of Lovers most share.
Some will stay, some will fly,
Some be false, some be true:
For the Lost we ne'er grieve,
But still cherish the New. [*Shouts.*
'Tis vain of their Frailties,
Or Falsboods to mind 'em:
Mankind we must take,
We must take, as we find 'em.

Thala.

Theaka. What Shouts are theſe! [*Shouts.*
Lamia, They're loud, and ſpeak ſome Joy; and ſtill repeated.

Enter Herminia *and* Barina.

Lamia, Fair Stranger, know you whence theſe Shouts proceed?
Herm. I do not; but theſe coming, ſure, can tell us.

Enter with great Signs of Joy Clinias *with other Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes,* &c.

Clim. Swell, ſwell, *Paniſus,* o'er thy ſpacious Bounds,
Flow like our Joy, and chear the Meads about thee.
Pan, take in thankful Sacrifice; our Flocks,
And ev'ry rural Swain proclaim his Praiſes!
Lamia. Such Sounds, as theſe, meet with a gen'ral welcome:
But yet, the Cauſe we wiſh to hear explain'd.
Good *Clinias,* tell the Cauſe———
Clin. He is return'd, and ſtands, like Fate, amongſt 'em,
The Plain's Protector, and the Army's Genius,
The Virgin's Refuge, when the Town's in Flames,
And Shield to thoſe whom Fortune makes his Vaſſals.
Herm. 'Tis *Ariſtomenes* thou haſt deſcrib'd:
No other e'er cou'd fill a Praiſe like this.
Clin. 'Tis He indeed, next to the Gods, our Succour.
Herm. Tranſporting News! how did the Army meet him? *Clin.*

Clin. Juſt as a long ſtopt Current meets the Sea,
And ruſhes on, when once 't has forc'd a Paſſage.
2d Shep. Heav'n has their Plumes; for high as that they toſs 'em:
And not a duſty Soldier in the Hoſt,
That has not hugg'd him to his ſwarthy Boſom.
Clin. No Voice is what it was an Hour ago;
And their hoarſe Joy ſounds like their diſtant Drums:
His Hands, as if the *Cretan* Thongs ſtill held them,
Are uſeleſs made, and fetter'd now with Kiſſes;
Whilſt neighing Steeds think that the War ſurrounds them,
And prance in Air light as their Maſter's Minds.
2d Shep. How he eſcap'd, all ask in ſuch Confuſion,
That their loud Queſtions drive his Anſwers back;
And will not let them reach the neareſt to him.
Herm. It is enough, ye Powers that guard *Meſſenia!*
We now muſt change our Habits, and return.
[*Aſide to* Bar.
What did I ſay, return! O yes! I muſt,
And never hope to ſee *Climander* more: [*To herſelf.*
Yet will I give my Heart this laſt Relief
(Since Fate will have it bear th'unequal Paſſion)
To let him know my Love, and endleſs Flight,
And live on the dear Thought that he laments it.
[*Exit with* Bar.
Lam. Where is *Ariſtor?* Is he too return'd?
Clin. That queſtion did the Gen'ral ask aloud;
And 'twas the only one that cou'd be heard:

But

But no reply was made; I think he is not.
Theata. Then we're but half reſtor'd——
For he ſo heavily will take that Loſs,
Our Joys will not be long, not he amongſt us.
Lamia. Fear not the worſt——
2d Shep. I met a rumour of a ſtranger Prince,
That with large Sums new fir'd the trembling Hoſt,
And from the Camp had led on ſome Deſign
A Party, that for Wealth wou'd riſque their Lives,
Tho' cold and dull to Thoughts of gen'rous Duty.
Clin. 'Tis true; of *Rhodes* they ſay,
And ſome I heard that call'd him *Demagetus.*
Thick flew his Gold, as ſwarms of Summer-Bees,
And 'twas to ſuccour or revenge the Gen'ral.
He ask'd their Aid——
But whither he has led them, none can tell.
Ere *Ariſtomes* return'd, he went
And is not heard of ſince.
2d Shep. The Gen'ral's ſafe, and that's enough for us:
Now therefore *Clinias*, you that guide our Sports,
Tell us what we're to do to ſhew our Joy.

Clin. To Laugh, to Sing, to Dance, to Play,
To riſe with new appearing Day;
And ere the Sun has kiſs'd 'em dry,
With various Rubans Noſegays tye.
Deckt with Flow'rs, and cloath'd in Green,
Ev'ry Shepherdeſs be ſeen:
Ev'ry Swain with Heart and Voice
Meet him, meet him, and rejoice:

With

With redoubl'd Pæans *ſing him,*
To the Plains, in Triumph bring him:
And let Pan *and* Mars *agree,*
That none's ſo kind and brave as He.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The General's Pavilion.

Enter Dreſt in the Habit of an Officer Demagetus *with* Arcaſius.

Dema. SH'has left the Plains, and is not to be found.
How cou'd'ſt thou bring this cruel Story to me,
Ere thou had'ſt ſearch'd *Meſſenia*'s utmoſt Bound,
And travell'd o'er the ſpacious World of Shepherds?
She muſt be yet amongſt their Shades conceal'd;
And thro' them will I pierce, like prying *Phœbus*,
To find my Love, or loſe myſelf for ever.

Arca. You will not hear (ſo much your Paſſion ſways)
The Reaſons, why I choſe to ſee you firſt,
Ere I proceeded to purſue her Paths.

Dema. There ſpoke the ſixty Winters, that have froze thee,
And turn'd ſwift eager Love to Icy Reaſons.
I muſt be Cold as thou art, if I hear thee,
Or loſe one moment more in doating Queſtions.
[*He's going.*

Arca.

Arca. Behold theſe Tokens, and let them retard you.

Dema. Tokens of Love, ſent to the fond *Climander*. Oh! thou haſt found a way indeed to ſtay me.

Arca. Take that, to you directed; [*A Letter.*
And 'twas my Hopes from thence of ſome Diſcovery,
That kept me here 'till you had broke and read it.

Dema. Then thou ſhalt hear it.

[*Reads the Direction.*

This to Climander *from the Nymph that leaves him*
To everlaſting Grief, ſhou'd have been added:
For ſo 'twill prove, if no more Comfort's here.

[*He reads it.*

To love, yet from the Object fly,
Harder is, than 'tis to Dye:
Yet, for ever I remove,
Yet, for ever will I love.
Shepherd, ſeek no more to find;
Fate, not I, has been Unkind.

We pluck on Fate, by ſtriving to avoid it.
To ſhun the low Addreſſes of a Swain,
For ever has ſhe left a Prince deſpairing.
Why didſt thou not, as I at parting bid thee,
Find out, and let her know my fair Intentions,
And that my Birth was Noble as her Wiſhes?

Arca. I was not negligent, nor wou'd be thought ſo:
But full of Tranſports when I heard your Story,
Thinking the Fates wou'd now fulfill their Promiſe
Thro' her the Daughter to the beſt of Men,

Fled

Fled to diſcover what you gave in Charge,
Travers'd the Plains in a long fruitleſs Search,
But cou'd not find that Beauty born to Bleſs us.

Dema. I ſhew'd thee, as we paſs'd, her new rais'd Hamlet.

Arca. Thither at laſt I went, but Oh! too late:
For ere I reach'd it, the fair Gueſt was vaniſh'd;
Upon the Floor lay her neglected Hook,
And o'er the Door hung Boughs of fading Willow,
To ſhew, as Shepherds uſe, the Place forſaken.
That Paper there I found, and near it lay
This precious Gemm, that bears a well-cut Signet,
[*Shews him a Ring.*
By chance ſure dropt, yet may aſſiſt your Purpoſe.

Dema. Give me that Emblem of my fatal Paſſion:
For without End is that, as is this Circle.
Oh! that my way to Bliſs ſhou'd ſeem ſo plain,
Yet in a moment thus be loſt and wilder'd!
Now in the midſt of Crouds and loud Applauſes,
That greet me for reſtoring them *Ariſtor*,
Muſt wretched *Demagetus* ſigh for Love,
And hang his drooping Head, tho' wreath'd with Laurels. [*A ſound of Drums and Trumpets.*
But hark! the Gen'ral comes——
To him the Oracle I have reveal'd,
And all the Story of my rural Life.
I'll tell him too the Cauſe of my new Grief,
Which to relieve, I inſtantly muſt leave him.

A FLOURISH.

Enter Ariſtomenes, Ariſtor, Alcander, *and other Attendants.*

Ariſtom. Why, *Demagetus*, art thou from my Sight,
From theſe fond Arms, that ever thus wou'd hold thee! [*Embracing him.*
Thou kind Reſtorer of my lov'd *Ariſtor*.
Come to the Camp, and hear them ſhout thy Name,
Whilſt I declare thee equal in Command
With him, who owes his Life to thy young Valour.
Dema. Alas! my Lord ——
Ariſtom. A Soldier ſigh, when courting Fame attends him!
I know you Love, by your own kind Confeſſion:
But that too muſt ſucceed, ſince now your Birth
Is known to anſwer all the great Deſires,
Which, to my Wonder, did poſſeſs the Breaſt
Of that fair rural Maid, whoſe Beauty charm'd you.
We'll ſend, and with the Pomp that ſuits a Princeſs,
(Since ſuch your gen'rous Paſſion means to make her)
Have her conducted to a rich Pavilion,
And join your Hands, as Heav'n has join'd your Hearts.
This, my *Ariſtor*, be your pleaſing Task.

Enter

Enter an Attendant to Ariſtomenes.

Attend. The Princeſs is without, and waits your Pleaſure.

Ariſtom. Conduct her in——
I ſent for her, to ſee the generous Stranger.
[*To* Alcander.

Enter behind the Company Herminia *and* Barina.

Ariſtor. My Lord, what you command, I take in charge. [*To* Ariſtomenes.
Tell me, my beſt of Friends, the way to ſerve you.
[*To* Demagetus.

Dema. I know it not my ſelf, and that's the Torture.
Hear me, my Lord, nor think my Sorrows light:
[*To* Ariſtomenes.
For Love, the only Comfort of fond Youth,
Is loſt for ever to the poor *Climander.*

Herm. Climander——— [*To* Barina.
That Name and Voice bears down my fainting Spirits.
I ſhall be known, yet have not Strength to fly:
Where will this end, and where's *Herminia*'s Honour! [*To her ſelf.*

Ariſtom. So ſad a Pauſe ſtill keeps us in Suſpence:
Proceed, and if there's help on Earth, we'll find it.

Dema. At my return, made joyful by Succeſs,
With haſty Steps, and in my Heart ſoft Wiſhes,
Love, and a thouſand flatt'ring Expectations,
I fled the clam'rous Praiſe prepar'd to meet me,
And ſought the Path that led to my Deſires:

But ere I was advanc'd beyond the Camp,
The Voice of this Old Man
Croſs'd my ſad way, and cry'd, She's gone for ever.
Ariſtom. Perhaps 'tis ſome Miſtake,
If other Proofs are wanting to confirm it.
Dema. Oh! far too many for *Climander*'s Peace.
She own'd her Love, and with this Signet bound it,
And in the Folds of this dear Paper left
At once the Tokens of my Joy and Ruin.
[*Gives the Letter and Ring to* Ariſtomenes.
Herm. The Character and Signet will betray me;
And now Neceſſity muſt make me Bold. [*Aſide.*
Oh! yet, ere you proceed to view that Paper,
[*She throws her ſelf at* Ariſtomenes *Feet.*
(Wrapt in Confuſion) hear your Daughter ſpeak,
[*As he is opening the Letter.*
And pity in her Fate all Women's Frailty.
Ariſtom. Ha! Thou doſt much ſurprize me; but go on,
And, 'till ſhe has finiſh'd, let no Word be utter'd.
Dema. By all my fleeting Sorrows 'tis my Love:
Nor cou'd I, but to hear her ſpeak, be Silent.
[*Aſide.*
Ariſtom. Proceed, and 'bate thoſe Tears, that ſtay thy Speech.
Herm. That I have ſtoop'd below the Blood you gave me,
And caſt my doating Love upon that Shepherd,
(For ſuch he is, altho' a Plume adorns him)

My

My wretched Hand, and now my Tongue confeſſes:
For by that Paper, indiſcreetly penn'd,
The Secret wou'd be told, ſhou'd I conceal it.
But Oh! my Lord, ſince you can ne'er forgive me;
A ſad Recluſe for ever let me live,
Or Dye for Love, to do my Birth more Juſtice.
Ariſtom. Be comforted, and farther yet unfold
How firſt you came acquainted with this Shepherd.
Herm. To 'ſcape the Fury of prevailing Foes,
Diſguis'd, I in your abſence ſought the Plains,
And in that Habit heard the pow'rful Sighs
Of one that knew not then his own Preſumption.
Ariſtom. Were he a Prince, and ſtill wou'd urge his Suit
Wou'd'ſt thou receive 't, and bleſs the Pow'rs that ſent him?
Herm. I ſhou'd not hide my Thoughts, or bluſh to own them.
Yes, I cou'd bleſs thoſe Pow'rs which now undo me.
[Demagetus *comes forward.*
Demag. I cannot wait theſe Forms; Love plead my Pardon,
When, Sir, I diſobey your order'd Silence,
And haſte to tell her 'tis a Prince adores her,
That wou'd have ſought her on the lowly Plains,
And for her Favour quitted all Dominion.
Ariſtom. Then take her, thou moſt worthy Prince of *Rhodes!* [*Giving her to him.*
And know, *Herminia*, to encreaſe thy Paſſion,
Thou hold'ſt that noble Hand, that ſav'd thy Brother,

And gives thy Father, in this new Alliance,
More Joy, than when he firſt receiv'd and bleſs'd thee.
Dema. Let all the Joys of Earth give place to mine,
Whilſt in deep, ſilent Raptures I poſſeſs them:
[*Taking her from* Ariſtomenes.
For *Demagetus* is above Diſcourſe,
And will not wrong his Love with faint Expreſſions.
Herm. So let mine flow, and O *Barina*, ſee
I ſmiling give my Hand now to a Shepherd,
Yet fear not to offend my Mother's Ghoſt.
Bar. No; that ſmiles too, and all that love and ſerve you.
Arca. The Fate of *Rhodes* is clear and chearful now;
And old *Arcaſius* has outliv'd his Cares.
Ariſtor. Now as a Brother, take this new Embrace; [*To* Demagetus.
Tho' all the Love, it ſhews, you had before.
Ariſtom. Conduct her, *Demagetus*, to her Tent:
I'll ſoon be there, and ſee thoſe Rites perform'd,
That ſhall confirm her Yours; be Kind and Happy.
[*Exeunt* Herminia *and* Demagetus *leading her follow'd by* Arcaſius, Barina *and others.* Ariſtor *is going too but is call'd back by his Father.*
Come back *Ariſtor*, and the reſt withdraw:
For ſomething I wou'd ſay to you in private.
[*The Attendants go off.*
Free from the Croud, and unobſerv'd my Tranſports,
I wou'd embrace, and welcome thee to Life,

And

And with a loud repeated Bleſſing pay
The pious Care, that brought it to ſuch Dangers.
Oh! that the Love of Women ſhou'd be thought
To paſs the Fondneſs which a Father feels,
When thus he graſps a Son of thy Perfections,
[*Embracing him.*
My Dear, my Lov'd *Ariſtor!*
Ariſtor. My Prince, my Gen'ral, and the Beſt of Fathers!
Ariſtom. Thy Heart ſpeaks loud, and knocking at my Breaſt
Seems as 'twou'd cloſe in conference with mine.
Ariſtor. It wou'd, my Lord, and ſtrives to force its Paſſage.
[Ariſtomenes *looſes his Arms from embracing him.*
Ariſtom. Oh, no my Son! for now I muſt be plain,
And tell thee, thou doſt lock ſome Secret there
Which all my depth of Kindneſs ne'er cou'd fathom:
I ſee it in the Cloud, that ſhades thy Brow.
And ſtill thy penſive Eyes are downwards caſt,
As thou wou'd'ſt ſeek the Grave, or ſomething lower:
Long have I this obſerv'd———
And thought whole Nights away, to find the Cauſe,
Which now, my Son, I urge thee to reveal:
And think that He who beſt can love thee asks it.
Ariſtor. Oh! that you did not love, or wou'd not ask it!
I cannot ſpeak, for ſpeaking muſt offend:
Yet ſhou'd my Silence grieve ſuch mighty Goodneſs,

'Twou'd break that Heart, which thus you ſeek to ſuccour.
Upon my Knees a ſtrange Requeſt I make,
[Offering to Kneel but his Father takes him up.
That you wou'd quite forget, and think me Dead;
Which the approaching Battle ſhou'd confirm,
And leave you to poſſeſs your other Comforts.

Ariſtom. My other Comforts! All are light to Thee:
And when I wou'd have ſhar'd amongſt my Race
Impartial Kindneſs, as their Birthrights claim'd,
Still to my Heart *Ariſtor* wou'd be neareſt,
Still, with a Merit not to be withſtood,
Wou'd preſs beyond my cool and equal Purpoſe,
And ſeize a double Portion of my Love:
And wilt thou loſe it now, to keep thy Silence?

Ariſtor. My Life I rather wou'd; but Oh! my Lord! *[Sighs.*

Ariſtom. Another Sigh, another yet, my Son!
And then, let Words relieve this mighty Paſſion:
They will, they will; the Sweetneſs of thy Temper
Will melt before a juſt and warm Perſuaſion.
Now, let me know it———

Ariſtor. Believe that if 'twere fit, it ſhou'd be told:
But Oh! my Lord, 'tis what you muſt not know.

Ariſtom. Not I, *Ariſtor!* if thy Soul were bare
As is thy faded Cheek now to thy Father,
It were moſt fit———
Oh! think, my Son, who 'twas that made it Noble,
And train'd it in the Paths of Truth and Honour:
Elſe, what had hinder'd, but thou might'ſt have been

(In

(In ſpite of all the Virtues with thee born,
For Education is the ſtronger Nature)
A bragging Coward, or a baſe Detractor,
A Slave to Wealth, or falſe to Faith or Friendſhip,
Lull'd in the common Arms of ſome Seducer,
And loſt to all the Joys of Virtuous Love.

Ariſtor. Ha! Virtuous Love!

Ariſtom. What, doſt thou ſtart? why, ſo I meant thou ſhou'd'ſt.
When haſtily I preſs'd that Word upon thee,
To catch that flushing Witneſs in thy Face,
Was all this Bait contriv'd; no more, my Son,
No more diſſembling of a Truth ſo plain:
I ſee 'tis Love, the beſt of all our Paſſions,
And fram'd like Thee; ſure none cou'd e'er Deſpair,
Nor can I fear thou'd'ſt make a vulgar Choice.

Ariſtor. On *Ida*'s Top not *Paris* made a nobler,
When of three Goddeſſes he choſe the Faireſt.

Ariſtom. Will ſhe not hear thy Love?

Ariſtor. Oh yes! with all the ſoftneſs of her Sex,
And anſwers it with Vows, more ſtrong than Ours,

Ariſtom. If thus it be, what haſt thou then to fear?

Ariſtor. A Father's Wrath, more dreadful to *Ariſtor*
Than is the frown of *Jove*, that ſhakes the Poles,
And makes the Gods forget they are Immortal.

Ariſtom. Thou wrong'ſt my Love in that miſtaken Terror.
By all thoſe Powers I ſwear, I will not croſs thee;
Be ſhe a *Spartan* Dame, 'bate me but One,

And

And

And see me proud in Death to wear that F
[*Aristomenes amaz'd looks on the* Dagge
speaks to himself.
Aristom. This Dagger Her's, this *Anac*
Daughter's!
Fate then is practising upon my Soul
What sudden Turns, and Tryals Man can b
Aristor. Oh! do not pause——
Left fainting with the Weight of what I fee
I poorly fall, unlike your Son or Soldier.
Aristom. If this were Her's, Her's were
grateful Vows,
With which I rashly charg'd the Life she gave
[*Still to him*
Aristor. Ha! not a Look, not one sad Pari
Word!
Then my own Hand thus sets me free for eve
[*Offers to Stab himself, but is stay'd by* Aristome
Aristom. Hold! by Love and Duty yet a mom
hold!
Aristor. My Life they've sway'd, and
command a Moment
But let it not exceed, left both I cancel,
And only listen to my wild Despair.
Aristom. Shall I perform them? shall I
plead?
And to a Woman's Claim resign my Ve
No; let my Ear still fly the fatal Suit,
And from her Tears be turn'd my hand
What did I say! a hasty Blush has seiz'd
For but imagining a Thing so vile

And tho' a Foe, I yield thou ſhou'd'ſt poſſeſs her.

Ariſtor. I dare not ask; my trembling Love forbids it.

Who is that One, ſo fatally excepted?

Ariſtom. Then, I'll by telling thee prevent that Trouble.

It is the Tyrant *Anaxander*'s Daughter,
Whom, tho' I ne'er beheld, I muſt abhor,
As borrowing her Blood from ſuch a Fountain.

Ariſtor. Take mine, my Lord, then to waſh out that Stain [*Offers his Breaſt.*
You'll think it has contracted by her Love:
For 'tis that Tyrant's Daughter I adore,
And ne'er, while Life is here, will change my Purpoſe.

Ariſtom. Confuſion ſeize thoſe Words, and Her that caus'd 'em!
Not Groans of Earthquakes, or the Burſt of Thunder,
The Voice of Storms urging the dang'rous Billows,
E'er ſtruck the Senſe with ſounds of ſo much Horror.
It muſt not, Oh! it muſt not, ſhall not be:
Sooner this Dagger, tho' my Soul lives in thee,
[*Drawing* Amalintha's *Dagger.*
Shou'd let out thine with this prepoſt'rous Paſſion,
Than I wou'd yield, it e'er ſhou'd meet Succeſs.

Ariſtor. Of all the Inſtruments by *Vulcan* form'd,
That Poinard beſt is fitted to my Heart,
Since Her's it was, whoſe Eyes have deeper pierc'd it:
Quickly, my Lord, let me receive it here,

And

And ſee me proud in Death to wear that Favour.
[Ariſtomenes *amaz'd looks on the Dagger, and ſpeaks to himſelf.*
Ariſtom. This Dagger Her's, this *Anaxander*'s Daughter's!
Fate then is practiſing upon my Soul
What ſudden Turns, and Tryals Man can bear.
Ariſtor. Oh! do not pauſe——
Leſt fainting with the Weight of what I feel,
I poorly fall, unlike your Son or Soldier.
Ariſtom. If this were Her's, Her's were, the grateful Vows,
With which I raſhly charg'd the Life ſhe gave me.
[*Still to himſelf.*
Ariſtor. Ha! not a Look, not one ſad parting Word!
Then my own Hand thus ſets me free for ever.
[*Offers to Stab himſelf, but is ſtay'd by* Ariſtomenes.
Ariſtom. Hold! by Love and Duty yet a moment hold!
Ariſtor. My Life they've ſway'd, and muſt command a Moment
But let it not exceed, leſt both I cancel,
And only liſten to my wild Deſpair.
Ariſtom. Shall I perform them? ſhall I hear her plead?
And to a Woman's Claim reſign my Vengeance?
No; let my Ear ſtill fly the fatal Suit,
And from her Tears be turn'd my harden'd Face.
What did I ſay! a haſty Bluſh has ſeiz'd it,
For but imagining a Thing ſo vile.

Turn

Turn back my Face from Her that ſhunn'd not mine,
When it was Death to know, and to preſerve me!
No; let the Fiends be obſtinate in Ill,
Revenge be their's, while Godlike Man is grateful.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. Pardon, my gracious Lord, this bold Intruſion.
Two Ladies veil'd, eſcaping from *Phærea*,
Ask with ſuch earneſtneſs for Prince *Ariſtor*,
That, ſure, their Bus'neſs is of mighty Moment.
From one this Ring at her entreaty, Sir, I muſt deliver. [*Gives it to* Ariſtor *and Exit.*

Ariſtom. Retire, and if not call'd, return no more.

Ariſtor. 'Tis *Amalintha*'s Ring, my *Amalintha*'s!
She's come in time, to ſee me fall her Victim.

Ariſtom. No; to receive her from my Hand, my Son;
Since 'twas from her's, I took this healing Weapon,
That has cut off the Hate in which I held her.
'Twas ſhe that met me riſing from my Grave,
And fearleſs freed the Foe to her and *Sparta*:
Then in a grateful Promiſe was I bound
Not to deny whate'er ſhe ſhou'd requeſt;
And ſure thy Love, before the Pomp of Crowns,
Is what a Maid muſt ask, that knows its Value.

Ariſtor. The Tranſports of my Soul be thus expreſt;
Then let me Dye, for having griev'd ſuch Goodneſs, [*Embracing his Father's Knees.*

Ariſtom.

Ariſtom. No; riſe my Son, go meet and chear thy Love,
And to this Tent conduct the Royal Maid,
Whilſt in that inner Part I ſtand conceal'd,
And hear her tell, why thus ſhe comes to ſeek us:
Thence will I iſſue, as occaſion calls,
And giving thee, give all I hold moſt precious.

[*He goes into the inner Tent.* Ariſtor *goes out at the other Door and re-enters immediately leading* Amalintha *veil'd follow'd by* Phila.

Ariſtor. Diſmiſs that Cloud, and with it all your Fears,
Safe in this Camp, and in *Ariſtor*'s Love,
Which ne'er was truly bleſs'd, 'till this glad Moment.
Now *Amalintha*, let my Joys o'erflow;
And ere I ask what brought thee to my ſight,
Let it be fill'd with thy amazing Beauties,
And with this Hand my longing Lips be clos'd.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Amal. Thus, after each ſhort abſence, may we meet,
Thus pleas'd, thus wrapt in Love, thus dying fond.
But Oh *Ariſtor!* ſince I laſt beheld you,
So has this Life been threaten'd by the Fates,
That to your Arms 'tis forc'd for Peace and Safety.

Ariſtor. Still may they prove a Haven for my Love,
Too ſtrong for all the Shocks of rig'rous Fortune.
But what beneath thy Father's Roof cou'd fright thee?

Or

Or what bold Danger break thro' his Protection?
Amal. 'Twas from Himſelf, and all the Lords of *Sparta.*
When *Ariſtomenes* they found eſcap'd,
High was their Rage as Billows in a Tempeſt;
And all the Arts of State were put in uſe
To find who had aſſiſted in his Flight:
But ſtill in vain, 'till ſubtle, vile *Clarinthus*——
Ariſtor. That Villain will be firſt in Blood and Miſchief.
But cou'd he pry into thy generous Heart,
And find it there, that you had nobly done it?
And are not ſecret Thoughts ſecure againſt him?
Amal. I did believe them ſo, 'till he diſprov'd it:
For 'twas his Counſel, when all others fail'd,
To know by ſpeaking Gods the deep Contrivance;
And from the Oracle, in ſome few Moments,
The full Diſcov'ry will have reach'd *Phærea,*
Which ere it does, I was advis'd to leave,
By one that heard the horrid Voice accuſe me,
And with a Speed unmark'd outflew the reſt.
Ariſtor. As ſwiftly may the bounteous Gods reward him.
Amal. This, my *Ariſtor,* brings me to your Tents,
But not to ſave my Life, or 'ſcape their Fury:
For ſhou'd your Heart, which boldly I will claim,
Be yet deny'd me by your injur'd Father,
Not all his Army ſhou'd retard my Steps
From leading to the Town, and certain Ruin:
For they have ſworn it (with this Imprecation,
That 'till 'tis done, no Victory may bleſs them)
To ſacrifice the Soul that ſav'd the Gen'ral.

Enter

Enter Ariſtomenes *from the inward Tent.*

Ariſtom. That Army you have nam'd, ſhall firſt in Flames
Conſume the utmoſt Town of *Lacedemon.*
Take your Security, and ſofteſt Wiſhes,
Your dear *Ariſtor* take, and if ought more
The fair Preſerver of his Father claims,
Be it but nam'd, and at that inſtant granted.

Amal. Beyond *Ariſtor*'s Heart there's no Requeſt,
No longing Thought, no Hope for *Amalintha:*
For ſtill his Love preſcrib'd their tender Limits.

Ariſtor. Oh! let it not be thought irrev'rent Paſſion,
If in the awful Preſence of a Father
I run upon my Joys, and graſp'em thus. [*Embraces her.*

Ariſtom. Thou well doſt intimate I ſhou'd retire;
For Privacy is only fit for Lovers.

Ariſtor. Pardon my Tranſport, Sir, nor thus miſtake it.

Ariſtom. No more, my Son! but when the Trumpet calls,
Which muſt be ſoon, remember thou'rt a Soldier,
And that the Battle, we ſhall lead to morrow,
Will ask our beſt of Care and Preparation.

Ariſtor. Never was I yet wanting to my Charge.
But give me leave here to attend that Summons.
[*Exit* Ariſtomenes.
For Oh! my *Amalintha*, ſince thou'rt mine,
Since I can tell my Heart that darling Truth;
The Moments that muſt take me from thy ſight,
Will paſs for loſt, and uſeleſs to *Ariſtor.*

And

And this War done, which now we ſoon ſhall finiſh
(For You not there, what God will fight for *Sparta?*)
I'll ſwear the Sun and radiant Light ſhall part,
Ere I will once be found from this lov'd Preſence.
Amal. Confirm it, all ye ſoft and gentle Pow'rs!
And let the pattern of a Love ſo perfect
Reform Mankind, and bleſs believing Women.
But can I think it is *Ariſtor* ſpeaks?
That I behold, and hear you ſafe from Danger,
Whom late I ſaw aſſaulted ſo with Death,
When from the Guard a Weapon you had ſnatch'd,
And but that brave Swords length cou'd keep him from you?
Hope and fond Expectation all had left me;
Arm'd with this Dagger full I ſtood in vain,
And from my Window watch'd the fatal Stroke,
Which ſoon was to be copy'd on my Heart;
Then, had I meant to own your noble Love,
And told mine Dying, whilſt the Croud had trembl'd.
Ariſtor. I ſaw your dire Intent, and that preſerv'd me:
For 'twas to ſtop your Arm, that mine perform'd
What elſe had been above the Force of Nature;
And when the Drums of *Demagetus* thunder'd,
As thro' the ſhiver'd Gates he ruſh'd to ſave me,
You may remember, that I wou'd not meet him,
Till I had told my Love what meant the Tumult,
Which ſince has given me Fears, cold as pale Death,
Leſt ſome Obſerver might have charg'd it on you.
[*Trumpets ſound.*
Amal.

Amal. No; for too much their own Concern engag'd them.
But Oh! already hark! the Trumpet calls,
And jealous Fame no longer lets me keep you.
Muſt you be gone, muſt you obey this Summons?
Ariſtor. Oh! yes, I muſt; it is the Voice of Honour.
Yet, do not weep———
Be this Embrace the Earneſt of a Thouſand.
Now let me lead you to *Herminia*'s Tent:
Then think, I go more to ſecure your Charms,
And fight to reſt with Peace in theſe fair Arms.
[*He leads her off.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Camp. A Noiſe of Drums and Trumpets. Enter* Ariſtomenes, Ariſtor, Demagetus, Alcander, *ſeveral Officers and Soldiers.*

Enter an Officer from the other Door, and ſpeaks to the General.

Officer. MY Lord! I'm from *Alcander* bid to ſay,
The Battle he has marſhall'd as you order'd;
And that your Preſence now is only wanted.
Ariſtom. Tell him we come; and let the Drums beat higher.

Now, my brave Followers, be your ſelves to Day,
And more I need not ask, that know your Valour;
Who've ſeen you at the backs of *Spartans* ride,
Till their long Flight, and not your Conqueſt, tir'd you. [*The Soldiers ſhout.*
And Oh! my Sons, ſince they who bravely ſeek it,
May meet with Death, when all his Darts are flying,
Let me Embrace, and breathe my Bleſſings on ye.
[*Embraces* Demagetus.
Yet, *Demagetus*, if I 'ſcape him now,
And Victory attends my great Endeavour,
Thou ſhalt Thriumphant lead me into *Rhodes*,
Where we'll obey the Gods, and ſave thy Country.

Dem. Still you're the Beſt of Men, as they declar'd you.

Ariſtom. Now let me fold thee thus, my Life's beſt Treaſure!

[*He Embraces* Ariſtor, *but ſeems diſorder'd, and not to feel him in his Arms, which he often claſps about him.*

Thou doſt not fill my Arms, 'tis Air I graſp:
Nor do my Eyes behold thee———
Where is my Son, ha! where is my *Ariſtor*?

Ariſtor. Here my dear Lord, here preſſing to your Boſom.

[*His Voice ſeems to* Ariſtomenes (*ſtill under his diſorder*) *to be low and different to what it was uſually.*

Ariſtom. From what far diſtant Valley comes thy Voice?

It

It ſounds ſo hollow, ſcarce my Ear receives it.
Ariſtor. What means my noble Father?
Ariſtom. Till now, my faithful Senſes never fail'd me.
They talk of Omens, ha! I muſt not think on't;
Such chilling Damps wou'd blaſt a Day of Battle:
[*Aſide.*
Yet let my evil Genius but be true,
And a fam'd End is all it can portend me.
Ariſtor. You reaſon with your ſelf, and turn from us.
May we not know what thus diſturbs your Thoughts?
Ariſtom. Nothing——a Vapour croſs'd me, but 'tis gone:
And now the Field, the duſty Field, my Sons,
Muſt be the Scene, where we ſhall nobly act
What our great Spirits, and our Country urges.
The Trumpet calls, with the impatient Drum;
And He that loves his Honour, let him come.
[*He draws his Sword and goes off follow'd by the reſt with their Swords drawn, Drums and Shouts of Battle immediately ſucceed.*

The Noiſe continues, the SCENE *changes to a fine Tent.*

Enter Amalintha *follow'd by* Phila.

Amal. Not yet enough! when will this Diſcord end!
Is there no happy Land,
Where only Love, and its kind Laws prevail?

Where the falſe Trumpet flatters not to Death,
Nor the more noiſy Drum outcries the Dying?
Oh! *Phila*, why ſhou'd Men with Hearts unmov'd
Seek the bold War, and leave ours trembling for them?
Now whilſt I ſpeak, a chilling Fear ſurrounds me;
And ev'ry Tread I hear, is haſt'ning on,
Methinks, to tell me, all my Hopes are periſh'd.
Phila. Why ſhou'd you, Madam, who have paſs'd already,
Unhurt by Fortune, thro' more threat'ning Dangers,
Now faint, when Reaſon bids you think the beſt?
The Sound goes from us, and the lucky War
(Since you've the Promiſe of your Father's Life)
Proceeds, as we cou'd wiſh, for the *Meſſenians*.
Amal. So do's it ſeem; but yet my failing Spirits
Sink to my Heart, and bid it think of Ruin.
Laſt Night my Dreams ſhew'd me *Ariſtor* bleeding;
And o'er my Head a ſcreaming Voice proclaim'd
That *Amalintha*'s haſty Fate had kill'd him:
I clos'd my Eyes to catch another Viſion,
That might interpret, or prevent the firſt;
But all in vain, no Help or Comfort found me,
And wrapt in Fears, I wak'd and ſtill continue
For what's foretold ſo fatal to my Love.
Phila. Your Fate work his? it rather will protect him.
But here come Tydings, and the Bearer ſmiles;
Good let them be, and theſe vain Fears will vaniſh.

Enter

Enter an Officer.

Amal. From Prince *Ariſtor*? Do's he live, and ſend you?

Officer. Madam he does———
And bids me ſay, what I my ſelf can witneſs,
That *Lacedemon*'s Battle breaks to pieces,
And ſoon will give him leave to find you here.

Amal. Take this, and wear it, Soldier, for your News; [*Gives him a Jewel.*
And may your Honours ſtill outſhine its Luſtre.
Stay here, whilſt I report this to *Hermida*,
If *Demagetus* too be yet in ſafety.

Officer. He is; and near *Ariſtor* did I leave him.

Amal. Come with me, *Phila*; yet my Heart is heavy,
And wou'd be forcing Tears to my ſad Eyes:
But I'll repel them with this welcome Meſſage,
And put on all the ſmiles of Love to meet him.
[*Exit with* Phila *into the Tent.*

Officer. The Centinels have all forſook the Tents,
In hopes to ſhare the Plunder of the Foe,
Finding by their retiring we prevail:
But I'll report it loudly to the General.
Oh! here are ſome returning; are they *Meſſenians*?
They wear the Habit, yet no Face I know;
Their Haſte and Looks do ſeem to point at Miſchief:
I will conceal my ſelf, and watch their Purpoſe.
[*He conceals himſelf.*

Enter Clarinthus *with others diſguis'd like* Meſſenian *Soldiers.*

Clar. You heard the King, and the chief Lords of *Sparta*
Wiſh, that no Victory might bleſs our Arms,
Till we had ſacrifie'd the Traytor's Life,
That freed this Lyon, which devours us all.
Sold. We did, we did——
Clar. You've alſo heard, 'twas *Amalintha*'s Action.
Sold. Yes, and the King then ſaid, his Vow ſhou'd ſtand:
And ſhe had Dy'd, I think, had ſhe not fled for't.
Clar. 'Tis true; therefore when I reflected on our Curſe,
And ſaw that Conqueſt wou'd no more attend us
Till we perform'd what to the Gods we ſwore,
I mov'd the King——
To let me with your Aid attempt the Camp,
Which if I found unguarded,
I wou'd to *Sparta* ſoon convey the Traytreſs,
Where ſhe ſhou'd meet the Rigour of the Law.
Theſe are the Royal Tents, where ſhe muſt be;
Therefore no more remains, but to ſecure her.
[*They follow him into the inner Tent and the conceal'd Officer comes out.*
Officer. Curſt Conſpiration, not to be prevented
With but my ſingle Arm againſt their Numbers!
But to the Battle, and *Ariſtor*'s Ear I'll fly for Help;

That

That may o'ertake, and croſs the bloody Purpoſe. [*Exit.*

The Women ſhriek in the inner Tent, and Re-enter Clarintha, *&c. leading in* Amalintha *and* Phila.

Amal. *Meſſenians* are ye, and yet treat me thus!
Reſtrain thoſe Hands, that gave your Gen'ral to you.
Let me but hear you ſpeak, and name the Cauſe;
Which, if a juſt one, I'll ſubmit to Fortune.
Clar. 'Tis but too juſt, and do's not ask explaining.
Amal. Oh! now *Clarinthus* in your Voice I read
The cruel Sentence of an angry Father.
Turn not away that Face, but hear your Princeſs;
I can't reſiſt, no Force, no Help is near me:
Therefore command, that but my Arms be freed,
And let me not be dragg'd, where I muſt follow.
Clar. Will you, relying then on me for Safety,
Forbear to cry for Help, as we conduct you?
Amal. By *Caſtor*'s Soul I ſwear it.
Clar. Then taking firſt her Dagger, free her Arms.
Give me your Hand, and now perform your Promiſe,
To follow where I'll lead you——

[*Juſt as* Clarinthus *is offering to take her Hand, ſhe ſnatches* Phila's *Dagger, and then anſwers* Clarinthus.

Amal. No, ſtay *Clarinthus*; that I did not Promiſe.
My Voice, and not my Feet, my Word engag'd;

And whilſt my Hand holds this, I will not follow.

Clar. So ſwift and ſubtle? yet diſarm and take her,

Amal. Hear me but ſpeak, *Clarinthus:*
My Father's Life already I've ſecur'd;
And if you yet will quit this dang'rous Purpoſe,
Yours with Rewards, as great as your Deſires,
Shall too be given you, and all Wrongs lie bury'd.

Clar. More than I love Rewards, I hate *Meſſenia*;
Therefore alive or dead will bear you from 'em.

[*He offers to ſeize her, ſhe keeping him off with her Dagger kneels.*

Amal. Oh! Pity yet my Youth, and wretched Fortunes;
A Princeſs at your Feet behold in Tears,
And ſpare the Blood, the Royal Blood of *Sparta.*

Clar. Yes, and be loſt our ſelves to ſave a Trayt'reſs?
For, ſuch you've been to that high Blood you've boaſted.
I will not ſpare nor pity, but thus ſeize you.

[*He wreſts the Dagger from her, ſhe riſes haſtily and follow'd by* Phila *eſcapes into the Tent,* Clarinthus *purſues her, and immediately the Cries of Women are heard.*

Enter at the other Door Ariſtor *and Soldiers.*

Ariſtor. Oh! we are come in time. Deteſted Villains,
Your Deaths are all that you ſhall meet with here.

[*They fight. Re-enter*

Re-enter Clarinthus.

Clar. The Victim's ſtruck which could not be borne off.
Now my next Task
Muſt be to reſcue thoſe, who ſhar'd the Danger.
[*He runs at* Ariſtor *who kills him, he ſpeaks falling.*
Thou'ſt kill'd *Clarinthus*; And
The Fiends reward thee.

Ariſtor. Dye; and thoſe Fiends thou call'ſt on, meet thy Spirit.
I askt but that, to crown the War we've ended.
[*He and his Men fall on the reſt, fighting off the Stage.*

Enter Amalintha *wounded and ſupported by* Phila.

Amal. Phila thy Hand; help me to reach that Couch,
The dying Bed of wretched *Amalintha!*
Nay, do not weep, ſince 'tis the Fate's Decree,
Who let one luckleſs Moment interpoſe
Betwixt *Ariſtor*'s coming, and my Ruin.
Here, ſet me down; and let this laſt Embrace
[*Sits down.*
Reward the Cares and Fears, my Life has coſt thee.
Now leave me, *Phila*, to perform a Part,
Which muſt not be prevented by thy Tears.

Phila. Thus pale, thus faint, thus dying muſt I leave you!

Amal. Yes; if thou wilt obey, thou muſt retire:
But be not far, and when thou ſeeſt me fall'n
Dead

Dead in *Ariſtor*'s Arms, who'll ſoon return,
Come forth, and tell him 'twas my laſt Requeſt
(By all our Love, by all our Sighs and Sorrows,
By our new Vows, and ſwiftly faded Joys)
That He wou'd yet ſurvive his *Amalintha*;
Nor let my fatal Viſion prove a Truth,
That 'twas my Fate, my haſty Fate that kill'd him.

Phila. Let me but ſtay, at leaſt 'till he's arriv'd.

Amal. 'Twou'd croſs my Purpoſe, hark! I hear him coming.
Quickly retire, and let me hide this Stream,
Leſt he ſhou'd ſwell it with a Flood of Tears,
And waſte in Grief my ſmall remaining Life,
Which I deſign to laviſh out in Love.

[Phila *goes off.* Amalintha *pulls her Garment over her Wound.*

About him let my dying Arms be thrown,
Whilſt I deny my parting Life one Groan.
My failing Breath ſhall in ſoft Sighs expire,
And tender Words ſpend my laſt vital Fire;
That of my Death Men this Account may give,
She ceas'd to Love, as others ceaſe to Live.

Enter Ariſtor *haſtily, and ſits down by her.*

Ariſtor. How fares my Love? ſink not beneath your Fears,
When this moſt lucky Hand has made them groundleſs,
Securing to my Life its greateſt Bleſſing,
Your matchleſs Love, and all its dying Tranſports.

Amal.

Amal. Its dying Tranſports, did you ſay *Ariſtor?*
I wou'd be glad to know, that Death has Tranſports.
But are there none, none that do Live and Love?
That early meet, and in the Spring of Youth,
Uncroſs'd, nor troubl'd in the ſoft Deſign,
Set ſweetly out, and travel on to Age
In mutual Joys, that with themſelves expire?

Ariſtor. Indeed, there are but few, that are thus Happy.
But ſince our Lot it is, t'encreaſe the number,
Let us not loſe a Thought on other's Fortunes,
But keep them ſtill employ'd upon our own;
For in no Hearts, ſure, Love e'er wrought more Wonders.

Amal. Oh! no, to mine I gladly did admit it:
Thro' the ſtern hazards of a Father's Wrath,
And all the Hate of *Sparta* and *Meſſenia.*
If e'er I wept, 'twas Love that forc'd the Dew,
And not my Country, or my colder Friendſhips;
And on my Face (when *Lacedemon* mourn'd)
Suſpected Smiles were ſeen to mock her Loſſes;
Becauſe that Love was on the adverſe Party.
Thus fond, thus doating have I paſs'd my Hours,
And with their dear remembrance will I cloſe
My Life's laſt Scene, and graſp you thus in Dying.
[*She embraces him.*

Ariſtor. Far be that Hour; but Oh! my *Amalintha,*
Proceed thus to deſcribe thy tender Soul,
And charm me with thy mighty Senſe of Paſſion:
For

For know, 'twas that which fix'd me ever thine,
When with a Pleaſure, not to be expreſs'd,
I found no Language of my Love eſcap'd thee,
Tho' wrapt in Myſt'ry to delude the Croud;
When ev'ry longing Look cou'd raiſe a Bluſh,
And every Sigh I breath'd, heave this lov'd Boſom,
Which held ſuch ſoft Intelligence with mine,
And now o'erflows with a like Tide of Pleaſure.

Amal. Oh! yes, it do's; it meets the vaſt Delight,
And takes the Thoughts ev'n of *Elyſium* from me.
Nor will I, as ſome peeviſh Beauty might,
Take light offence, that mine you did not mention;
Since 'tis my equalling *Ariſtor*'s Love
Is all the Charm, I wou'd be proud to boaſt of.

Ariſtor. Believe not, that I ſlighted ſuch Perfections.
I ſaw you Fair, beyond the Fame of *Helen*;
But Beauty's vain, and fond of new Applauſe,
Leaving the laſt Adorer in Deſpair
At his approach, who can but praiſe it better:
Whilſt Love, *Narciſſus*-like, courts his Reflection,
And ſeeks itſelf, gazing on other's Eyes.
When this I found in yours, it bred that Paſſion,
Which Time, nor Age, nor Death, ſhall e'er diminiſh.

Amal. For Time, or Age, I think not of their Power.
But, after Death, *Ariſtor*, cou'd you love me,
Still call to me your Thoughts, when ſo far abſent,

And

And mourn me ſleeping in that Rival's Arms?
Ariſtor. Yes; if I cou'd outlive my *Amalintha*,
Still ſhou'd I turn my Eyes to that cold Grave,
Still love thee there, and wiſh to lie as low.
But why do's ev'ry Period of thy Speech
Thus ſadly cloſe with that too mournful Subject?
Why, now I preſs this Queſtion, doſt thou weep,
Yet in my Boſom ſtrive to hide thy Tears?
Paleneſs is on thy Cheek, and thy damp Brow
Strikes to my Heart ſuch ſympathizing Cold,
As quenches all its Fire, but that of Love.
Oh! ſpeak my Life, my Soul, my *Amalinthus*;
Speak, and prevent the boding Fears that tell me
Eternal Separation is at hand,
And after this, I ne'er ſhall claſp thee more.
[*Embraces her, and ſhe ſtarts and groans.*
Amal. Oh! O', O', O'.
Ariſtor. Nay, if the gentle foldings of my Love,
The tender circling of theſe Arms can wound,
'Tis ſure ſome inward Anguiſh do's oppreſs thee,
Which too unkindly thou wilt ſtill keep ſecret.
Amal. Secret it ſhou'd have been, 'till Death had ſeal'd it;
Had not that Groan, and my weak Tears betray'd me: [*Speaks faintly.*
For Death, which from *Clarinthus* I receiv'd,
Is come to ſnatch my Soul from theſe Embraces.
Ariſtor. Oh fatal ſound! but let me not ſuppoſe it,
Till Art is weary'd for thy Preſervation.
Haſte to procure it *Phila*: all that hear me
Fly to her Aid; or you more ſpeedy Gods

The

The Cure be yours, and Hecatombs attend you.
But none approach: then let me haſte to bring it,
Tho' thus to leave her is an equal Danger.
[*Endeavours to go.*
Amal. Ariſtor ſtay; nor let my cloſing Eyes
One Moment loſe the Sight that ever charm'd them.
No Art can bring relief; and melting Life
But lingers till my Soul receives th' Impreſſion
Of that lov'd Form, which ever ſhall be laſting,
Tho' in new Worlds, new Objects wou'd efface it.
Ariſtor. No, *Amalintha*; if it muſt be ſo,
Together we'll expire, and trace thoſe Worlds,
As fond, and as united as before:
For know, my Love, the Sword of War has reach'd me;
And none wou'd I permit to bind the Wound,
Till to thy gentle Hand I cou'd reveal it.
The Blood uncheck'd ſhall now profuſely flow,
And Art be ſcorn'd, that cou'd but half reſtore me.
Amal. Oh! let me plead in Death againſt that Purpoſe,
Employ my Hand, yet warm, to cloſe the Wound,
And with my ſuppling Tears diſperſe the Anguiſh.
Your Country asks your ſtay, and more your Father:
This Blood is his, ally'd to all his Virtues,
By him more priz'd, than what ſupports his Frame,
Nor ſhou'd be laviſh'd thus without his Licence.
Oh! *Ariſtomenes* haſte to preſerve it,
Since Life from me departs, and Love is uſeleſs
Ariſtor—— [*She Dies.*
Ariſtor.

Ariſtor. Her fleeting Breath has borne far hence my Name:
But ſoon my following Spirit ſhall o'ertake her.
My Godlike Father gave her to my Arms,
And then reſign'd to her more powerful Claim
This purple Stream, which wafts me to poſſeſs her.
May every Power, that ſhields paternal Goodneſs,
Enfold his Perſon, and ſupport his Sway:
His dear remembrance take theſe parting drops,
[*He weeps.*
And then be free, my Soul, for ties more laſting,
Eternal Love, the faithful Lovers due,
In thoſe bleſt Fields, which ſtand diſplay'd before me.
My *Amalintha*——

[*He takes her in his Arms and dies.*

Enter Phila.

Phila. I ſhou'd have come, and urg'd his Preſervation,
If when I ſaw her fall my Strength had ſerved me:
But all my Cares departed with her Life,
And mine I hope is now for ever going.
[*She falls in a Swoon at* Amalintha's *Feet.*

Shouts of Victory. Enter Demagetus, Arcaſius, Alcander, *and ſeveral Officers, their Swords drawn as coming from Battle.*

Demag. A glorious Day, and warmly was it fought;
Nor ever did a Victory more complete

Stoop

Stoop to the General's Valour———
Some Troops are order'd to ſecure *Pharea*;
And with to-morrow's Sun he enters there
To take the Homage of the conquer'd *Spartans*.
Alcand. They ſay, that *Anaxander* he has freed
As generouſly, as he'd ne'er known the Dungeon.
Demag. He did, at Prince *Ariſtor*'s kind Requeſt;
And now, with the high Marks of Conqueſt crown'd,
Is coming to declare to *Amalintha*
That all her Wiſhes, and her Fears are ended.
[*Turning to go into the Tent, he ſees the Bodies.*
They are indeed; for ever, ever ended.
Oh! turn and ſee where that pale Beauty lies,
And faithful, dead *Ariſtor*, bleeding by her!
Alcand. O ſudden Horror! where's our Conqueſt now,
Our lofty Boaſts, and brave expected Triumphs?
Lie there, my Sword, beneath my Leader's Feet;
[*Lays his Sword at* Ariſtor's *Feet.*
For under him I fought, and now weep for him.
Demag. We'll all join to encreaſe the mournful Shower.
A Soldier for a Soldier's Fall may weep,
And ſhed theſe Drops without unmanly Weakneſs.
[*A Sound of Trumpets.*
But hark! the Gen'ral, how ſhall we receive him?
A while we'll with our Bodies ſhade this Proſpect,
And tell him by our Looks, ſome Grief attends him;
Leſt all his Fortitude ſhou'd not ſupport

A Change ſo ſudden in his wretched Fortune.
Nor can we learn from whence this Loſs proceeds.

Phila. Yes, that you may from me: Life yet remains,
And will admit of the too dire Relation.

Demag. Then gently bear her hence, and hear it from her; [*They lead off* Phila.
That when the Sorrow, which at firſt muſt bar
All cold Enquiries, ſhall awhile be paſt,
The Gen'ral may be told to what he owes it.
But ſee! he enters; be we Sad and Silent:
For Oh! too ſoon this fading Joy muſt vaniſh.
[*They ſtand all together before the Bodies.*

A FLOURISH *of Drums and Trumpets, with Shouts of Joy.*

Enter ſeveral Officers and Soldiers, the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes ſtrewing Flowers, follow'd by Ariſtomenes, *his Sword drawn in his Hand, and a Wreath of Victory on his Head.*

Ariſtom. Enough my Friends! enough my Fellow-Soldiers!
And you kind Shepherds, and your gentle Nymphs,
Receive my Thanks for the Perfumes you ſcatter,
Which yet ſhall flouriſh under our Protection.

Shepherds, &c. Great *Ariſtomenes!* Live long and happy!

Others. Live long and happy, Father of *Meſſenia!*

Ariſtom. Now to fair *Amalintha* wou'd I ſpeak
The joyful Tydings of this Day's Atchievements:
Therefore let her be told, we wiſh her Preſence,
[*Seeing none move.*
Ha! what none ſtir! perhaps *Ariſtor*'s with her:
Why let him tell it; from a Lover's mouth,
'Twill bear a Sound more welcome and harmonious.
And ſure in Love and Battle none exceeds him,
The laſt you all can witneſs; you ſaw him Fight,
Saw the young Warrior with his Beaver up
Dart like the Bolt of *Jove* amongſt their Ranks,
And ſcatter 'em like an Oak's far-ſhooting Splinters.
Will none confirm it? this is envious Silence.
[*Walks up and down.*
Thou *Demagetus*, ha! thou'rt all in Tears,
And ſo are theſe that make a Wall about thee:
The Cauſe deliver, Oh! declare it quickly.

Demag. Enquire it not, my Lord; too ſoon 'twill find you.

Ariſtom. I muſt prevent it by my haſty Search.
Reveal it you, or you, ſince all partake it;
[*To* Alcander, *&c.*
What ſilent ſtill!——
If yet ye do not ſpeak, ye do not love me;
I find ye do not, ſince ye all are Speechleſs.
Ariſtor wou'd have ſpoke, had he been here.

Demag. *Ariſtor*'s here, but Oh! he cannot ſpeak,

You

You have it now, my Lord, and muſt weep with us.

Ariſtom. Thy Tongue has warn'd my Eyes to ſeek the Centre! [*Looks down.*
For round this Place I dare not let them ſtray,
Leſt they explain, too ſoon, thy fatal meaning.
Oh! *Anaxander*, had ſuch Trembling ſeiz'd me,
When at the Army's Head I met thy Fury;
The pooreſt of thy Troops had cry'd me Coward.
Why ſo we're all, there's not a Man that is not,
We all dread ſomething, and can ſhrink with Terror:
Yet he that comes a Conqu'ror from the Field,
Shall find a vain Applauſe to crown his Valour,
Tho' fainting thus, and ſweating cold with Fear.
[*Pauſes and leans on an Officer.*
But didſt thou ſay, *Ariſtor* cou'd not ſpeak?
Oh! that I live to aſk it! not anſwer to his Father!

Demag. Oh! never more!

Ariſtom. The Sun will keep his Pace, and Time revolve,
Rough Winters paſs, and Springs come ſmiling on;
But Thou doſt talk of Never, *Demagetus*:
Yet ere Deſpair prevails, retract that Word
Whoſe cloudy diſtance bars the reach of Thought,
Nor lets one Ray of Hope e'er dawn beyond it.
Never, Oh never!

Demag. This Paſſion muſt riſe higher, ere it falls.
Divide, and let him know the worſt. [*To the Officers.*

Ariſtom. Where is my ſon? my Grief has paſs'd all Bounds,
All dallying Circumſtance, and vain Deluſion,
And will be told directly where to find him.

Demag. Oh! then behold him there!

[*They divide. He ſeeing the Bodies ſtands awhile amaz'd and ſpeechleſs, drops his Sword, then ſpeaks.*

Ariſtom. So look'd the World to *Pyrrha*, and her Mate;
So gloomy, waſte, ſo deſtitute of Comfort,
When all Mankind beſides lay drown'd in Ruin.
Oh! thou wert well inform'd, my evil Genius;
And the complaining Rocks mourn'd not in vain:
For here my Blood, my deareſt Blood I pay
For this poor Wreath, and Fame that withers like it;

[*Tears the Wreath, and throws himſelf upon his Son.*

The Ground, that bore it, take the ſlighted Toy,
Whilſt thus I throw me on his breathleſs Body,
And groan away my Life on theſe pale Lips.
Oh! O, O, O, ——
Thus did I claſp him, ere the Battle join'd,
When Fate, which then had Doom'd him, mock'd my Arms,
Nor in their folds wou'd let me feel my Son.
Oh! that his Voice (tho' low as then it ſeem'd)
Cou'd reach me now! —— But the fond Wiſh is vain,
And all but this too weak to eaſe my Pain.

[*He takes the Sword that lay at* Ariſtor's *Feet, and goes to fall upon it, Demagetus takes hold of it.*

Demag.

Demag. Oh! hold, my Lord; nor ſtab at once your Army.

[*All the Officers and Soldiers kneel,* Alcander *ſpeaks.*

Alcand. We're all your Sons; and if you ſtrike, my Lord,
The *Spartans* may come back, and take our Bodies;
For when yours goes, our Spirits ſhall attend it.

[*They all prepare to fall on their Swords.*

Ariſtom. Wou'd you then have me live, when thus unbowell'd,
Without the Charms of my *Ariſtor*'s preſence,
Without his Arm to ſecond me in Fight,
And in ſtill Peace his Voice to make it perfect?

[*He riſes in a Paſſion and comes forward on the Stage.*

Yes, I will live, ye Sov'reign Pow'rs, I will:
You've put my Virtue to its utmoſt Proof;
Yet thus chaſtis'd, I own ſuperiour Natures,
And all your fixt Decrees this Sword ſhall further,
'Till *Rhodes* is reſcu'd, and my Task completed.
Who knows, but that the Way to your *Elyſium*
Is Fortitude in Ills, and brave Submiſſion;
Since Heroes whom your Oracles diſtinguiſh,
Are often here amidſt their Greatneſs wretched?
But yet my Heart! my lov'd, my loſt *Ariſtor!*

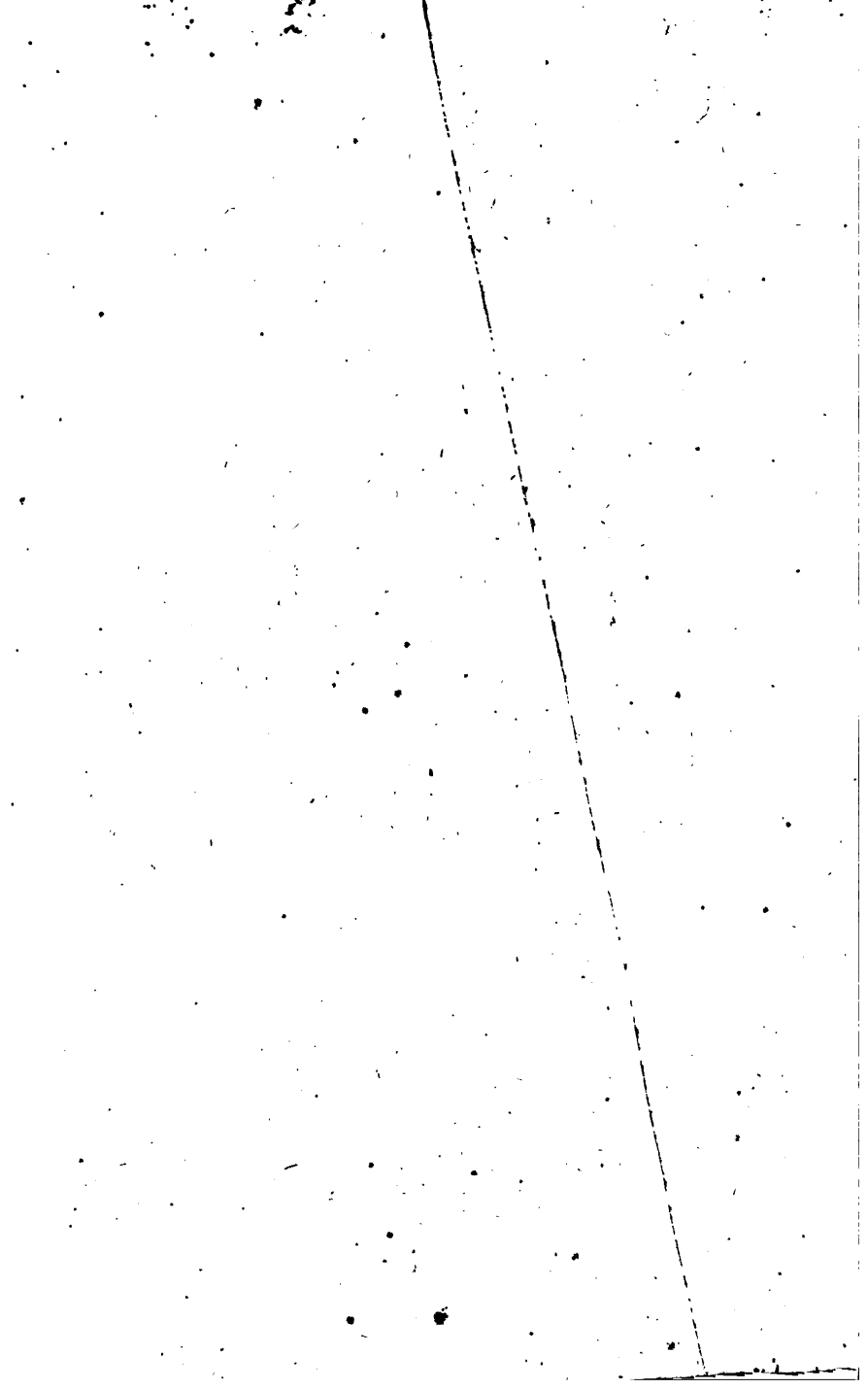
Demag. Let me ſucceed him in his active Duty,
And join with all the Earth to bring you Comfort.

Ariſtom. Comfort on Earth! Oh! 'tis not to be found,
My *Demagetus*, thou haſt far to travel;

The

The Bloom of Youth ſits graceful on thy Brow,
And bids thee look for Days of mighty Pleaſures,
For proſp'rous Wars, and the ſoft Smiles of Beauty,
For generous Sons, that may reflect thy Form,
And give thee Hopes, as I had, of their ſuccour.

Demag. With theſe indeed my Thoughts have ſtill been flatter'd.

Ariſtom. Then let me draw this flatt'ring Veil aſide,
And bid thee here, here in this Face behold
How biting Cares have done the work of Age,
And in my beſt of Strength mark'd me a Dotard.
Defeated Armies, ſlaughter'd Friends are here,
Diſgraceful Bonds, and Cities laid in Aſhes:
And if thou find'ſt, that Life will yet endure it,
Since what I here have loſt———
So bow'd, ſo waining ſhalt thou ſee this Carcaſs,
That ſcarce thou wilt recall what once it was.
Then be inſtructed Thou, and All that hear me,
Not to expect the compaſs of ſoft Wiſhes,
Or conſtant Joys, which fly the fond Poſſeſſor.
Since Man, by ſwift returns of Good and Ill,
In all the Courſe of Life's uncertain ſtill;
By Fortune favour'd now, and now oppreſt,
And not, 'till Death, ſecure of Fame, or Reſt.

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